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AMERICAN NOTES

FOR

GENERAL CIRCULATION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

NEW-YORK:

HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1842.

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I DEDICATE

THIS BOOK

TO THOSE FRIENDS OF MINE

IN AMERICA

WHO,

GIVING ME A WELCOME I MUST EVER GRATEFULLY AND

PROUDLY REMEMBER,

LEFT MY JUDGMENT

FREE;

AND WHO,

LOVING THEIR COUNTRY, CAN BEAR THE TRUTH,

WHEN IT IS TOLD GOOD-HUMOUREDLY,

AND IN A KIND SPIRIT.

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CHAPTER I.

GOING AWAY.

I SHALL never forget the one fourth serious and three fourths comical astonishment with which, on the morning of the third of January, eighteen hundred and forty-two, I opened the door of, and put my head into, a "stateroom" on board the Britannia steam-packet, twelve hundred tons per register, bound for Halifax and Boston, and carrying her majesty's mails.

That this stateroom had been specially engaged for "Charles Dickens, Esquire, and Lady," was rendered sufficiently clear, even to my scared intellect, by a very small manuscript announcing the fact, which was pinned on a very flat quilt, covering a very thin mattress, spread like a surgical plaster on a most inaccessible shelf. But that this was the stateroom concerning which, Charles Dickens, Esquire, and Lady, had held daily and nightly conferences for at least four months preceding: that this could by any possibility be that small snug chamber of the imagination, which Charles Dickens, Esquire, with the spirit of prophecy strong upon him, had always foretold would contain, at least, one little sofa, and which his lady, with a modest yet most magnificent sense of its limited dimensions, had, from the first, opined would not hold more than two enormous portmanteaus in some odd corner out of sight (portmanteaus which could now no more be got in at the door, not to say stowed away, than a giraffe could be persuaded or forced into a flower-pot): that this utterly impracticable, thoroughly hopeless, and profoundly preposterous box, had the remotest reference to, or connexion with, those chaste and pretty, not to say gorgeous little bowers, sketched by a masterly hand, in the highly varnished lithographic plan hanging up in the agent's counting-house in the city of London: that this room of state, in short, could be anything but a pleasant fiction and cheerful jest of the captain's, invented and put in practice for the better relish and enjoyment of the real stateroom presently to be disclosed: these were truths which I really could not, for the moment, bring my mind at all to bear upon or comprehend. And I sat down upon a kind of horsehair slab, or perch, of which there were two within; and looked, without any expression of countenance whatever, at some friends who had come on board with us, and who were crushing their faces into all manner of shapes by endeavouring to squeeze them through the small doorway.

We had experienced a pretty smart shock before coming below, which, but that we were the most sanguine people living, might have prepared us for the worst. The imaginative artist to whom I have already made allusion, has depicted, in the same great work, a chamber of almost interminable perspective, furnished, as Mr. Robins would say, in a style of more than Eastern splendour, and filled (but not conveniently so) with groups of ladies and gentlemen, in the very highest state of enjoyment and vivacity. Before descending into the bowels of the ship, we had passed from the deck into a long, narrow apartment, not unlike a gigantic hearse with windows in the sides; having at the upper end a melancholy stove, at which three or four chilly stewards were warming their hands, while on either side, extending down its whole dreary length, was a long, long table, over each of which a rack, fixed to the low roof, and stuck full of drinking-glasses and cruet-stands, hinted dismally at rolling seas and heavy weather. I had not, at that time, seen the ideal presentment of this chamber, which has since gratified me so much, but I observed that one of our friends who had made the arrangements for our voyage, turned pale on entering, retreated on the friend behind him, smote his forehead involuntarily, and said, below his breath, "Impossible! it cannot be!" or words to that effect. He recovered himself, however, by a great effort, and after a preparatory cough or two, cried, with a ghastly smile, which is still before me, looking at the same time round the walls, "Ha! the breakfast-room, steward—eh?" We all foresaw what the answer must be; we knew the agony he suffered. He had often spoken of *the saloon*; had taken in and lived upon the pictorial idea; had usually given us to understand, at home, that to form a just conception of it, it would be necessary to multiply the size and furniture of an ordinary drawing-room by seven, and then fall short of the reality. When the man in reply avowed the truth; the blunt, remorseless, naked truth; "This is the saloon, sir," he actually reeled beneath the blow.

In persons who were so soon to part, and interpose between their else daily communication the formidable barrier of many thousand miles of stormy space, and who were, for that reason, anxious to cast no other cloud, not even the passing shadow of a moment's disappointment or discomfiture, upon the short interval of happy companionship that yet remained to them—in persons so situated, the natural transition from these first surprises was obviously into peals of hearty laughter; and I can report that I, for one, being still seated upon the slab or perch before mentioned, roared outright until the vessel rang again. Thus, in less than two minutes after coming upon it for the first time, we all by common consent agreed, that this stateroom was the pleasantest and most facetious and capital contrivance possible; and that, to have had it one inch larger, would have been quite a disagreeable and deplorable state of things. And with this, and with showing how, by very nearly closing the door, and twining in and out like serpents, and by counting the little washing slab as standing-room, we could manage to insinuate four people into it, all at one time; and entreat-

ing each other to observe how very airy it was (in dock), and how there was a beautiful port-hole which could be kept open all day (weather permitting), and how there was quite a large bull's-eye just over the looking-glass which would render shaving a perfectly easy and delightful process (when the ship didn't roll too much); we arrived, at last, at the unanimous conclusion that it was rather spacious than otherwise; though I do verily believe that, deducting the two berths, one above the other, than which nothing smaller for sleeping in was ever made except coffins, it was no bigger than one of those hackney cabriolets which have the door behind, and shoot their fares out, like sacks of coals, upon the pavement.

Having settled this point to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, concerned and unconcerned, we sat down round the fire in the ladies' cabin, just to try the effect. It was rather dark, certainly, but somebody said, "of course it would be light at sea," a proposition to which we all assented; echoing "of course, of course;" though it would be exceedingly difficult to say why we thought so. I remember, too, when we had discovered and exhausted another topic of consolation in the circumstance of this ladies' cabin adjoining our stateroom, and the consequently immense feasibility of sitting there at all times and seasons, and had fallen into a momentary silence, leaning our faces on our hands and looking at the fire, one of our party said, with the solemn air of a man who had made a discovery, "What a relish mulled claret will have down here!" which appeared to strike us all so forcibly, as though there were something spicy and high-flavoured in cabins, which essentially improved that composition, and rendered it quite incapable of perfection anywhere else.

There was a stewardess, too, actively engaged in producing clean sheets and tablecloths from the very entrails of the sofas, and from unexpected lockers, of such artful mechanism, that it made one's head ache to see them opened one after another, and rendered it quite a distracting circumstance to follow her proceedings, and to find that every nook and corner and individual piece of furniture was something else besides what it pretended to be, and was a mere trap and deception, and place of secret stowage, whose ostensible purpose was its least useful one.

God bless that stewardess for her piously fraudulent account of January voyages! God bless her for her clear recollection of the companion passage of last year, when nobody was ill, and everybody danced from morning to night, and it was a "run" of twelve days, and a piece of the purest frolic, delight, and jollity! All happiness be with her for her bright face and pleasant Scotch tongue, which had sounds of old Home in it for my fellow-traveller; and for her predictions of fair winds and fine weather (all wrong, or I shouldn't be half so fond of her); and for the ten thousand small fragments of genuine womanly tact, by which, without piecing them elaborately together, and patching them up into shape, and form, and case, and pointed application, she nevertheless did plainly show that all young mothers on one side of the Atlantic were near and close at hand to their little children left upon the other; and that what seemed to the uninitiated a serious journey, was, to those who were in the secret, a mere frolic, to be sung about and whistled at! Light be her heart, and gay her merry eyes, for years!

The state-room had grown pretty fast; but by this time it had expanded into something quite bulky, and almost boasted a bay-window to view the sea from. So we went upon the deck again in high spirits; and there, everything was in such a state of bustle and active preparation, that the blood quickened its pace, and whirled through one's veins on that clear, frosty morning with involuntary mirthfulness. For every gallant ship was riding slowly up and down, and every little boat was plashing noisily in the water; and knots of people stood upon the wharf, gazing with a kind of "dread delight" on the far-famed fast American steamer; and one party of men were "taking in the milk," or, in other words, getting the cow on board; and another were filling the icehouses to the very throat with fresh provisions; with butchers' meat and garden-stuff, pale sucking-pigs, calves' heads in scores, beef, veal, and pork, and poultry out of all proportion; and others were coiling ropes, and busy with oakum yarns; and others were lowering heavy packages into the hold; and the purser's head was barely visible as it loomed in a state of exquisite perplexity from the midst of a vast pile of passengers' luggage; and there seemed to be nothing going on anywhere, or uppermost in the mind of anybody, but preparation for this mighty voyage. This, with the bright, cold sun, the bracing air, the crisply-curled water, the thin, white crust of morning ice upon the decks, which crackled with a sharp and cheerful sound beneath the lightest tread, was irresistible. And when, again upon the shore, we turned and saw from the vessel's mast her name signalled in flags of joyous colours, and, fluttering by their side, the beautiful American banner with its stars and stripes, the long three thousand miles and more, and, longer still, the six whole months of absence, so dwindled and faded, that the ship had gone out and come home again, and it was broad spring already in the Coburg Dock at Liverpool.

I had not inquired among my medical acquaintance whether turtle, and cold punch, with hock, Champagne, and claret, and all the slight et cetera usually included in an unlimited order for a good dinner—especially when it is left to the liberal construction of my faultless friend, Mr. Radley, of the Adelphi Hotel—are peculiarly calculated to suffer a sea-change; or whether a plain mutton-chop, and a glass or two of sherry, would be less likely of conversion into foreign and disconcerting material. My own opinion is, that whether one is discreet or indiscreet in these particulars, on the eve of a sea-voyage, is a matter of little consequence; and that, to use a common phrase, "it comes to very much the same thing in the end." Be this as it may, I know that the dinner of that day was undeniably perfect; that it comprehended all these items, and a great many more; and that we all did ample justice to it. And I know too, that, bating a certain tacit avoidance of any allusion to-morrow, such as may be supposed to prevail between delicate-minded turnkeys, and a sensitive prisoner who is to be hanged next morning, we got on very well, and, all things considered, were merry enough.

When the morning—*the* morning—came, and we met at breakfast, it was curious to see how eager all were to prevent a moment's pause in the conversation, and how astoundingly gay everybody was: the forced spirits of each member of the little party having as much likeness to his natural mirth, as hothouse pease at five

guineas the quart resemble in flavour the growth of the dews, and air, and rain of Heaven. But as one o'clock, the hour for going aboard, drew near, this volubility dwindled away by little and little, despite the most persevering efforts to the contrary, until at last, the matter being now quite desperate, we threw off all disguise; openly speculated upon where we should be this time to-morrow, this time next day, and so forth; and intrusted a vast number of messages to those who intended returning to town that night, which were to be delivered at home and elsewhere without fail, within the very shortest possible space of time after the arrival of the railway train at Euston Square. And commissions and remembrances do so crowd upon one at such a time, that we were still busied with this employment when we found ourselves fused, as it were, into a dense conglomeration of passengers, and passengers' friends, and passengers' luggage, all jumbled together on the deck of a small steamboat, and panting and snorting off to the packet, which had worked out of dock yesterday afternoon, and was now lying at her moorings in the river.

And there she is! all eyes are turned to where she lies, dimly discernible through the gathering fog of the early winter afternoon; every finger is pointed in the same direction; and murmurs of interest and admiration, as, "How beautiful she looks!" "How trim she is!" are heard on every side. Even the lazy gentleman, with his hat on one side and his hands in his pockets, who has dispensed so much consolation by inquiring with a yawn of another gentleman whether he is "going across," as if it were a ferry—even he condescends to look that way and nod his head, as who should say, "No mistake about *that*;" and not even the sage Lord Burleigh, in his nod, included half so much as this lazy gentleman of might, who has made the passage (as everybody on board has found out already, it's impossible to say how) thirteen times without a single accident! There is another passenger very much wrapped up, who has been frowned down by the rest, and morally trampled upon and crushed, for presuming to inquire, with a timid interest, how long it is since the poor President went down. He is standing close to the lazy gentleman, and says, with a faint smile, that he believes she is a very strong ship; to which the lazy gentleman, looking first in his questioner's eye and then very hard in the wind's, answers unexpectedly and ominously that she need be. Upon this, the lazy gentleman instantly falls very low in the popular estimation, and the passengers, with looks of defiance, whisper to each other that he is an ass and an impostor, and clearly don't know anything at all about it.

But we are made fast alongside the packet, whose huge red funnel is smoking bravely, giving rich promise of serious intentions. Packing-cases, portmanteaus, carpet-bags, and boxes, are already passed from hand to hand, and hauled on board with breathless rapidity. The officers, smartly dressed, are at the gangway, handing the passengers up the side, and hurrying the men. In five minutes' time the little steamer is utterly deserted, and the packet is beset and overrun by its late freight, who instantly pervade the whole ship, and are to be met with by the dozen in every nook and corner; swarming down below with their own baggage, and stumbling over other people's; disposing themselves comfortably in wrong cabins, and creating a most horrible confusion by having to turn out again; madly bent upon opening locked doors, and on forcing a passage into all kinds of out-of-the-way places where there is no thoroughfare; sending wild stewards, with elfin hair, to and fro upon breezy decks on unintelligible errands, impossible of execution; and, in short, creating the most extraordinary and bewildering tumult. In the midst of all this, the lazy gentleman, who seems to have no luggage of any kind—not so much as a friend, even—lounges up and down the hurricane-deck, coolly puffing a cigar; and, [illegible] unconcerned demeanour again exalts him in the opinion of those who have leisure to observe his proceedings, every time he looks up at the masts, or down at the decks, or over the side, they look there too, as wondering whether he sees anything wrong anywhere, and hoping that, in case he should, he will have the goodness to mention it.

What have we here? The captain's boat! and yonder the captain himself. Now, by all our hopes and wishes, the very man he ought to be! A well-made, tight-built, dapper little fellow, with a ruddy face, which is a letter of invitation to shake him by both hands at once; and with a clear blue honest eye, that it does one good to see one's sparkling image in. "Ring the bell!" "Ding, ding, ding!" the very bell is in a hurry. "Now for the shore; who's for the shore?" These gentlemen, I am sorry to say." They are away, and never said good-by. Ah! now they wave it from the little boat. "Good-by! Good-by!" Three cheers from them; three more from us; three more from them; and they are gone.

To and fro, to and fro, to and fro again a hundred times! This waiting for the latest mailbags is worse than all. If we could have gone off in the midst of that last burst, we should have started triumphantly; but to lie here, two hours and more, in the damp fog, neither staying at home nor going abroad, is letting one gradually down into the very depth of dulness and low spirits. A speck in the mist at last! That's something. It is the boat we wait for! That's more to the purpose. The captain appears on the paddle-box with his speaking-trumpet; the officers take their stations; all hands are on the alert; the flagging hopes of the passengers revive; the cooks pause in their savoury work, and look out with faces full of interest. The boat comes alongside; the bags are dragged in anyhow, and flung down for the moment anywhere. Three cheers more; and as the first one rings upon our ears, the vessel throbs like a strong giant that has just received the breath of life; the two great wheels turn fiercely round for the first time; and the noble ship, with wind and tide astern, breaks proudly through the lashed and foaming water.

CHAPTER II.

THE PASSAGE OUT.

We all dined together that day; and a rather formidable party we were: no fewer than eighty-six strong. The vessel being pretty deep in the water, with all her coals on board and so many passengers, and the weather being calm and quiet, there was but little motion; so that before the dinner was half over, even those passengers who

were most distrustful of themselves plucked up amazingly; and those who in the morning had returned to the universal question, "Are you a good sailor?" a very decided negative, now either parried the inquiry with the evasive reply, "Oh! I suppose I'm no worse than anybody else;" or, [illegible]less of all moral obligations, answered boldly, "Yes:" and with some irritation too, as though they would add, "I should like to know what you see in *me*, sir, particularly, to justify suspicion!"

Notwithstanding this high tone of courage and confidence, I could not but observe that very few remained long over their wine; and that everybody had an unusual love of the open air; and that the favourite and most coveted seats were invariably those nearest to the door. The tea-table, too, was by no means as well attended as the dinner-table; and there was less whist-playing than might have been expected. Still, with the exception of one lady, who had retired with some precipitation at dinner-time, immediately after being assisted to the finest cut of a very yellow boiled leg of mutton with very green capers, there were no invalids as yet; and walking, and smoking, and drinking of brandy-and-water (but always in the open air) went on with unabated spirit, until eleven o'clock or thereabouts, when "turning in"—no sailor of seven hours' experience talks of going to bed—became the order of the night. The perpetual tramp of boot-heels on the decks gave place to a heavy silence, and the whole human freight was stowed away below, excepting a very few stragglers, like myself, who were probably, like me, afraid to go there.

To one unaccustomed to such scenes, this is a very striking time on shipboard. Afterward, and when its novelty had long worn off, it never ceased to have a peculiar interest and charm for me. The gloom through which the great black mass holds its direct and certain course; the rushing water, plainly heard, but dimly seen; the broad, white, glistening track, that follows in the vessel's wake; the men on the look-out forward, who would be scarcely visible against the dark sky but for their blotting out some score of glistening stars; the helmsman at the wheel, with the illuminated card before him, shining, a speck of light amid the darkness, like something sentient and of Divine intelligence; the melancholy sighing of the wind through block, and rope, and chain; the gleaming forth of light from every crevice, nook, and tiny piece of glass about the decks, as though the ship were filled with fire in hiding, ready to burst through any outlet, wild with its resistless power of death and ruin. At first, too, and even when the hour, and all the objects it exalts, have come to be familiar, it is difficult, alone and thoughtful, to hold them to their proper shapes and forms. They change with the wandering fancy; assume the semblance of things left far away; put on the well-remembered aspect of favourite places dearly loved; and even people them with shadows. Streets, houses, rooms—figures so like their usual occupants, that they have startled me by their reality, which far exceeded, as it seemed to me, all power of mine to conjure up the absent—have, many and many a time, at such an hour, grown suddenly out of objects with whose real look, and use, and purpose I was as well acquainted as with my own two hands.

My own two hands, and feet likewise, being very cold, however, on this particular occasion, I crept below at midnight. It was not exactly comfortable below. It was decidedly close; and it was impossible to be unconscious of the presence of that extraordinary compound of strange smells, which is to be found nowhere but on board ship, and which is such a subtle perfume that it seems to enter at every pore of the skin, and whisper of the hold. Two passengers' wives (one of them my own) lay already in silent agonies on the sofa; and one lady's maid (*my* lady's) was a mere bundle on the floor, execrating her destiny, and pounding her curl-papers among the stray boxes. Everything sloped the wrong way—which in itself was an aggravation scarcely to be borne. I had left the door open, a moment before, in the bosom of a gentle declivity, and, when I turned to shut it, it was on the summit of a lofty eminence. Now every plank and timber creaked, as if the ship were made of wicker-work; and now crackled, like an enormous fire of the driest possible twigs. There was nothing for it but bed; so I went to bed.

It was pretty much the same for the next two days, with a tolerably fair wind and dry weather. I read in bed (but to this hour I don't know what) a good deal; and reeled on deck a little; drank cold brandy-and-water with an unspeakable disgust, and ate hard biscuit perseveringly: not ill, but going to be.

It is the third morning. I am awakened out of my sleep by a dismal shriek from my wife, who demands to know whether there's any danger. I rouse myself, and look out of bed. The water-jug is plunging and leaping like a lively dolphin; all the smaller articles are afloat, except my shoes, which are stranded on a carpet-bag, high and dry, like a couple of coal-barges. Suddenly I see them spring into the air, and behold the looking-glass, which is nailed to the wall, sticking fast upon the ceiling. At the same time the door entirely disappears, and a new one is opened in the floor. Then I begin to comprehend that the state-room is standing on its head.

Before it is possible to make any arrangement at all compatible with this novel state of things, the ship rights. Before one can say "Thank Heaven!" she wrongs again. Before one can cry she *is* wrong, she seems to have started forward, and to be a creature actively running of its own accord, with broken knees and failing legs, through every variety of hole and pitfall, and stumbling constantly. Before one can so much as wonder, she takes a high leap into the air. Before she has well done that, she takes a deep dive into the water. Before she has gained the surface, she throws a summerset. The instant she is on her legs, she rushes backward. And so she goes on staggering, heaving, wrestling, leaping, diving, jumping, pitching, throbbing, rolling, and rocking: and going through all these movements, sometimes by turns, and sometimes all together: until one feels disposed to roar for mercy.

A steward passes. "Steward!" "Sir?" "What *is* the matter? what *do* you call this?" "Rather a heavy sea on, sir, and a head wind."

A head wind! Imagine a human face upon the vessel's prow, with fifteen thousand Sampsons in one bent upon driving her back, and hitting her exactly between the eyes whenever she attempts to advance an inch. Imagine the ship herself, with every pulse and artery of her huge body swollen and bursting under this maltreatment, sworn to go on or die. Imagine the wind howling, the sea roaring, the rain beating: all in

furious array against her. Picture the sky both dark and wild, and the clouds, in fearful sympathy with the waves, making another ocean in the air. Add to all this the clattering on deck and down below; the tread of hurried feet; the loud, hoarse shouts of seamen; the gurgling in and out of water through the scuppers; with, every now and then, the striking of a heavy sea upon the planks above, with the deep, dead, heavy sound of thunder heard within a vault — and there is the head-wind of that January morning.

I say nothing of what may be called the domestic noises of the ship: such as the breaking of glass and crockery, the tumbling down of stewards, the gambols, overhead, of loose casks and truant dozens of bottled porter, and the very remarkable and far from exhilarating sounds raised in their various state-rooms by the seventy passengers who were too ill to get up to breakfast. I say nothing of them; for, although I lay listening to this concert for three or four days, I don't think I heard it for more than a quarter of a minute, at the expiration of which term I lay down again excessively sea-sick.

Not sea-sick, be it understood, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—I wish I had been—but in a form which I have never seen or heard described, though I have no doubt it is very common. I lay there, all the day long, quite coolly and contentedly; with no sense of weariness, with no desire to get up, or get better, or take the air; with no curiosity, or care, or regret, of any sort or degree, saving that I think I can remember, in this universal indifference, having a kind of lazy joy—of fiendish delight, if anything so lethargic can be dignified with the title—in the fact of my wife being too ill to talk to me. If I may be allowed to illustrate my state of mind by such an example, I should say that I was exactly in the condition of the elder Mr. Willet after the incursion of the rioters into his bar at Chigwell. Nothing would have surprised me. If, in the momentary illumination of any ray of intelligence that may have come upon me in the way of thoughts of home, a goblin postman, with a scarlet coat and bell, had come into that little kennel before me, broad awake in broad day, and, apologizing for being damp through walking in the sea, had handed me a letter, directed to myself in familiar characters, I am certain I should not have felt one atom of astonishment: I should have been perfectly satisfied. If Neptune himself had walked in, with a toasted shark on his trident, I should have looked upon the event as one of the very commonest every-day occurrences.

Once—once—I found myself on deck. I don't know how I got there, or what possessed me to go there, but there I was; and completely dressed too, with a huge peacoat on, and a pair of boots such as no weak man in his senses could ever have got into. I found myself standing, when a gleam of consciousness came upon me, holding on to something; I don't know what. I think it was the boatswain; or it may have been the pump; or possibly the cow. I can't say how long I had been there; whether a day or a minute. I recollect trying to think about something (about anything in the whole wide world, I was not particular) without the smallest effect. I could not even make out which was the sea, and which the sky; for the horizon seemed drunk, and was flying wildly about in all directions. Even in that incapable state, however, I recognised the lazy gentleman standing before me, nautically clad in a suit of shaggy blue, with an oilskin hat; but I was too imbecile, although I knew it to be he, to separate him from his dress, and tried to call him, I remember, *Pilot*. After another interval of total unconsciousness, I found he had gone, and recognised another figure in its place. It seemed to wave and fluctuate before me as though I saw it reflected in an unsteady looking-glass; but I knew it for the captain; and such was the cheerful influence of his face, that I tried to smile; yes, even then I tried to smile. I saw by his gestures that he addressed me; but it was a long time before I could make out that he remonstrated against my standing up to my knees in water—as I was; of course I don't know why. I tried to thank him, but couldn't. I could only point to my boots—or wherever I supposed my boots to be—and say, in a plaintive voice, "Cork soles;" at the same time endeavouring, I am told, to sit down in the pool. Finding that I was quite insensible, and for the time a maniac, he humanely conducted me below.

There I remained until I got better; suffering, whenever I was recommended to eat anything, an amount of anguish only second to that which is said to be endured by the apparently drowned in the process of restoration to life. One gentleman on board had a letter of introduction to me from a mutual friend in London. He sent it below with his card on the morning of the head-wind; and I was long troubled with the idea that he might be up and well, and a hundred times a day expecting me to call upon him in the saloon. I imagined him one of those cast-iron images—I will not call them men—who ask, with red faces and lusty voices, what sea-sickness means, and whether it really is as bad as it is represented to be. This was very torturing indeed; and I don't think I ever felt such perfect gratification and gratitude of heart as I did when I heard from the ship's doctor that he had been obliged to put a large mustard poultice on this very gentleman's stomach. I date my recovery from the receipt of that intelligence.

It was materially assisted though, I have no doubt, by a heavy gale of wind, which came slowly up at sunset, when we were about ten days out, and raged with gradually increasing fury until morning, saving that it lulled for an hour a little before midnight. There was something in the unnatural repose of that hour, and in the after-gathering of the storm, so inconceivably awful and tremendous, that its bursting into full violence was almost a relief.

The labouring of the ship in the troubled sea on this night I shall never forget. "Will it ever be worse than this?" was a question I had often heard asked, when everything was sliding and bumping about, and when it certainly did seem difficult to comprehend the possibility of anything afloat being more disturbed without toppling over and going down. But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is, on a bad winter's night in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves,

with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it; thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again in all its fury, rage, and passion.

And yet, in the very midst of these terrors, I was placed in a situation so exquisitely ridiculous, that even then I had as strong a sense of its absurdity as I have now, and could no more help laughing than I can at any other comical incident happening under circumstances the most favourable to its enjoyment. About midnight we shipped a sea, which forced its way through the skylights, burst open the doors above, and came raging and roaring down into the ladies' cabin, to the unspeakable consternation of my wife and a little Scotch lady—who, by the way, had previously sent a message to the captain by the stewardess, requesting him, with her compliments, to have a steel conductor immediately attached to the top of every mast, and to the chimney, in order that the ship might not be struck by lightning. They, and the handmaid before mentioned, being in such ecstacies of fear that I scarcely knew what to do with them, I naturally bethought myself of some restorative or comfortable cordial; and nothing better occurring to me at the moment than hot brandy-and-water, I procured a tumbler full without delay. It being impossible to stand or sit without holding on, they were all heaped together in one corner of a long sofa—a fixture extending entirely across the cabin—where they clung to each other in momentary expectation of being drowned. When I approached this place with my specific, and was about to administer it, with many consolatory expressions, to the nearest sufferer, what was my dismay to see them all roll slowly down to the other end! And when I staggered to that end, and held out the glass once more, how immensely baffled were my good intentions by the ship giving another lurch, and their all rolling back again! I suppose I dodged them up and down this sofa for at least a quarter of an hour without reaching them once; and by the time I did catch them, the brandy-and-water was diminished, by constant spilling, to a tea-spoonful. To complete the group, it is necessary to recognise in this disconcerted dodger a very pale individual, who had shaved his beard and brushed his hair last at Liverpool, and whose only articles of dress (linen not included) were a pair of dreadnaught trousers, a blue jacket, formerly admired upon the Thames at Richmond, no stockings, and one slipper.

Of the outrageous antics performed by that ship next morning; which made bed a practical joke, and getting up, by any process short of falling out, an impossibility, I say nothing. But anything like the utter dreariness and desolation that met my eyes when I, literally, "tumbled up" on deck at noon, I never saw. Ocean and sky were all of one dull, heavy, uniform, lead colour. There was no extent of prospect even over the dreary waste that lay around us, for the sea ran high, and the horizon encompassed us like a large black hoop. Viewed from the air, or some tall bluff on shore, it would have been imposing and stupendous no doubt; but seen from the wet and rolling decks, it only impressed one giddily and painfully. In the gale of last night the lifeboat had been crushed by one blow of the sea like a walnut-shell; and there it hung dangling in the air: a mere fagot of crazy boards. The planking of the paddle-boxes had been torn sheer away. The wheels were exposed and bare; and they whirled and dashed their spray about the decks at random. Chimney, white with crusted salt; topmasts struck; storm-sails set; rigging all knotted, tangled, wet, and drooping: a gloomier picture it would be hard to look upon.

I was now comfortably established by courtesy in the ladies' cabin, where, besides ourselves, there were only four other passengers. First, the little Scotch lady before-mentioned, on her way to join her husband at New-York, who had settled there three years before. Secondly and thirdly, an honest young Yorkshireman, connected with some American house; domiciled in that same city, and carrying thither his beautiful young wife, to whom he had been married but a fortnight, and who was the fairest specimen of a comely English country girl I have ever seen. Fourthly, fifthly, and lastly, another couple: newly married too, if one might judge from the endearments they frequently interchanged: of whom I know no more than that they were rather a mysterious, run-away kind of couple; that the lady had great personal attractions also; and that the gentleman carried more guns with him than Robinson Crusoe, wore a shooting-coat, and had two great dogs on board. On farther consideration, I remember that he tried hot roast pig and bottled ale as a cure for sea-sickness; and that he took these remedies (usually in bed) day after day, with astonishing perseverance. I may add, for the information of the curious, that they decidedly failed.

The weather continuing obstinately and almost unprecedently bad, we usually straggled into this cabin, more or less faint and miserable, about an hour before noon, and lay down on the sofas to recover; during which interval, the captain would look in to communicate the state of the wind, the moral certainty of its changing to-morrow (the weather is always going to improve to-morrow, at sea), the vessel's rate of sailing, and so forth. Observations there were none to tell us of, for there was no sun to take them by. But a description of one day will serve for all the rest. Here it is.

The captain being gone, we compose ourselves to read, if the place be light enough; and if not, we doze and talk alternately. At one, a bell rings, and the stewardess comes down with a steaming dish of baked potatoes, and another of roasted apples; and plates of pig's face, cold ham, salt beef; or perhaps a smoking mess of rare hot collops. We fall to upon these dainties; eat as much as we can (we have great appetites now); and are as long as possible about it. If the fire will burn (it *will* sometimes) we are pretty cheer-

ful. If it won't, we all remark to each other that it's very cold, rub our hands, cover ourselves with coats and cloaks, and lie down again to doze, talk, and read (provided as aforesaid) until dinner-time. At five, another bell rings, and the stewardess reappears with another dish of potatoes—boiled, this time—and store of hot meat of various kinds: not forgetting the roast pig, to be taken medicinally. We sit down at table again (rather more cheerfully than before); prolong the meal with a rather mouldy dessert of apples, grapes, and oranges; and drink our wine and brandy-and-water. The bottles and glasses are still upon the table, and the oranges, and so forth, are rolling about according to their fancy and the ship's way, when the doctor comes down, by special nightly invitation, to join our evening rubber: immediately on whose arrival we make a party at whist, and as it is a rough night and the cards will not lie on the cloth, we put the tricks in our pockets as we take them. At whist we remain with exemplary gravity (deducting a short time for tea and toast) until eleven o'clock, or thereabout; when the captain comes down again, in a sou'-wester hat tied under his chin, and a pilot-coat: making the ground wet where he stands. By this time the card-playing is over, and the bottles and glasses are again upon the table; and after an hour's pleasant conversation about the ship, the passengers, and things in general, the captain (who never goes to bed, and is never out of humour) turns up his coat collar for the deck again; shakes hands all around; and goes laughing out into the weather as merrily as to a birth-day party.

As to daily news, there is no dearth of that commodity. This passenger is reported to have lost fourteen pounds at Vingt-et-un in the saloon yesterday, and that passenger drinks his bottle of Champagne every day, and how he does it (being only a clerk), nobody knows. The head engineer has distinctly said that there never was such times—meaning weather—and four good hands are ill, and have given in, dead beat. Several berths are full of water, and all the cabins are leaky. The ship's cook, secretly swigging damaged whiskey, has been found drunk; and has been played upon by the fire-engine until quite sober. All the stewards have fallen down stairs at various dinner-times, and go about with plasters in various places. The baker is ill, and so is the pastry-cook. A new man, horribly indisposed, has been required to fill the place of the latter officer; and has been propped and jammed up with empty casks in a little house upon deck, and commanded to roll out pie-crust, which he protests (being highly bilious) it is death to him to look at. News! A dozen murders on shore would lack the interest of these slight incidents at sea.

Divided between our rubber and such topics as these, we were running (as we thought) into Halifax Harbour, on the fifteenth night, with little wind and a bright moon—indeed, we had made the Light at its outer entrance, and put the pilot in charge—when suddenly the ship struck upon a bank of mud. An immediate rush on deck took place of course; the sides were crowded in an instant; and for a few minutes we were in as lively a state of confusion as the greatest lover of disorder would desire to see. The passengers, and guns, and water-casks, and other heavy matters, being all huddled together aft, however, to lighten her in the head, she was soon got off; and after some driving on towards an uncomfortable line of objects (whose vicinity had been announced very early in the disaster by a loud cry of "Breakers a-head!") and much backing of paddles, and heaving of the lead into a constantly decreasing depth of water, we dropped anchor in a strange, outlandish-looking nook which nobody on board could recognise, although there was land all about us, and so close that we could plainly see the waving branches of the trees.

It was strange enough, in the silence of midnight, and the dead stillness that seemed to be created by the sudden and unexpected stoppage of the engine, which had been clanking and blasting in our ears incessantly for so many days, to watch the look of blank astonishment expressed in every face: beginning with the officers, tracing it through all the passengers, and descending to the very stokers and furnace-men, who emerged from below, one by one, and clustered together in a smoky group about the hatchway of the engine-room, comparing notes in whispers. After throwing up a few rockets and firing signal-guns in the hopes of being hailed from the land, or at least of seeing a light—but without any other sight or sound presenting itself—it was determined to send a boat on shore. It was amusing to observe how very kind some of the passengers were, in volunteering to go ashore in this same boat: for the general good, of course: not by any means because they thought the ship in an unsafe position, or contemplated the possibility of her heeling over in case the tide were running out. Nor was it less amusing to remark how desperately unpopular the poor pilot became in one short minute. He had had his passage out from Liverpool, and during the whole voyage had been quite a notorious character, as a teller of anecdotes and cracker of jokes. Yet here were the very men who had laughed the loudest at his jests, now flourishing their fists in his face, loading him with imprecations, and defying him to his teeth as a villain!

The boat soon shoved off, with a lantern and sundry blue lights on board; and in less than an hour returned; the officer in command bringing with him a tolerably tall young tree, which he had plucked up by the roots, to satisfy certain distrustful passengers whose minds misgave them that they were to be imposed upon and shipwrecked, and who would on no other terms believe that he had been ashore, or had done anything but fraudulently row a little way into the mist, especially to deceive them, and compass their deaths. Our captain had foreseen from the first that we must be in a place called the Eastern Passage; and so we were. It was about the last place in the world in which we had any business or reason to be, but a sudden fog, and some error on the pilot's part, were the cause. We were surrounded by banks and rocks, and shoals of all kinds, but had happily drifted, it seemed, upon the only safe speck that was to be found thereabout. Eased by this report, and by the assurance that the tide was past the ebb, we turned in at three o'clock in the morning.

I was dressing about half past nine next day, when the noise above hurried me on deck. When I had left it over night, it was dark, foggy, and damp, and there were bleak hills all round us. Now, we were gliding down a smooth, broad stream, at the rate of eleven miles an hour: our colours flying gayly; our crew rigged out in their smartest clothes; our officers in uniform again; the sun shining as on a brilliant April day in England; the land stretched out on either side,

streaked with light patches of snow; white wooden houses; people at their doors; telegraphs working; flags hoisted; wharfs appearing; ships; quays crowded with people; distant noises; shouts; men and boys running down steep places towards the pier: all more bright and gay and fresh to our unused eyes than words can paint them. We came to a wharf, paved with uplifted faces; got alongside, and were made fast, after some shouting and straining of cables; darted, a score of us, along the gangway, almost as soon as it was thrust out to meet us, and before it had reached the ship, and leaped upon the firm glad earth again!

I suppose this Halifax would have appeared an Elysium, though it had been a curiosity of ugly dullness. But I carried away with me a most pleasant impression of the town and its inhabitants, and have preserved it to this hour. Nor was it without regret that I came home, without having found an opportunity of returning thither, and once more shaking hands with the friends I made that day.

It happened to be the opening of the Legislative Council and General Assembly, at which ceremonial the forms observed on the commencement of a new session of Parliament in England were so closely copied, and so gravely presented on a small scale, that it was like looking at Westminster through the wrong end of a telescope. The governor, as her majesty's representative, delivered what may be called the speech from the throne. He said what he had to say manfully and well. The military band outside the building struck up "God save the Queen" with great vigour before his excellency had quite finished; the people shouted; the in's rubbed their hands; the out's shook their heads; the government party said there never was such a good speech; the opposition declared there never was such a bad one; the speaker and members of the House of Assembly withdrew from the bar to say a great deal among themselves and do a little; and, in short, everything went on, and promised to go on, just as it does at home upon the like occasions.

The town is built on the side of a hill, the highest point being commanded by a strong fortress, not yet quite finished. Several streets of good breadth and appearance extend from its summit to the water-side, and are intersected by cross streets running parallel with the river. The houses are chiefly of wood. The market is abundantly supplied; and provisions are exceedingly cheap. The weather being unusually mild at that time for the season of the year, there was no sleighing; but there were plenty of those vehicles in yards and by-places, and some of them, from the gorgeous quality of their decorations, might have "gone on" without alteration as triumphal cars in a melo-drama at Astley's. The day was uncommonly fine; the air bracing and healthful; the whole aspect of the town cheerful, thriving, and industrious.

We lay there seven hours to deliver and exchange the mails. At length, having collected all our bags and all our passengers (including two or three choice spirits, who, having indulged too freely in oysters and Champagne, were found lying insensible on their backs in unfrequented streets), the engines were again put in motion, and we stood off for Boston.

Encountering squally weather again in the Bay of Fundy, we tumbled and rolled about as usual all that night and all next day. On the next afternoon, that is to say, on Saturday, the twenty-second of January, an American pilot-boat came alongside, and soon afterward, the Britannia steam-packet, from Liverpool, eighteen days out, was telegraphed at Boston.

The indescribable interest with which I strained my eyes, as the first patches of American soil peeped like molehills from the green sea, and followed them, as they swelled, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, into a continuous line of coast, can hardly be exaggerated. A sharp, keen wind, blew dead against us; a hard frost prevailed on shore; and the cold was most severe; yet the air was so intensely clear, and dry, and bright, that the temperature was not only endurable, but delicious.

How I remained on deck staring about me until we came alongside the dock, and how, though I had had as many eyes as Argus, I should have had them all wide open, and all employed on new objects, are topics which I will not prolong this chapter to discuss. Neither will I more than hint at my foreigner-like mistake in supposing that a party of most active persons, who scrambled on board at the peril of their lives as we approached the wharf, were newsmen, answering to that industrious class at home; whereas, despite the leathern wallets of news slung about the necks of some, and the broad sheets in the hands of all, they were editors, who boarded ships in person (as one gentleman in a worsted comforter informed me), "because they liked the excitement of it." Suffice it in this place to say, that one of these invaders, with a ready courtesy for which I thank him here most gratefully, went on before to order rooms at the hotel; and that when I followed, as I soon did, I found myself rolling through the long passages with an involuntary imitation of the gait of Mr. T. P. Cooke, in a new nautical melo-drama.

"Dinner, if you please," said I to the waiter.

"When?" said the waiter.

"As quick as possible," said I.

"Right away?" said the waiter.

After a moment's hesitation, I answered, "No," at hazard.

"*Not* right away?" cried the waiter, with an amount of surprise that made me start.

I looked at him doubtfully, and returned, "No, I would rather have it in this private room. I like it very much."

At this, I really thought the waiter must have gone out of his mind; as I believe he would have done, but for the interposition of another man, who whispered in his ear, "Directly."

"Well! and that's a fact!" said the waiter, looking helplessly at me: "Right away."

I saw now that "Right away" and "Directly" were one and the same thing. So I reversed my previous answer, and sat down to dinner in ten minutes afterward; and a capital dinner it was.

The hotel (a very excellent one), is called the Tremont House. It has more galleries, colonnades, piazzas, and passages, than I can remember, or the reader would believe; and is some trifle smaller than Bedford Square.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

BOSTON.

In all the public establishments of America

the utmost courtesy prevails. Most of our departments are susceptible of considerable improvement in this respect, but the Custom-house, above all others, would do well to take example from the United States, and render itself somewhat less odious and offensive to foreigners. The servile rapacity of the French officials is sufficiently contemptible, but there is a surly, boorish incivility about our men, alike disgusting to all persons who fall into their hands, and discreditable to the nation that keeps such ill-conditioned curs snarling about its gates.

When I landed in America, I could not help being strongly impressed with the contrast their Custom-house presented, and the attention, politeness, and good humour with which its officers discharged their duty.

As we did not land at Boston, in consequence of some detention at the wharf, until after dark, I received my first impressions of the city in walking down to the Custom-house on the morning after our arrival, which was Sunday. I am afraid to say by-the-way, how many offers of pews and seats in church for that morning were made to us, by formal note of invitation, before we had half finished our first dinner in America, but, if I may be allowed to make a moderate guess, without going into nicer calculation, I should say that, at least, as many sittings were proffered us as would have accommodated a score or two of grown-up families. The number of creeds and forms of religion to which the pleasure of our company was requested was in very fair proportion

Not being able, in the absence of any change of clothes, to go to church that day, we were compelled to decline these kindnesses one and all; and I was reluctantly obliged to forego the delight of hearing Dr. Channing, who happened to preach that morning for the first time in a very long interval. I mention the name of this distinguished and accomplished man (with whom I soon afterward had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted), that I may have the gratification of recording my humble tribute of admiration and respect for his high abilities and character, and for the bold philanthropy with which he has ever opposed himself to that most hideous blot and foul disgrace—Slavery.

To return to Boston. When I got into the streets upon this Sunday morning, the air was so clear, the houses were so bright and gay, the signboards were painted in such gaudy colours, the gilded letters were so very golden, the bricks were so very red, the stone was so very white, the blinds and area railings were so very green, the knobs and plates upon the street-doors so marvellously bright and twinkling, and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance, that every thoroughfare in the city looked exactly like a scene in a pantomime. It rarely happens in the business streets that a tradesman, if I may venture to call anybody a tradesman, where everybody is a merchant, resides above his store, so that many occupations are carried on in one house, and the whole front is covered with boards and inscriptions. As I walked along, I kept glancing up at these boards, confidently expecting to see a few of them change into something; and I never turned a corner suddenly without looking out for the clown and pantaloon, who, I had no doubt, were hiding in a doorway or behind some pillar close at hand. As to Harlequin and Columbine, I discovered immediately that they lodged (they are always looking after lodgings in a pantomime) at a very small clock-maker's, one story high, near the hotel; which, in addition to various symbols and devices, almost covering the whole front, had a great dial hanging out—to be jumped through, of course.

The suburbs are, if possible, even more unsubstantial-looking than the city. The white wooden houses (so white that it makes one wink to look at them), with their green jalousie blinds, are so sprinkled and dropped about in all directions, without seeming to have any root at all in the ground, and the small churches and chapels are so prim, and bright, and highly varnished, that I almost believed the whole affair could be taken up piecemeal like a child's toy, and crammed into a little box.

The city is a beautiful one, and cannot fail, I should imagine, to impress all strangers very favourably. The private dwelling-houses are, for the most part, large and elegant, the shops extremely good, and the public buildings handsome. The State House is built upon the summit of a hill, which rises gradually at first, and afterward by a steep ascent, almost from the water's edge. In front is a green enclosure, called the Common. The site is beautiful, and from the top there is a charming panoramic view of the whole town and neighbourhood. In addition to a variety of commodious offices, it contains two handsome chambers: in one the House of Representatives of the State hold their meetings, in the other, the Senate. Such proceedings as I saw here were conducted with perfect gravity and decorum, and were certainly calculated to inspire attention and respect.

There is no doubt that much of the intellectual refinement and superiority of Boston is referable to the quiet influence of the University of Cambridge, which is within three or four miles of the city. The resident professors at that university are gentlemen of learning and varied attainments, and are, without one exception that I can call to mind, men who would shed a grace upon, and do honour to, any society in the civilized world. Many of the resident gentry in Boston and its neighbourhood, and I think I am not mistaken in adding a large majority of those who are attached to the liberal professions there, have been educated at this same school. Whatever the defects of American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices; rear no bigots; dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions; never interpose between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognise a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college walls.

It was a source of inexpressible pleasure to me to observe the almost imperceptible, but not less certain effect wrought by this institution among the small community of Boston, and to note at every turn the humanizing tastes and desires it has engendered; the affectionate friendships to which it has given rise; the amount of vanity and prejudice it has dispelled. The golden calf they worship at Boston is a pigmy compared with the giant effigies set up in

other parts of that vast counting-house which lies beyond the Atlantic; and the almighty dollar sinks into something comparatively insignificant amid a whole Pantheon of better gods.

Above all, I sincerely believe that the public institutions and charities of this capital of Massachusetts are as nearly perfect as the most considerate wisdom, benevolence, and humanity can make them. I never in my life was more affected by the contemplation of happiness, under circumstances of privation and bereavement, than in my visits to these establishments.

It is a great and pleasant feature of all such institutions in America, that they are either supported by the state or assisted by the state, or (in the event of their not needing its helping hand) that they act in concert with it, and are emphatically the people's. I cannot but think, with a view to the principle and its tendency to elevate or depress the character of the industrious classes, that a public charity is immeasurably better than a private foundation, no matter how munificently the latter may be endowed. In our own country, where it has not, until within these later days, been a very popular fashion with governments to display any extraordinary regard for the great mass of the people, or to recognise their existence as improvable creatures, private charities, unexampled in the history of the earth, have arisen, to do an incalculable amount of good among the destitute and afflicted. But the government of the country, having neither act nor part in them, is not in the receipt of any portion of the gratitude they inspire; and, offering very little shelter or relief beyond that which is to be found in the workhouse and the jail, has come, not unnaturally, to be looked upon by the poor rather as a stern master, quick to correct and punish, than a kind protector, merciful and vigilant in their hour of need.

The maxim that out of evil cometh good, is strongly illustrated by these establishments at home, as the records of the Prerogative Office in Doctors' Commons can abundantly prove. Some immensely rich old gentleman or lady, surrounded by needy relatives, makes, upon a low average, a will a week. The old gentleman or lady, never very remarkable, in the best of times, for good temper, is full of aches and pains from head to foot; full of fancies and caprices; full of spleen, distrust, suspicion, and dislike. To cancel old wills and invent new ones, is, at last, the sole business of such a testator's existence; and relations and friends (some of whom have been bred up distinctly to inherit a large share of the property, and have been, from their cradles, specially disqualified from devoting themselves to any useful pursuit on that account), are so often and so unexpectedly and summarily cut off, and reinstated, and cut off again, that the whole family, down to the remotest cousin, is kept in a perpetual fever. At length it becomes plain that the old lady or gentleman has not long to live; and the plainer this becomes, the more clearly the old lady or gentleman perceives that everybody is in a conspiracy against their poor old dying relative; wherefore the old lady or gentleman makes another last will—positively the last this time—conceals the same in a china teapot, and expires next day. Then it turns out that the whole of the real and personal estate is divided between half a dozen charities; and that the dead and gone testator has, in pure spite, helped to do a great deal of good, at the cost of an immense amount of evil passion and misery.

The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston, is superintended by a body of trustees, who make an annual report to the corporation. The indigent blind of that state are admitted gratuitously. Those from the adjoining state of Connecticut, or from the states of Maine, Vermont, or New-Hampshire, are admitted by a warrant from the state to which they respectively belong; or, failing that, must find security among their friends for the payment of about twenty pounds English, for their first year's board and instruction, and ten for the second. "After the first year," say the trustees, "an account current will be opened with each pupil: he will be charged with the actual cost of his board, which will not exceed two dollars per week," a trifle more than eight shillings English; "and he will be credited with the amount paid for him by the state, or by his friends; also with his earnings over and above the cost of the stock which he uses; so that all his earnings over one dollar per week, will be his own. By the third year it will be known whether his earnings will more than pay the actual cost of his board; if they should, he will have it at his option to remain and receive his earnings, or not. Those who prove unable to earn their own livelihood will not be retained, as it is not desirable to convert the establishment into an almshouse, or to retain any but working-bees in the hive. Those who, by physical or mental imbecility, are disqualified for work, are thereby disqualified from being members of an industrious community; and they can be better provided for in establishments fitted for the infirm."

I went to see this place one very fine winter morning; an Italian sky above, and the air so clear and bright on every side, that even my eyes, which are none of the best, could follow the minute lines and scraps of tracery in distant buildings. Like most other public institutions in America of the same class, it stands a mile or two without the town, in a cheerful, healthy spot, and is an airy, spacious, handsome edifice. It is built upon a height commanding the harbour. When I paused for a moment at the door, and marked how fresh and free the whole scene was, what sparkling bubbles glanced upon the waves, and welled up every moment to the surface, as though the world below, like that above, were radiant with the bright day, and gushing over in its fulness of light; when I gazed from sail to sail away upon a ship at sea, a tiny speck of shining white, the only cloud upon the still, deep, distant blue—and, turning, saw a blind boy with his sightless face addressed that way, as though he too had some sense within him of the glorious distance. I felt a kind of sorrow that the place should be so very light, and a strange wish that, for his sake, it were darker. It was but momentary of course, and a mere fancy, but I felt it keenly for all that.

The children were at their daily tasks in different rooms, except a few who were already dismissed, and were at play. Here, as in many institutions, no uniform is worn; and I was very glad of it, for two reasons. First, because I

am sure that nothing but senseless custom and want of thought would reconcile us to the liveries and badges we are so fond of at home. Secondly, because the absence of these things presents each child to the visiter in his or her own proper character, with its individuality unimpaired; not lost in a dull, ugly mono onous repetition of the same unmeaning garb, which is really an important consideration. The wisdom of encouraging a little harmless pride in personal appearance even among the blind, or the whimsical absurdity of considering charity and leather breeches inseparable companions, as we do, requires no comment.

Good order, cleanliness, and comfort, pervaded every corner of the building. The various classes, who were gathered round their teachers, answered the questions put to them with readiness and intelligence, and in a spirit of cheerful contest for precedence which pleased me very much. Those who were at play were gleesome and noisy as other children. More spiritual and affectionate friendships appeared to exist among them than would be found among other young persons suffering under no deprivation; but this I expected, and was prepared to find. It is a part of the great scheme of Heaven's merciful consideration for the afflicted.

In a portion of the building set apart for that purpose, are workshops for blind persons whose education is finished, and who have acquired a trade, but who cannot pursue it in an ordinary manufactory because of their deprivation. Several people were working there, making brushes, mattresses, and so forth; and the cheerfulness, industry, and good order discernible in every other part of the building, extended to this department also.

On the ringing of a bell, the pupils all repaired, without any guide or leader, to a spacious music-hall, where they took their seats in an orchestra erected for that purpose, and listened, with manifest delight, to a voluntary on the organ played by one of themselves. At its conclusion, the performer, a boy of nineteen or twenty, gave place to a girl, and to her accompaniment they all sang a hymn, and afterward a sort of chorus. It was very sad to look upon and hear them, happy though their condition unquestionably was; and I saw that one blind girl who (being for the time deprived of the use of her limbs, by illness), sat close beside me with her face towards them, wept silently while she listened.

It is strange to watch the faces of the blind, and see how free they are from all concealment of what is passing in their thoughts; observing which, a man with eyes may blush to contemplate the mask he wears. Allowing for one shade of anxious expression which is never absent from their countenances, and the like of which we may readily detect in our own faces if we try to feel our way in the dark, every idea, as it rises within them, is expressed with the lightning's speed and nature's truth. If the company at a rout or drawing-room at court could only for one time be as unconscious of the eyes upon them as blind men and women are, what secrets would come out, and what a worker of hypocrisy this sight, the loss of which we so much pity, would appear to be!

The thought occurred to me as I sat down in another room before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb; destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste; before a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection, enclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense, the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound, with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened.

Long before I looked upon her the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad, open brow; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity; the work she had knitted lay beside her; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being.

Like other inmates of that house, she had a green riband bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near her upon the ground. I took it up, and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes.

She was seated in a little inclosure, made by school-desks and forms, writing her dayly journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favourite mistress with the poor pupil. If she could see the face of her fair instructress, she would not love her less, I am sure.

I have extracted a few disjointed fragments of her history, from an account, written by that one man who has made her what she is. It is a very beautiful and touching narrative; and I wish I could present it entire.

Her name is Laura Bridgman. "She was born in Hanover, New-Hampshire, on the twenty-first of December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond her power of endurance; and life was held by the feeblest tenure: but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided; and at twenty months old, she was perfectly well."

"Then her mental powers, hither stinted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence."

"But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone for ever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended. The fever raged during seven weeks; for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was

a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and, consequently, that her taste was much blunted."

"It was not until four years of age that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world."

"But what a situation was hers! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her: no mother's smile called forth her answering smile, no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds: they, brothers and sisters, were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth, and in the power of locomation; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

"But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated; and, though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house; she became familiar with the form, density, and weight, and heat, of every article she could lay her hands upon. She followed her mother, and felt her hands and arms, as she was occupied about the house; and her disposition to imitate, led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit."

The reader will scarcely need to be told, however, that the opportunities of communicating with her, were very, very limited; and that the moral effects of her wretched state soon began to appear. Those who cannot be enlightened by reason, can only be controlled by force; and this, coupled with her great privations, must soon have reduced her to a worse condition than that of the beasts that perish, but for timely and unhoped-for aid.

"At this time, I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament; a large and beautiful shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the 4th of October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution.

"For a while, she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

"There was one of two ways to be adopted: either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use: that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which, she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence of any thing. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter.

"The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon*, differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

"Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

"The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise, was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

"After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper: they were arranged side by side so as to spell *book*, *key*, &c.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, &c.; and she did so.

"Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the truth began to flash upon her: her intellect began to work: she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression: it was no longer a dog, or parrot: it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome; and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

"The result thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

"When it was said above, that a sign was made, it was intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his his hands, and then imitating the motion.

"The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types; so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface.

"Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance, a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on

her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

"She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

"This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that 'she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly, she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance, a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers: the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers, as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends a lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.'

"The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in proper care of her health.

"At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract.

"'It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception: nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gayety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

"'When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours: if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue: if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

"'During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers.

"'But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another; grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose, than a meeting between them. For if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!

"'When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition: but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers; whose rapid evolution convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow, there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses.'

"During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

"The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

"She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

"The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

"Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came

from Hanover: she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

"After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face; at this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

"After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded: her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

"The subsequent parting between them, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child.

"Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around, to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other; and thus she stood for a moment: then she dropped her mother's hand; put her handkerchief to her eyes; and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron; while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child.

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"It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in others, and that she soon regarded almost with contempt, a newcomer, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind. This unamiable part of her character has been more strongly developed during the past year.

"She chooses for her friends and companions those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless, indeed, she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do. She takes advantage of them, and makes them wait upon her, in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others; and in various ways she shows her Saxon blood.

"She is fond of having other children noticed and caressed by the teachers, and those whom she respects; but this must not be carried too far, or she becomes jealous. She wants to have her share, which, if not the lion's, is the greater part; and if she does not get it, she says, '*My Mother will love me.*'

"Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She has been known to sit for half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

She one day pretended that her doll was sick, and went through all the motions of tending it and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When I came home she insisted upon my going to see it and feel its pulse; and when I told her to put a blister on its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.

"Her social feelings and her affections are very strong; and when she is sitting at work, or at her studies, by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.

"When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone that she is quiet: for if she become sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs.

"In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness."

Such are a few fragments from the simple but most interesting and instructive history of Laura Bridgman. The name of her great benefactor and friend, who writes it, is Dr. Howe. There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who, after reading these passages, can ever hear that name with indifference.

A farther account has been published by Dr. Howe, since the report from which I have just quoted. It describes her rapid mental growth and improvement during twelve months more, and brings her little history down to the end of last year. It is very remarkable, that, as we dream in words, and carry on imaginary conversations, in which we speak both for ourselves and for the shadows who appear to us in those visions of the night, so she, having no words, uses her finger alphabet in her sleep. And it has been ascertained that when her slumber is broken, and is much disturbed by dreams, she expresses her thoughts in an irregular and confused manner on her fingers, just as we should murmur and mutter them indistinctly in the like circumstances.

I turned over the leaves of her diary, and found

it written in a fair legible square hand, and expressed in terms which were quite intelligible without any explanation. On my saying that I should like to see her write again, the teacher, who sat beside her, bade her, in their language, sign her name upon a slip of paper twice or thrice. In doing so, I observed that she kept the left hand always touching and following up the right, in which, of course, she held the pen. No line was indicated by any contrivance; but she wrote straight and freely.

She had, until now, been quite unconscious of the presence of visiters; but, having her hand placed in that of the gentleman who accompanied me, she immediately expressed his name upon her teacher's palm. Indeed her sense of touch is now so exquisite, that, having been acquainted with a person once, she can recognise him or her after almost any interval. This gentleman had been in her company, I believe, but very seldom, and certainly had not seen her for many months. My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her; but she retained my wife's with evident pleasure, kissed her, and examined her dress with a girl's curiosity and interest.

She was merry and cheerful, and showed much innocent playfulness in her intercourse with her teacher. Her delight on recognising a favourite playfellow and companion—herself a blind girl—who silently, and with an equal enjoyment of the coming surprise, took a seat beside her, was beautiful to witness. It elicited from her at first, as other slight circumstances did twice or thrice during my visit, an uncouth noise, which was rather painful to hear; but, on her teacher touching her lips, she immediately desisted, and embraced her laughingly and affectionately.

I had previously been into another chamber, where a number of blind boys were swinging and climbing, and engaged in various sports. They all clamoured, as we entered, to the assistant master, who accompanied us, "Look at me, Mr. Hart! Please, Mr. Hart, look at me!" evincing, I thought, even in this, an anxiety peculiar to their condition, that their little feats of agility should be *seen*. Among them was a small laughing fellow, who stood aloof, entertaining himself with a gymnastic exercise for bringing the arms and chest into play, which he enjoyed mightily, especially when, in thrusting out his right arm, he brought it into contact with another boy. Like Laura Bridgman, this young child was deaf, and dumb, and blind.

Dr. Howe's account of this pupil's first instruction is so very striking, and so intimately connected with Laura herself, that I cannot refrain from a short extract I may premise that the poor boy's name is Oliver Caswell; that he is thirteen years of age; and that he was in full possession of all his faculties until three years and four months old. He was then attacked by scarlet fever—in four weeks became deaf; in a few weeks more, blind; in six months, dumb. He showed his anxious sense of this last deprivation by often feeling the lips of other persons when they were talking, and then putting his hand upon his own, as if to assure himself that he had them in the right position.

"His thirst for knowledge," says Dr Howe, "proclaimed itself as soon as he entered the house, by his eager examination of everything he could feel or smell in his new location. For instance, treading upon the register of a furnace, he instantly stooped down and began to feel it, and soon discovered the way in which the upper plate moved upon the lower one; but this was not enough for him: so, lying down upon his face, he applied his tongue first to one, then to the other, and seemed to discover that they were of different kinds of metal.

"His signs were expressive; and the strictly natural language, laughing, crying, sighing, kissing, embracing, &c., was perfect.

"Some of the analogical signs which (guided by his faculty of imitation) he had contrived were comprehensible—such as the waving motion of his hand for the motion of a boat, the circular one for a wheel, &c.

"The first object was to break up the use of these signs, and to substitute for them the use of purely arbitrary ones.

"Profiting by the experience I had gained in the other cases, I omitted several steps of the process before employed, and commenced at once with the finger language. Taking, therefore, several articles having short names, such as key, cup, mug, &c., and with Laura for an auxiliary, I sat down, and, taking his hand, placed it upon one of them, and then, with his own, made the letters *k e y*. He felt my hands eagerly with both of his; and, on my repeating the process, he evidently tried to imitate the motions of my fingers. In a few minutes he contrived to feel the motions of my fingers with one hand and, holding out the other, he tried to imitate them, laughing most heartily when he succeeded. Laura was by, interested even to agitation; and the two presented a singular sight: her face was flushed and anxious, and her fingers twined in among ours so closely as to follow every motion, but so lightly as not to embarrass them; while Oliver stood attentive, his head a little aside, his face turned up, his left hand grasping mine, and his right held out. At every motion of my fingers his countenance betokened keen attention; there was an expression of anxiety as he tried to imitate the motions; then a smile came stealing out as he thought he could do so, and spread into a joyous laugh the moment he succeeded, and felt me pat his head and Laura clap him heartily upon the back, and jump up and down in her joy.

"He learned more than half a dozen letters in half an hour, and seemed delighted with his success, at least in gaining approbation. His attention then began to flag, and I commenced playing with him. It was evident that in all this he had merely been imitating the motions of my fingers, and placing his hand upon the key, cup, &c., as part of the process, without any perception of the relation between the sign and the object.

"When he was tired with play I took him back to the table, and he was quite ready to begin again his process of imitation. He soon learned to make the letters for *key*, *pen*, *pin*; and, by having the object repeatedly placed in his hand, he at last perceived the relation I wished to establish between them. This was evident, because, when I would make the letters *p i n*, or *p e n*, or *c u p*, he would select the article.

"The perception of this relation was not ac-

companied by that radiant flash of intelligence, and that glow of joy, which marked the delightful moment when Laura first perceived it. I then placed all the articles on the table, and, going away a little distance with the children, placed Oliver's fingers in the position to spell *key*, on which Laura went and brought the article. The little fellow seemed to be much amused by this, and looked very attentive and smiling. I then caused him to make the letters *bread*, and in an instant Laura went and brought him a piece. He smelled it, put it to his lips, cocked up his head with a most knowing look, seemed to reflect a moment, and then laughed outright, as much as to say, 'Aha! I understand now how something may be made out of this.'

"It was now clear that he had the capacity and inclination to learn, that he was a proper subject for instruction, and needed only persevering attention. I therefore put him in the hands of an intelligent teacher, nothing doubting of his rapid progress."

Well may this gentleman call that a delightful moment in which some distant promise of her present state first gleamed upon the darkened mind of Laura Bridgman. Throughout his life the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure, unfading happiness; nor will it shine least brightly on the evening of his days of Noble Usefulness.

The affection that exists between these two —the master and the pupil—is as far removed from all ordinary care and regard, as the circumstances in which it has its growth, are apart from the common occurrences of life. He is occupied now, in devising means of imparting to her, higher knowledge; and of conveying to her some adequate idea of the Great Creator of that universe in which, dark and silent and scentless though it be to her, she has such deep delight and glad enjoyment.

Ye who have eyes and see not, and have ears and hear not; ye who are as the hypocrites of sad countenances, and disfigure your faces that ye may seem unto men to fast; learn healthy cheerfulness, and mild contentment, from the deaf, and dumb, and blind! Self-elected saints with gloomy brows, this sightless, earless, voiceless child may teach you lessons you will do well to follow. Let that poor hand of hers lie gently on your hearts; for there may be something in its healing touch akin to that of the Great Master whose precepts you misconstrue, whose lessons you pervert, of whose charity and sympathy with all the world, not one among you in his daily practice knows as much as many of the worst among those fallen sinners, to whom you are liberal in nothing but the preachment of perdition!

As I rose to quit the room, a pretty little child of one of the attendants came running in to greet its father. For the moment, a child with eyes, among the sightless crowd, impressed me almost as painfully as the blind boy in the porch had done, two hours ago. Ah! how much brighter and more deeply blue, glowing and rich though it had been before, was the scene without, contrasting with the darkness of so many youthful lives within!

At South Boston, as it is called, in a situation excellently adapted for the purpose, several charitable institutions are clustered together. One of these, is the State Hospital for the insane; admirably conducted on those enlightened principles of conciliation and kindness, which twenty years ago would have been worse than heretical, and which have been acted upon with so much success in our own pauper asylum at Hanwell. "Evince a desire to show some confidence, and repose some trust, even in mad people," said the resident physician, as we walked along the galleries, his patients flocking round us unrestrained. Of those who deny or doubt the wisdom of this maxim after witnessing its effects, if there be such people still alive, I can only say that I hope I may never be summoned as a juryman on a Commission of Lunacy whereof they are the subjects; for I should certainly find them out of their senses, on such evidence alone.

Each ward in this institution is shaped like a long gallery or hall, with the dormitories of the patients opening from it on either hand. Here they work, read, play at skittles, and other games; and when the weather does not admit of their taking exercise out of doors, pass the day together. In one of these rooms, seated, calmly, and quite as a matter of course, among a throng of madwomen, black and white, were the physician's wife and another lady, with a couple of children. These ladies were graceful and handsome; and it was not difficult to perceive at a glance that even their presence there, had a highly beneficial influence on the patients who were grouped about them.

Leaning her head against the chimney-piece, with a great assumption of dignity and refinement of manner, sat an elderly female, in as many scraps of finery as Madge Wildfire herself. Her head in particular was so strewn with scraps of gauze, and cotton, and bits of paper, and had so many queer odds and ends stuck all about it, that it looked like a bird's-nest. She was radiant with imaginary jewels; wore a rich pair of undoubted gold spectacles; and gracefully dropped upon her lap, as we approached, a very old greasy newspaper, in which I dare say she had been reading an account of her own presentation at some foreign court.

I have been thus particular in describing her, because she will serve to exemplify the physician's manner of acquiring and retaining the confidence of his patients.

"This," he said aloud, taking me by the hand, and advancing to the fantastic figure with great politeness—not raising her suspicions by the slightest look or whisper, or any kind of aside, to me: "This is the lady hostess of this mansion, sir. It belongs to her. Nobody else has anything whatever to do with it. It is a large establishment, as you see, and requires a great number of attendants. She lives, you observe, in the very first style. She is kind enough to receive my visits, and to permit my wife and family to reside here; for which, it is hardly necessary to say, we are much indebted to her. She is exceedingly courteous, you perceive," on this hint she bowed, condescendingly, "and will permit me to have the pleasure of introducing you: a gentleman from England, ma'am: newly arrived from England, after a very tempestuous passage: Mr. Dickens—the lady of the house!"

We exchanged the most dignified salutations with profound gravity and respect, and so went on. The rest of the madwomen seemed to understand the joke perfectly (not only in this case, but in all the others, except their own), and to be highly amused by it. The nature of their several kinds of insanity was made known to me in the same way, and we left each of them in high good humour. Not only is a thorough confidence established, by these means, between physician and patient, in respect of the nature and extent of their hallucinations, but it is easy to understand that opportunities are afforded for seizing any moment of reason, to startle them by placing their own delusion before them in its most incongruous and ridiculous light.

Every patient in this asylum sits down to dinner every day with a knife and fork; and in the midst of them sits the gentleman, whose manner of dealing with his charges, I have just described. At every meal, moral influence alone restrains the more violent among them from cutting the throats of the rest; but the effect of that influence is reduced to an absolute certainty, and is found, even as a means of restraint, to say nothing of it as a means of cure, a hundred times more efficacious than all the strait-waistcoats, fetters, and handcuffs, that ignorance, prejudice, and cruelty have manufactured since the creation of the world.

In the labour department, every patient is as freely trusted with the tools of his trade as if he were a sane man. In the garden, and on the farm, they work with spades rakes, and hoes. For amusement, they walk, run, fish, paint, read, and ride out to take the air in carriages provided for the purpose. They have among themselves a sewing society to make clothes for the poor, which holds meetings, passes resolutions, never comes to fisty cuffs or bowie-knives as sane assemblies have been known to do elsewhere; and conducts all its proceedings with the greatest decorum. The irritability, which would otherwise be expended on their own flesh, clothes, and furniture, is dissipated in these pursuits. They are cheerful, tranquil, and healthy.

Once a week, they have a ball, in which the doctor and his family, with all the nurses and attendants, take an active part. Dances and marches are performed alternately, to the enlivening strains of a piano; and now and then some gentleman or lady (whose proficiency has been previously ascertained) obliges the company with a song: nor does it ever degenerate, at a tender crisis, into a screech or howl; wherein, I must confess, I should have thought the danger lay. At an early hour they all meet together for these festive purposes; at eight o'clock refreshments are served; and at nine they separate.

Immense politeness and good-breeding are observed throughout. They all take their tone from the doctor; and he moves a very Chesterfield among the company. Like other assemblies, these entertainments afford a fruitful topic of conversation among the ladies for some days; and the gentlemen are so anxious to shine on these occasions, that they have been sometimes found "practising their steps" in private, to cut a more distinguished figure in the dance.

It is obvious that one great feature in this system, is the inculcation and encouragement, even among such unhappy persons, of a decent self-respect. Something of the same spirit pervades all the institutions at South Boston.

There is the House of Industry. In that branch of it which is devoted to the reception of old or otherwise helpless paupers, these words are painted on the walls: "Worthy of Notice. Self-Government, Quietude, and Peace, are Blessings." It is not assumed and taken for granted that being there they must be evil-disposed and wicked people, before whose vicious eyes it is necessary to flourish threats and harsh restraints. They are met at the very threshold with this mild appeal. All within-doors is very plain and simple, as it ought to be, but arranged with a view to peace and comfort. It costs no more than any other plan of arrangement, but it bespeaks an amount of consideration for those who are reduced to seek a shelter there, which puts them at once upon their gratitude and good behaviour. Instead of being parcelled out in great long, rambling wards, where a certain amount of weazen life may mope, and pine, and shiver, all day long, the building is divided into separate rooms, each with its share of light and air. In these the better kind of paupers live. They have a motive for exertion and becoming pride, in the desire to make these little chambers comfortable and decent. I do not remember one but it was clean and neat, and had its plant or two upon the window-sill, or row of crockery upon the shelf, or small display of coloured prints upon the white-washed wall, or, perhaps, its wooden clock behind the door.

The orphans and young children are in an adjoining building; separate from this, but a part of the same institution. Some are such little creatures that the stairs are of lilliputian measurement, fitted to their tiny strides. The same consideration for their years and weakness is expressed in their very seats, which are perfect curiosities, and look like articles of furniture for a pauper doll's-house. I can imagine the glee of our Poor Law Commissioners at the notion of these seats having arms and backs; but small spines being of older date than their occupation of the Board-room at Somerset House, I thought even this provision very merciful and kind.

Here again I was greatly pleased with the inscriptions on the wall, which were scraps of plain morality, easily remembered and understood: such as "Love one another." "God remembers the smallest creature in his creation:" and straightforward advice of that nature. The books and tasks of these smallest of scholars were adapted, in the same judicious manner, to their childish powers. When we had examined these lessons, four morsels of girls (of whom one was blind) sang a little song about the merry month of May, which I thought (being extremely dismal) would have suited an English November better. That done, we went to see their sleeping-rooms on the floor above, in which the arrangements were no less excellent and gentle than those we had seen below. And after observing that the teachers were of a class and character well suited to the spirit of the place, I took leave of the infants

with a lighter heart than ever I have taken leave of pauper infants yet.

Connected with the House of Industry there is also a Hospital, which was in the best order, and had, I am glad to say, many beds unoccupied. It had one fault, however, which is common to all American interiors: the presence of the eternal, accursed, suffocating, red-hot demon of a stove, whose breath would blight the purest air under Heaven.

There are two establishments for boys in this same neighbourhood. One is called the Boylston school, and is an asylum for neglected and indigent boys who have committed no crime, but who, in the ordinary course of things, would very soon be purged of that distinction if they were not taken from the hungry streets and sent here. The other is a House of Reformation for Juvenile Offenders. They are both under the same roof, but the two classes of boys never come in contact.

The Boylston boys, as may be readily supposed, have very much the advantage of the others in point of personal appearance. They were in their school-room when I came upon them, and answered correctly, without book, such questions as where was England; how far was it; what was its population; its capital city; its form of government, and so forth. They sang a song, too, about a farmer sowing his seed: with corresponding action at such parts as "'tis thus he sows," "he turns him round," "he claps his hands:" which gave it greater interest for them, and accustomed them to act together in an orderly manner. They appeared exceedingly well taught, and not better taught than fed; for a more chubby-looking, full-waistcoated set of boys I never saw.

The juvenile offenders had not such pleasant faces by a great deal, and in this establishment there were many boys of colour. I saw them first at their work (basket-making, and the manufacture of palm-leaf hats), afterward in their school, where they sang a chorus in praise of Liberty: an odd, and, one would think, rather aggravating theme for prisoners. The boys are divided into four classes, each denoted by a numeral, worn on a badge upon the arm. On the arrival of a new comer, he is put into the fourth or lowest class, and left, by good behaviour, to work his way up into the first. The design and object of this institution are to reclaim the youthful criminal by firm but kind and judicious treatment; to make his prison a place of purification and improvement, not of demoralization and corruption; to impress upon him that there is but one path, and that one sober industry, which can ever lead him to happiness; to teach him how it may be trodden, if his footsteps have never yet been led that way; and to lure him back to it if they have strayed: in a word, to snatch him from destruction, and restore him to society a penitent and useful member. The importance of such an establishment, in every point of view, and with reference to every consideration of humanity and social policy, requires no comment.

One other establishment closes the catalogue. It is the House of Correction for the State, in which silence is strictly maintained, but where the prisoners have the comfort and mental relief of seeing each other, and of working together. This is the improved system of prison discipline which we have imported into England, and which has been in successful operation among us for some years past.

America, as a new, and not over-populated country, has, in all her prisons, the one great advantage, of being enabled to find useful and profitable work for the inmates; whereas, with us, the prejudice against prison labour is naturally very strong, and almost insurmountable, when honest men, who have not offended against the laws, are frequently doomed to seek employment in vain. Even in the United States, the principle of bringing convict labour and free labour into a competition which must obviously be to the disadvantage of the latter, has already found many opponents, whose number is not likely to diminish with access of years.

For this very reason though, our best prisons would seem at the first glance to be better conducted than those of America. The treadmill is accompanied with little or no noise; five hundred men may pick oakum in the same room without a sound; and both kinds of labour admit of such keen and vigilant superintendence as will render even a word of personal communication among the prisoners almost impossible. On the other hand, the noise of the loom, the forge, the carpenter's hammer, or the stone-mason's saw, greatly favour those opportunities of intercourse—hurried and brief no doubt, but opportunities still—which these several kinds of work, by rendering it necessary for men to be employed very near to each other, and often side by side, without any barrier or partition between them, in their very nature present. A visiter, too, requires to reason and reflect a little, before the sight of a number of men engaged in ordinary labour, such as he is accustomed to out of doors, will impress him half as strongly as the contemplation of the same persons in the same place and garb would, if they were occupied in some task, marked and degraded everywhere as belonging only to felons in jails. In an American state prison or house of correction I found it difficult at first to persuade myself that I was really in a jail: a place of ignominious punishment and endurance. And to this hour I very much question whether the humane boast that it is not like one, has its root in the true wisdom or philosophy of the matter.

I hope I may not be misunderstood on this subject, for it is one in which I take a strong and deep interest. I incline as little to the sickly feeling which makes every canting lie or maudlin speech of a notorious criminal a subject of newspaper report and general sympathy, as I do to those good old customs of the good old times which made England, even so recently as in the reign of the third King George, in respect of her criminal code and her prison regulations, one of the most bloody-minded and barbarous countries on the earth. If I thought it would do any good to the rising generation, I would cheerfully give my consent to the disinterment of the bones of any genteel highwayman (the more genteel, the more cheerfully), and to their exposure, piecemeal, on any sign-post, gate, or gibbet, that might be deemed a good elevation for the purpose. My reason is as well convinced that these gentry were utterly worthless

and debauched villains, as it is that the laws and jails hardened them in their evil courses, or that their wonderful escapes were effected by the prison-turnkeys, who, in those admirable days, had always been felons themselves, and were, to the last, their bosom-friends and pot-companions. At the same time I know, as all men do or should, that the subject of Prison Discipline is one of the highest importance to any community, and that in her sweeping reform and bright example to other countries on this head, America has shown great wisdom, great benevolence, and exalted policy. In contrasting her system with that which we have modelled upon it, I merely seek to show that, with all its drawbacks, ours has some advantages of its own.*

The House of Correction, which has led to these remarks, is not walled, like other prisons, but is palisaded round about with tall, rough stakes, something after the manner of an enclosure for keeping elephants in, as we see it represented in Eastern prints and pictures. The prisoners wear a particoloured dress; and those who are sentenced to hard labour, work at nail-making or stone-cutting. When I was there, the latter class of labourers were employed upon the stone for a new custom-house in course of erection at Boston. They appeared to shape it skilfully and with expedition, though there were very few among them (if any) who had not acquired the art within the prison gates.

The women, all in one large room, were employed in making light clothing, for New-Orleans and the Southern States. They did their work in silence, like the men, and, like them, were overlooked by the person contracting for their labour, or by some agent of his appointment. In addition to this, they are every moment liable to be visited by the prison officers appointed for that purpose.

The arrangements for cooking, washing of clothes, and so forth, are much upon the plan of those I have seen at home. Their mode of bestowing the prisoners at night (which is of general adoption) differs from ours, and is both simple and effective. In the centre of a lofty area, lighted by windows in the four walls, are five tiers of cells, one above the other; each tier having before it a light iron gallery, attainable by stairs of the same construction and material: excepting the lower one, which is on the ground. Behind these, back to back with them and facing the opposite wall, are five corresponding rows of cells, accessible by similar means: so that supposing the prisoners locked up in their cells, an officer stationed on the ground, with his back to the wall, has half their number under his eye at once; the remaining half being equally under the observation of another officer on the opposite side; and all in one great apartment. Unless this watch be corrupted or sleeping on his post, it is impossible for a man to escape: for even in the event of his forcing the iron door of his cell without noise (which is exceedingly improbable), the moment he appears outside, and steps into that one of the five galleries on which it is situated, he must be plainly and fully visible to the officer below. Each of these cells holds a small truckle-bed, in which one prisoner sleeps; never more. It is small, of course; and the door being not solid, but grated, and without blind or curtain, the prisoner within is at all times exposed to the observation and inspection of any guard who may pass along that tier at any hour or minute of the night. Every day the prisoners receive their dinner, singly, through a trap in the kitchen wall; and each man carries his to his sleeping cell to eat it, where he is locked up, alone, for that purpose, one hour. The whole of this arrangement struck me as being admirable; and I hope that the next new prison we erect in England may be built on this plan.

I was given to understand that in this prison no swords or firearms, or even cudgels, are kept; nor is it probable that, so long as its present excellent management continues, any weapon, offensive or defensive, will ever be required within its bounds.

Such are the Institutions at South Boston! In all of them, the unfortunate or degenerate citizens of the State are carefully instructed in their duties both to God and man; are surrounded by all reasonable means of comfort and happiness that their condition will admit of; are appealed to, as members of the great human family, however afflicted, indigent, or fallen; are ruled by the strong Heart, and not by the strong (though immeasurably weaker) Hand. I have described them at some length: first, because their worth demanded it; and secondly, because I mean to take them for a model, and to content myself with saying of others we may come to, whose design and purpose are the same, that in this or that respect they practically fail, or differ.

I wish by this account of them, imperfect in its execution, but in its just intention honest, I could hope to convey to my readers one hundredth part of the gratification, the sights I have described, afforded me.

To an Englishman, accustomed to the paraphernalia of Westminster Hall, an American Court of Law is as odd a sight as, I suppose, an English Court of Law would be to an American. Except in the Supreme Court at Washington (where the judges wear a plain black robe), there is no such thing as a wig or gown connected with the administration of justice. The gentlemen of the bar being barristers and attorneys too (for there is no division of those functions as in England), are no more removed from their clients than attorneys in our Court for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors are, from theirs. The jury are quite at home, and make themselves as comfortable as circumstances will permit. The witness is so little elevated above, or put aloof from, the crowd in the court, that a stranger entering during a pause in the proceedings would find it difficult to pick him out from the rest.

* Apart from profit made by the useful labour of prisoners, which we can never hope to realize to any great extent, and which it is perhaps not expedient for us to try to gain, there are two prisons in London, in all respects equal, and in some decidedly superior, to any I saw or have ever heard or read of in America. One is the Tothill Fields Bridewell, conducted by Lieutenant A. F. Tracey, R.N.; the other the Middlesex House of Correction, superintended by Mr. Chesterton. This gentleman also holds an appointment in the Public Service. Both are enlightened and superior men: and it would be as difficult to find persons better qualified for the functions they discharge with firmness, zeal, intelligence, and humanity, as it would be to exceed the perfect order and arrangement of the institutions they govern.

And if it chanced to be a criminal trial, his eyes, in nine cases out of ten, would wander to the dock in search of the prisoner, in vain; for that gentleman would most likely be lounging among the most distinguished ornaments of the legal profession, whispering suggestions in his counsel's ear, or making a toothpick out of an old quill with his penknife.

I could not but notice these differences, when I visited the courts at Boston. I was much surprised at first, too, to observe that the counsel who interrogated the witness under examination at the time, did so *sitting*. But seeing that he was also occupied in writing down the answers, and remembering that he was alone and had no "junior," I quickly consoled myself with the reflection that law was not quite so expensive an article here, as at home; and that the absence of sundry formalities which we regard as indispensable, had doubtless a very favourable influence upon the bill of costs.

In every court, ample and commodious provision is made for the accommodation of the citizens. This is the case all through America. In every public institution, the right of the people to attend, and to have an interest in the proceedings, is most fully and distinctly recognised. There are no grim door-keepers to dole out their tardy civility by the sixpenny-worth; nor is there, I sincerely believe, any insolence of office of any kind. Nothing national is exhibited for money; and no public officer is a showman. We have begun of late years to imitate this good example. I hope we shall continue to do so; and that in the fulness of time, even deans and chapters may be converted.

In the civil court, an action was trying, for damages sustained in some accident upon a railway. The witness had been examined, and counsel was addressing the jury. The learned gentleman (like a few of his English brethren) was desperately long-winded, and had a remarkable capacity of saying the same thing over and over again. His great theme was "Warren the ĕng*i*ne driver," whom he pressed into the service of every sentence he uttered. I listened to him for about a quarter of an hour; and, coming out of court at the expiration of that time, without the faintest ray of enlightenment as to the merits of the case, felt as if I were at home again.

In the prisoners' cell, waiting to be examined by the magistrate on a charge of theft, was a boy. This lad, instead of being committed to a common jail, would be sent to the Asylum at South Boston, and there taught a trade; and in the course of time, he would be bound apprentice to some respectable master. Thus, his detection in this offence, instead of being the prelude to a life of infamy and a miserable death, would lead, there was a reasonable hope, to his being reclaimed from vice, and becoming a worthy member of society.

I am by no means a wholesale admirer of our legal solemnities, many of which impress me as being exceedingly ludicrous. Strange as it may seem, too, there is undoubtedly a degree of protection in the wig and gown—a dismissal of individual responsibility in dressing for the part—which encourages that insolent bearing and language, and that gross perversion of the office of a pleader for The Truth, so frequent in our courts of law. Still, I cannot help doubting whether America, in her desire to shake off the absurdities and abuses of the old system, may not have gone too far into the opposite extreme; and, whether it is not desirable, especially in the small community of a city like this, where each man knows the other, to surround the administration of justice with some artificial barriers against the "Hail fellow, well met" deportment of everyday life. All the aid it can have in the very high character and ability of the Bench, not only here but elsewhere, it has, and well deserves to have; but it may need something more: not to impress the thoughtful and the well-informed, but the ignorant and heedless; a class which includes some prisoners and many witnesses. These institutions were established, no doubt, upon the principle, that those who had so large a share in making the laws would certainly respect them. But experience has proved this hope to be fallacious; for no men know better than the Judges of America, that on the occasion of any great popular excitement, the law is powerless, and cannot, for the time, assert its own supremacy.

The tone of society, in Boston, is one of perfect politeness, courtesy, and good breeding. The ladies are unquestionably very beautiful—in face: but there I am compelled to stop. Their education is much as with us; neither better nor worse. I had heard some very marvellous stories in this respect; but not believing them, was not disappointed. Blue ladies there are, in Boston; but like philosophers of that colour and sex in most other latitudes, they rather desire to be thought superior than to be so. Evangelical ladies there are, likewise, whose attachment to the forms of religion, and horror of theatrical entertainments, are most exemplary. Ladies who have a passion for attending lectures are to be found among all classes and all conditions. In the kind of provincial life which prevails in cities such as this, the Pulpit has great influence. The peculiar province of the Pulpit in New England (always excepting the Unitarian ministry) would appear to be the denouncement of all innocent and rational amusements. The church, the chapel, and the lecture-room, are the only means of excitement excepted; and to the church, the chapel, and the lecture-room, the ladies resort in crowds.

Wherever religion is resorted to, as a strong drink, and as an escape from the dull, monotonous round of home, those of its ministers who pepper the highest will be the surest to please. They who strew the Eternal Path with the greatest amount of brimstone, and who most ruthlessly tread down the flowers and leaves that grow by the way-side, will be voted the most righteous; and they who enlarge with the greatest pertinacity on the difficulty of getting into heaven, will be considered, by all true believers, certain of going there: though it would be hard to say by what process of reasoning this conclusion is arrived at. It is so at home, and it is so abroad. With regard to the other means of excitement, the Lecture, it has at least the merit of being always new. One lecture treads so quickly on the heels of another, that none are remembered; and the course of this month may be safely repeated

next, with its charm of novelty unbroken, and its interest unabated.

The fruits of the earth have their growth in corruption. Out of the rottenness of these things, there has sprung up, in Boston, a sect of philosophers known as Transcendentalists. On inquiring what this appellation might be supposed to signify, I was given to understand that whatever was unintelligible would be certainly transcendental. Not deriving much comfort from this elucidation, I pursued the inquiry still farther, and found that the Transcendentalists are followers of my friend, Mr. Carlyle, or, I should rather say, of a follower of his, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson. This gentleman has written a volume of Essays, in which, among much that is dreamy and fanciful (if he will pardon me for saying so), there is much more that is true and manly, honest and bold. Transcendentalism has its occasional vagaries (what school has not?) but it has good healthful qualities in spite of them; not least among the number a hearty disgust of cant, and an aptitude to detect her in all the million varieties of her everlasting wardrobe. And therefore if I were a Bostonian, I think I would be a Transcendentalist.

The only preacher I heard in Boston was Mr. Taylor, who addresses himself peculiarly to seamen, and who was once a mariner himself. I found his chapel down among the shipping, in one of the narrow, old, water-side streets, with a gay blue flag waving freely from its roof. In the gallery opposite to the pulpit were a little choir of male and female singers, a violoncello, and a violin. The preacher already sat in the pulpit, which was raised on pillars, and ornamented behind him with painted drapery of a lively and somewhat theatrical appearance. He looked a weather-beaten, hard-featured man, of about six or eight and fifty; with deep lines graven as it were into his face, dark hair, and a stern, keen eye. Yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable.

The service commenced with a hymn, to which succeeded an extemporary prayer. It had the fault of frequent repetition, incidental to all such prayers; but it was plain and comprehensive in its doctrines, and breathed a tone of general sympathy and charity, which is not so commonly a characteristic of this form of address to the Deity as it might be. That done, he opened his discourse, taking for his text a passage from the Songs of Solomon, laid upon the desk before the commencement of the service by some unknown member of the congregation: "Who is this coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her beloved!"

He handled this text in all kinds of ways, and twisted it into all manner of shapes; but always ingeniously, and with a rude eloquence, well-adapted to the comprehension of his hearers. Indeed, if I be not mistaken, he studied their sympathies and understandings much more than the display of his own powers. His imagery was all drawn from the sea, and from the incidents of a seamen's life; and was often remarkably good. He spoke to them of "that glorious man, Lord Nelson," and of Collingwood; and drew nothing in, as the saying is, by the head and shoulders, but brought it to bear upon his purpose naturally, and with a sharp mind to its effect. Sometimes, when much excited with his subject, he had an odd way—compounded of John Bunyan and Balfour of Burley—of taking his great quarto Bible under his arm and pacing up down the pulpit with it; looking steadily down, meantime, into the midst of the congregation. Thus, when he applied his text to the first assemblage of his hearers, and pictured the wonder of the church at their presumption in forming a congregation among themselves, he stopped short with his Bible under his arm in the manner I have described, and pursued his discourse after this manner:

"Who are these—who are they—who are these fellows? where do they come from? where are they going to? Come from! What's the answer?" leaning out of the pulpit, and pointing downward with his right hand: "From below!" starting back again, and looking at the sailors before him: "From below, my brethren. From under the hatches of sin, battened down above you by the evil one. That's where you came from!" a walk up and down the pulpit: "and where are you going"—stopping abruptly, "where are you going? Aloft!"—very softly, and pointing upward: "Aloft!"—louder: "aloft!"—louder still: "That's where you are going—with a fair wind—all taut and trim, steering direct for Heaven in its glory, where there are no storms or foul weather, and where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."—Another walk: "That's where you're going to, my friends. That's it. That's the place. That's the port. That's the haven. It's a blessed harbour—still water there, in all changes of the winds and tides; no driving ashore upon the rocks, or slipping your cables and running out to sea, there: Peace—peace—peace—all peace!"—Another walk, and patting the Bible under his left arm: "What! These fellows are coming from the wilderness, are they? Yes. From the dreary, blighted wilderness of Iniquity, whose only crop is Death. But do they lean upon anything—do they lean upon nothing, these poor seamen?"—Three raps upon the Bible: "Oh yes. Yes. They lean upon the arm of their Beloved"—three more raps: "upon the arm of their Beloved"—three more, and a walk: "Pilot, guiding-star, and compass, all in one, to all hands—here it is"—three more: "Here it is. They can do their seamen's duty manfully, and be easy in their minds in the utmost peril and danger, with this"—two more: "They can come, even these poor fellows can come, from the wilderness leaning on the arm of their Beloved, and go up—up—up!"—raising his hand higher and higher at every repetition of the word, so that he stood with it at last stretched above his head, regarding them in a strange, rapt manner, and pressing the book triumphantly to his breast, until he gradually subsided into some other portion of his discourse.

I have cited this rather as an instance of the preacher's eccentricities than his merits, though, taken in connexion with his look and manner, and the character of his audience, even this was striking. It is possible, however, that my favourable impression of him may have been greatly influenced and strengthened, firstly, by his impressing upon his hearers that the true observance of religion was not inconsistent

with a cheerful deportment and an exact discharge of the duties of their station, which, indeed, it scrupulously required of them; and secondly, by his cautioning them not to set up any monopoly in Paradise and its mercies. I never heard these two points so wisely touched (if, indeed, I have ever heard them touched at all), by any preacher of that kind before.

Having passed the time I spent in Boston in making myself acquainted with these things, in settling the course I should take in my future travels, and mixing constantly with its society, I am not aware that I have any occasion to prolong this chapter. Such of its social customs as I have not mentioned, however, may be told in a very few words.

The usual dinner-hour is two o'clock. A dinner party takes place at five; and at an evening party, they seldom sup later than eleven; so that it goes hard but one get home, even from a rout, by midnight. I never could find out any difference between a party at Boston and a party in London, saving that at the former place all assemblies are held at more rational hours; that the conversation may possibly be a little louder and more cheerful; that a guest is usually expected to ascend to the very top of the house to take his cloak off; that he is certain to see at every dinner an unusual amount of poultry on the table; and at every supper, at least two mighty bowls of hot stewed oysters, in any one of which a half grown Duke of Clarence might be smothered easily.

There are two theatres in Boston, of good size and construction, but sadly in want of patronage. The few ladies who resort to them sit, as of right, in the front rows of the boxes.

There is no smoking-room in any hotel, and there was none consequently in ours; but the bar is a large room with a stone floor, and there people stand and smoke, and lounge about, all the evening: dropping in and out as the humour takes them. There, too, the stranger is initiated inot the mysteries of Gin-sling, Cocktail, Sangaree, Mint Julep, Sherry-cobbler, Timber Doodle, and other rare drinks. The house is full of boarders, both married and single, many of whom sleep upon the premises, and contract by the week for their board and lodging: the charge for which diminishes as they go nearer the sky to roost. A public table is laid in a very handsome hall for breakfast, and for dinner, and for supper. The party sitting down together to these meals will vary in number from one to two hundred: sometimes more. The advent of each of these epochs in the day is proclaimed by an awful gong, which shakes the very window frames as it reverberates through the house, and horribly disturbs nervous foreigners. There is an ordinary for ladies, and an ordinary for gentlemen.

In our private room the cloth could not, for any earthly consideration, have been laid for dinner without a huge glass dish of cranberries in the middle of the table; and breakfast would have been no breakfast unless the principal dish were a deformed beefsteak with a great flat bone in the centre, swimming in hot butter, and sprinkled with the very blackest of all possible pepper. Our bedroom was spacious and airy, but (like every bedroom on this side of the Atlantic) very bare of furniture, having no curtains to the French bedstead or to the window. It had one unusual luxury, however, in the shape of a wardrobe of painted wood, something smaller than an English watchbox: or, if this comparison be insufficient to convey a just idea of its dimensions, they may be estimated from the fact of my having lived for fourteen days and nights in the firm belief that it was a shower-bath.

CHAPTER IV.

AN AMERICAN RAILROAD. LOWELL AND ITS FACTORY SYSTEM.

Before leaving Boston, I devoted one day to an excursion to Lowell. I assign a separate chapter to this visit; not because I am about to describe it at any great length, but because I remember it as a thing by itself, and am desirous that my readers should do the same.

I made acquaintance with an American railroad, on this occasion, for the first time. As these works are pretty much alike all through the States, their general characteristics are easily described.

There are no first and second class carriages as with us; but there is a gentlemen's car and a ladies' car; the main distinction between which is that in the first, everybody smokes; and in the second, nobody does. As a black man never travels with a white one, there is also a negro car; which is a great blundering clumsy chest, such as Gulliver put to sea in, from the kingdom of Brobdignag. There is a great deal of jolting, a great deal of noise, a great deal of wall, not much window, a locomotive engine, a shriek, and a bell.

The cars are like shabby omnibusses, but larger; holding thirty, forty, fifty, people. The seats, instead of stretching from end to end, are placed crosswise. Each seat holds two persons. There is a long row of them on each side of the caravan, a narrow passage up the middle, and a door at both ends. In the centre of the carriage there is usually a stove, fed with charcoal or anthracite coal; which is for the most part red-hot. It is insufferably close; and you see the hot air fluttering between yourself and any other object you may happen to look at, like the ghost of smoke.

In the ladies' car, there are a great many gentlemen who have ladies with them. There are also a great many ladies who have nobody with them; for any lady may travel alone, from one end of the United States to the other, and be certain of the most courteous and considerate treatment everywhere. The conductor or check-taker, or guard, or whatever he may be, wears no uniform. He walks up and down the car, and in and out of it, as his fancy dictates; leans against the door with his hands in his pockets and stares at you, if you chance to be a stranger; or enters into conversation with the passengers about him. A great many newspapers are pulled out, and a few of them are read. Everybody talks to you, or to anybody else who hits his fancy. If you are an Englishman, he expects that that railroad is pretty much like an English railroad. If you say "No," he says "Yes?" (interrogatively,) and asks in what re-

spect they differ. You enumerate the heads of difference, one by one, and he says "Yes!" (still interrogatively) to each. Then he guesses that you don't travel faster in England; and on your replying that you do, says "Yes!" again (still interrogatively), and, it is quite evident, don't believe it. After a long pause he remarks, partly to you, and partly to the knob on the top of his stick, that "Yankees are reckoned to be considerable of a go-ahead people too;" upon which you say "Yes," and then he says "Yes" again (affirmatively this time); and upon your looking out of window, tells you that behind that hill, and some three miles from the next station, there is a clever town in a smart lo-cation, where he expects you have con-cluded to stop. Your answer in the negative naturally leads to more questions in reference to your intended route (always pronounced rout); and wherever you are going, you invariably learn that you can't get there without immense difficulty and danger, and that all the great sights are somewhere else.

If a lady take a fancy to any male passenger's seat, the gentleman who accompanies her gives him notice of the fact, and he immediately vacates it with great politeness. Politics are much discussed, so are banks, so is cotton. Quiet people avoid the question of the Presidency, for there will be a new election in three years and a half, and party feeling runs very high: the great constitutional feature of this institution being, that directly the acrimony of the last election is over, the acrimony of the next one begins; which is an unspeakable comfort to all strong politicians and true lovers of their country: that is to say, to ninety-nine men and boys out of every ninety-nine and a quarter.

Except when a branch road joins the main one, there is seldom more than one track of rails; so that the road is very narrow, and the view, where there is a deep cutting, by no means extensive. When there is not, the character of the scenery is always the same. Mile after mile of stunted trees: some hewn down by the axe, some blown down by the wind, some half fallen and resting on their neighbours, many mere logs half hidden in the swamp, others mouldered away to spongy chips. The very soil of the earth is made up of minute fragments such as these; each pool of stagnant water has its crust of vegetable rottenness; on every side there are the boughs, and trunks, and stumps of trees, in every possible stage of decay, decomposition, and neglect. Now you emerge for a few brief minutes on an open country, glittering with some bright lake or pool, broad as many an English river, but so small here that it scarcely has a name; now catch hasty glimpses of a distant town, with its clean white houses and their cool piazzas, its prim New-England church and schoolhouse; when whir-r-r-r! almost before you have seen them, comes the same dark screen: the stunted trees, the stumps, the logs, the stagnant water—all so like the last that you seem to have been transported back again by magic.

The train calls at stations in the woods, where the wild impossibility of anybody having the smallest reason to get out, is only to be equalled by the apparently desperate hopelessness of there being anybody to get in. It rushes across the turnpike road, where there is no gate, no policeman, no signal: nothing but a rough wooden arch, on which is painted "When the bell rings, look out for the Locomotive." On it whirls headlong, dives through the woods again, emerges in the light, clatters over frail arches, rumbles upon the heavy ground, shoots beneath a wooden bridge which intercepts the light for a second like a wink, suddenly awakens all the slumbering echoes in the main street of a large town, and dashes on hap-hazard, pell-mell, neck or nothing, down the middle of the road. There—with mechanics working at their trades, and people leaning from their doors and windows, and boys flying kites and playing marbles, and men smoking, and women talking, and children crawling, and pigs burrowing, and unaccustomed horses plunging and rearing, close to the very rails—there—on, on, on—tears the mad dragon of an engine with its train of cars; scattering in all directions a shower of burning sparks from its wood fire; screeching, hissing, yelling, panting: until at last the thirsty monster stops beneath a covered way to drink, the people cluster round, and you have time to breathe again.

I was met at the station at Lowell by a gentleman intimately connected with the management of the factories there; and gladly putting myself under his guidance, drove off at once to that quarter of the town in which the works, the object of my visit, were situated. Although only just of age—for if my recollection serve me, it has been a manufacturing town barely one-and-twenty years—Lowell is a large, populous, thriving place. Those indications of its youth which first attract the eye, give it a quaintness and oddity of character which, to a visiter from the old country, is amusing enough. It was a very dirty winter's day, and nothing in the whole town looked old to me, except the mud, which in some parts was almost knee-deep, and might have been deposited there on the subsiding of the waters after the Deluge. In one place, there was a new wooden church, which, having no steeple, and being yet unpainted, looked like an enormous packing-case without any direction upon it. In another there was a large hotel, whose walls and colonnades were so crisp, and thin, and slight, that it had exactly the appearance of being built with cards. I was careful not to draw my breath as we passed, and trembled when I saw a workman come out upon the roof, lest with one thoughtless stamp of his foot he should crush the structure beneath him, and bring it rattling down. The very river that moves the machinery in the mills (for they are all worked by water power), seems to acquire a new character from the fresh buildings of bright red brick and painted wood among which it takes its course; and to be as light-headed, thoughtless, and brisk a young river, in its murmurings and tumblings, as one would desire to see. One would swear that every "Bakery," "Grocery," and "Bookbindery," and other kind of store, took its shutters down for the first time, and started in business yesterday. The golden pestles and mortars fixed as signs upon the sun-blind frames outside the druggist's, appear to have been just turned out of the United States' Mint; and when I saw a baby of some week or ten days old in a

woman's arms at a street corner, I found myself unconsciously wondering where it came from: never supposing for an instant that it could have been born in such a young town as that.

There are several factories in Lowell, each of which belongs to what we should term a Company of Proprietors, but what they call in America a corporation. I went over several of these; such as a woollen factory, a carpet factory, and a cotton factory: examined them in every part; and saw them in their ordinary working aspect, with no preparation of any kind, or departure from their ordinary every-day proceedings. I may add that I am well acquainted with our manufacturing towns in England, and have visited many mills in Manchester and elsewhere in the same manner.

I happened to arrive at the first factory just as the dinner-hour was over, and the girls were returning to their work; indeed, the stairs of the mill were thronged with them as I ascended. They were all well-dressed, but not to my thinking above their condition: for I like to see the humbler classes of society careful of their dress and appearance, and even, if they please, decorated with such little trinkets as come within the compass of their means. Supposing it confined within reasonable limits, I would always encourage this kind of pride, as a worthy element of self-respect, in any person I employed; and should no more be deterred from doing so, because some wretched female referred her fall to a love of dress, than I would allow my construction of the real intent and meaning of the Sabbath to be influenced by any warning to the well-disposed, founded on his backslidings on that particular day, which might emanate from the rather doubtful authority of a murderer in Newgate.

These girls, as I have said, were all well dressed: and that phrase necessarily includes extreme cleanliness. They had serviceable bonnets, good warm cloaks, and shawls; and were not above clogs and pattens. Moreover, there were places in the mill in which they could deposite these things without injury; and there were conveniences for washing. They were healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women: not of degraded brutes of burden. If I had seen in one of those mills (but I did not, though I looked for something of this kind with a sharp eye), the most lisping, mincing, affected, and ridiculous young creature that my imagination could suggest, I should have thought of the careless, moping, slatternly, degraded, dull reverse (I *have* seen that), and should have been still well pleased to look upon her.

The rooms in which they worked were as well ordered as themselves. In the windows of some there were green plants, which were trained to shade the glass; in all, there was as much fresh air, cleanliness, and comfort as the nature of the occupation would possibly admit of. Out of so large a number of females, many of whom were only then just verging upon womanhood, it may be reasonably supposed that some were delicate and fragile in appearance: no doubt there were. But I solemnly declare, that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day, I cannot recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labour of her hands, I would have removed from those works if I had had the power.

They reside at various boarding-houses near at hand. The owners of the mills are particularly careful to allow no persons to enter upon the possession of these houses, whose characters have not undergone the most searching and thorough inquiry. Any complaint that is made against them by the boarders or by anybody else, is fully investigated; and if good ground of complaint be shown to exist against them, they are removed, and their occupation is handed over to some more deserving person. There are a few children employed in these factories, but not many. The laws of the state forbid their working more than nine months in the year, and require that they be educated during the other three. For this purpose there are schools in Lowell; and there are churches and chapels of various persuasions, in which the young women may observe that form of worship in which they have been educated.

At some distance from the factories, and on the highest and pleasantest ground in the neighbourhood, stands their hospital, or boarding-house for the sick: it is the best house in those parts, and was built by an eminent merchant for his own residence. Like that institution at Boston which I have before described, it is not parcelled out into wards, but is divided into convenient chambers, each of which has all the comforts of a very comfortable home. The principal medical attendant resides under the same roof; and were the patients members of his own family, they could not be better cared for, or attended with greater gentleness and consideration. The weekly charge in this establishment for each patient is three dollars, or twelve shillings English; but no girl employed by any of the corporations is ever excluded for want of the means of payment. That they do not very often want the means, may be gathered from the fact, that in July, 1841, no fewer than nine hundred and seventy-eight of these girls were depositors in the Lowell Savings Bank: the amount of whose joint savings was estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, or twenty thousand English pounds.

I am now going to state three facts, which will startle a large class of readers on this side of the Atlantic, very much.

Firstly, there is a joint-stock piano in a great many of the boarding-houses. Secondly, nearly all these young ladies subscribe to circulating libraries. Thirdly, they have got up among themselves a periodical called THE LOWELL OFFERING, "A repository of original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills," which is duly printed, published, and sold; and whereof I brought away from Lowell four hundred good solid pages, which I have read from beginning to end.

The large class of readers, startled by these facts, will exclaim, with one voice, "How very preposterous!" On my deferentially inquiring why, they will answer, "These things are above their station." In reply to that objection, I would beg to ask what their station is.

It is their station to work. And they *do* work. They labour in these mills, upon an average, twelve hours a day, which is unquestionably work, and pretty tight work too. Perhaps it is above their station to indulge in such amusements, on any terms. Are we quite sure that we in England have not formed our ideas of the "station" of working people, from accustoming ourselves to the contemplation of that class as they are, and not as they might be? I think that if we examine our own feelings, we shall find that the pianos, and the circulating-libraries, and even the Lowell Offering, startle us by their novelty, and not by their bearing upon any abstract question of right or wrong.

For myself, I know no station in which the occupation of to-day cheerfully done and the occupation of to-morrow cheerfully looked to, any one of these pursuits is not most humanizing and laudable. I know no station which is rendered more endurable to the person in it, or more safe to the person out of it, by having ignorance for its associate. I know no station which has a right to monopolize the means of mutual instruction, improvement, and rational entertainment; or which has ever continued to be a station very long, after seeking to do so.

Of the merits of the Lowell Offering as a literary production, I will only observe, putting entirely out of sight the fact of the articles having been written by these girls after the arduous labours of the day, that it will compare advantageously with a great many English Annuals. It is pleasant to find that many of its Tales are of the Mills and of those who work in them; that they inculcate habits of self-denial and contentment, and teach good doctrines of enlarged benevolence. A strong feeling for the beauties of nature, as displayed in the solitudes the writers have left at home, breathes through its pages like wholesome village air; and though a circulating library is a favourable school for the study of such topics, it has very scanty allusion to fine clothes, fine marriages, fine houses, or fine life. Some persons might object to the papers being signed occasionally with rather fine names, but this is an American fashion. One of the provinces of the state legislature of Massachusetts is to alter ugly names into pretty ones, as the children improve upon the tastes of their parents. These changes costing little or nothing, scores of Mary Annes are solemnly converted into Bevelinas every session.

It is said that on the occasion of a visit from General Jackson or General Harrison to this town (I forget which, but it is not to the purpose), he walked through three miles and a half of these young ladies, all dressed out with parasols and silk stockings. But as I am not aware that any worse consequence ensued, than a sudden looking-up of all the parasols and silk stockings in the market; and perhaps the bankruptcy of some speculative New-Englander who bought them all up at one price, in expectation of a demand that never came; I set no great store by the circumstance.

In this brief account of Lowell, and inadequate expression of the gratification it yielded me, and cannot fail to afford to any foreigner to whom the condition of such people at home is a subject of interest and anxious speculation, I have carefully abstained from drawing a comparison between these factories and those of our own land. Many of the circumstances whose strong influence has been at work for years in our manufacturing towns have not arisen here; and there is no manufacturing population in Lowell, so to speak: for these girls (often the daughters of small farmers) come from other states, remain a few years in the mills, and then go home for good.

The contrast would be a strong one, for it would be between the Good and Evil, the living light and deepest shadow. I abstain from it, because I deem it just to do so. But I only the more earnestly adjure all those whose eyes may rest on these pages, to pause and reflect upon the difference between this town aud those great haunts of desperate misery: to call to mind, if they can in the midst of party strife and squabble, the efforts that must be made to purge them of their suffering and danger: and last, and foremost, to remember how the precious Time is rushing by.

I returned at night by the same railroad and in the same kind of car. One of the passengers being exceedingly anxious to expound at great length to my companion (not to me, of course) the true principles on which books of travel in America should be written by Englishmen, I feigned to fall asleep. But glancing all the way out at window from the corners of my eyes, I found abundance of entertainment for the rest of the ride in watching the effects of the wood fire, which had been invisible in the morning, but were now brought out in full relief by the darkness: for we were travelling in a whirlwind of bright sparks, which showered about us like a storm of fiery snow.

CHAPTER V.

WORCESTER.—THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.—HARTFORD.—NEW-HAVEN.—TO NEW-YORK.

Leaving Boston on the afternoon of Saturday, the fifth of February, we proceeded by another railroad to Worcester: a pretty New-England town, where we had arranged to remain under the hospitable roof of the governor of the state until Monday morning.

These towns and cities of New-England (many of which would be villages in Old England), are as favourable specimens of rural America, as their people are of rural Americans. The well-trimmed lawns and green meadows of home are not there; and the grass, compared with our ornamental plots and pastures, is rank, and rough, and wild: but delicate slopes of land, gently-swelling hills, wooded valleys, and slender streams abound. Every little colony of houses has its church and school-house peeping from among the white roofs and shady trees; every house is the whitest of the white; every Venetian blind the greenest of the green; every fine day's sky the bluest of the blue. A sharp, dry wind and a slight frost had so hardened the roads when we alighted at Worcester, that their furrowed tracks were like ridges of granite. There was the usual aspect of newness on every object, of course. All the buildings looked as if they had been built and painted that morning, and could be taken down on Monday with very little trouble. In the keen evening air, every sharp

outline looked a hundred times sharper than ever. The clean, cardboard colonnades had no more perspective than a Chinese bridge on a teacup, and appeared equally well calculated for use. The razor-like edges of the detached cottages seemed to cut the very wind as it whistled against them, and to send it smarting on its way with a shriller cry than before. Those slightly-built wooden dwellings, behind which the sun was setting with a brilliant lustre, could be so looked through and through, that the idea of any inhabitant being able to hide himself from the public gaze, or to have any secrets from the public eye, was not entertainable for a moment. Even where a blazing fire shone through the uncurtained windows of some distant house, it had the air of being newly-lighted, and of lacking warmth; and instead of awakening thoughts of a snug chamber bright with faces that first saw the light round that same hearth, and ruddy with warm hangings, it came upon one suggestive with the smell of new mortar and damp walls.

So I thought, at least, that evening. Next morning, when the sun was shining brightly, and the clear church bells were ringing, and sedate people in their best clothes enlivened the pathway near at hand, and dotted the distant thread of road, there was a pleasant Sabbath peacefulness on everything, which it was good to feel. It would have been better for an old church; better still for some old graves; but as it was, a wholesome repose and tranquillity pervaded the scene, which, after the restless ocean and the hurried city, had a doubly grateful influence on the spirits.

We went on next morning, still by railroad, to Springfield. From that place to Hartford, whither we were bound, is a distance of only five-and-twenty miles, but at that time of the year the roads were so bad that the journey would probably have occupied ten or twelve hours. Fortunately, however, the winter having been unusually mild, the Connecticut River was "open," or, in other words, not frozen. The captain of a small steamboat was going to make his first trip for the season that day (the second February trip, I believe, within the memory of man), and only waited for us to go on board. Accordingly, we went on board, with as little delay as might be. He was as good as his word, and started directly.

It certainly was not called a small steamboat without reason. I omitted to ask the question, but I should think it must have been of about half a pony power. Mr. Paap, the celebrated dwarf, might have lived and died happily in the cabin, which was fitted with common sash-windows like an ordinary dwelling-house. These windows had bright red curtains, too, hung on slack strings across the lower panes; so that it looked like the parlour of a lilliputian public-house, which had got afloat in a flood, or some other water accident, and was drifting nobody knew where. But even in this chamber there was a rocking-chair. It would be impossible to get on anywhere in America without a rocking-chair.

I am afraid to tell how many feet short this vessel was, or how many feet narrow: to apply the words length and width to such measurement would be a contradiction in terms. But I may state that we all kept the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over; and that the machinery, by some surprising process of condensation, worked between it and the keel: the whole forming a warm sandwich, about three feet thick.

It rained all day as I once thought it never did rain anywhere but in the Highlands of Scotland. The river was full of floating blocks of ice, which were constantly crunching and cracking under us; and the depth of water, in the course we took to avoid the larger masses, carried down the middle of the river by the current, did not exceed a few inches. Nevertheless, we moved onward dexterously; and, being well wrapped up, bade defiance to the weather, and enjoyed the journey. The Connecticut River is a fine stream; and the banks in summer-time, are, I have no doubt, beautiful: at all events, I was told so by a young lady in the cabin; and she should be a judge of beauty, if the possession of a quality include the appreciation of it, for a more beautiful creature I never looked upon.

After two hours and a half of this odd travelling (including a stoppage at a small town, where we were saluted by a gun considerably bigger than our own chimney), we reached Hartford, and straightway repaired to an extremely comfortable hotel: except, as usual, in the article of bedrooms, which, in almost every place we visited, were very conducive to early rising.

We tarried here four days. The town is beautifully situated in a basin of green hills; the soil is rich, well-wooded, and carefully improved. It is the seat of the local legislature of Connecticut, which sage body enacted in bygone times, the renowned code of "Blue Laws," in virtue whereof, among other enlightened provisions, any citizen who could be proved to have kissed his wife on Sunday, was punishable, I believe, with the stocks. Too much of the old Puritan spirit exists in these parts to the present hour; but its influence has not tended, that I know, to make the people less hard in their bargains, or more equal in their dealings. As I never heard of its working that effect anywhere else, I infer that it never will here. Indeed, I am accustomed, with reference to great professions and severe faces, to judge of the goods of the other world pretty much as I judge of the goods of this; and whenever I see a dealer in such commodities with too great a display of them in his window, I doubt the quality of the article within.

In Hartford stands the famous oak in which the charter of King Charles was hidden. It is now enclosed in a gentleman's garden. In the State House is the charter itself. I found the courts of law here just the same as at Boston; the public institutions almost as good. The Insane Asylum is admirably conducted, and so is the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

I very much questioned within myself, as I walked through the Insane Asylum, whether I should have known the attendants from the patients, but for the few words which passed between the former and the doctor, in reference to the persons under their charge. Of course I limit this remark merely to their looks; for the conversation of the mad people was mad enough.

There was one little prim old lady, of very smiling and good-humoured appearance, who came sidling up to me from the end of a long passage, and with a courtesy of inexpressible condescension, propounded this unaccountable inquiry:

"Does Pontefract still flourish, Sir, upon the soil of England?"

"He does, Ma'am," I rejoined,

"When you last saw him, Sir, he was—"

"Well, Ma'am," said I, "extremely well. He begged me to present his compliments. I never saw him looking better."

At this the old lady was very much delighted. After glancing at me for a moment, as if to be quite sure that I was serious in my respectful air, she sidled back some paces; sidled forward again; made a sudden skip (at which I precipitately retreated a step or two), and said:

"*I* am an antediluvian, Sir."

I thought the best thing to say was, that I had suspected as much from the first. Therefore I said so.

"It is an extremely proud and pleasant thing, Sir, to be an antediluvian," said the old lady.

"I should think it was, Ma'am," I rejoined.

The old lady kissed her hand, gave another skip, smirked and sidled down the gallery in a most extraordinary manner, and ambled gracefully into her own bed-chamber.

In another part of the building there was a male patient in bed; very much flushed and heated.

"Well!" said he, starting up, and pulling off his night-cap: "It's all settled at last. I have arranged it with Queen Victoria."

"Arranged what?" asked the Doctor.

"Why, that business," passing his hand wearily across his forehead, "about the siege of New-York."

"Oh!" said I, like a man suddenly enlightened. For he looked at me for an answer.

"Yes. Every house without a signal will be fired upon by the British troops. No harm will be done to the others. No harm at all. Those that want to be safe must hoist flags. That's all they'll have to do. They must hoist flags."

Even while he was speaking, he seemed, I thought, to have some faint idea that his talk was incoherent. Directly he had said these words, he lay down again; gave a kind of groan, and covered his hot head with the blankets.

These was another: a young man, whose madness was love and music. After playing on the accordion a march he had composed, he was very anxious that I should walk into his chamber, which I immediately did.

By way of being very knowing, and humouring him to the top of his bent, I went to the window, which commanded a beautiful prospect, and remarked, with an address upon which I greatly plumed myself:

"What a delicious country you have about these lodgings of yours."

"Poh!" said he, moving his fingers carelessly over the notes of his instrument: "*Well enough for such an Institution as this!*"

I don't think I was ever so taken aback in all my life.

"I come here just for a whim," he said, coolly. "That's all."

"Oh! that's all!" said I. all

"Yes. That's all. The Doctor's a smart man. He quite enters into it. It's a joke of mine. I like it for a time. You needn't mention it, but I think I shall go out next Tuesday!"

I assured him that I would consider our interview perfectly confidential; and rejoined the Doctor. As we were passing through a gallery on our way out, a well-dressed lady, of quiet and composed manners, came up, and proffering a slip of paper and a pen, begged that I would oblige her with an autograph. I complied, and we parted.

"I think I remember having had a few interviews like that with ladies out of doors. I hope she is not mad?"

"Yes."

"On what subject? Autographs?"

"No. She hears voices in the air."

"Well!" thought I, "it would be well if we could shut up a few false prophets of these later times, who have professed to do the same; and I should like to try the experiment on a Mormonist or two to begin with."

In this place there is the best jail for untried offenders in the world. There is also a very well-ordered state prison, arranged upon the same plan as that at Boston, except that here, there is always a sentry on the wall with a loaded gun. It contained at that time about two hundred prisoners. A spot was shown me in the sleeping ward, where a watchman was murdered some years since in the dead of night, in a desperate attempt to escape, made by a prisoner who had broken from his cell. A woman, too, was pointed out to me, who, for the murder of her husband, had been a close prisoner for sixteen years.

"Do you think," I asked of my conductor, "that after so very long an imprisonment, she has any thought or hope of ever regaining her liberty?"

"Oh dear, yes," he answered. "To be sure she has."

"She has no chance of obtaining it, I suppose?"

"Well, I don't know:" which, by-the-by, is a national answer. "Her friends mistrust her."

"What have *they* to do with it?" I naturally inquired.

"Well, they won't petition."

"But if they did they couldn't get her out, I suppose?"

"Well, not the first time, perhaps, nor yet the second, but tiring and wearying for a few years might do it."

"Does that ever do it?"

"Why yes, that'll do it sometimes. Political friends 'll do it sometimes. It's pretty often done, one way or another."

I shall always entertain a very pleasant and grateful recollection of Hartford. It is a lovely place, and I had many friends there, whom I can never remember with indifference. We left it with no little regret on the evening of Friday the 11th, and travelled that night by railroad to New Haven. Upon the way, the guard and I were formally introduced to each other (as we usually were on such occasions), and exchanged a variety of small-talk. We reached New Haven at about eight o'clock, after a journey of three hours, and put up for the night at the best inn.

New Haven, known also as the City of Elms, is a fine town. Many of its streets (as its *alias* sufficiently imports) are planted with rows of grand old elm-trees; and the same natural ornaments surround Yale College, an establishment of considerable eminence and reputation. The various departments of this Institution are erected in a kind of park or common in the middle of the town, where they are dimly visible among the shadowing trees. The effect is very like that of an old cathedral yard in England; and when their branches are in full leaf, must be extremely picturesque. Even in the winter time, these groups of well-grown trees, clustering among the busy streets and houses of a thriving city, have a very quaint appearance: seeming to bring about a kind of compromise between town and country; as if each had met the other half way,

and shaken hands upon it; which is at once novel and pleasant.

After a night's rest, we rose early, and in good time went down to the wharf, and on board the packet New-York, *for* New-York. This was the first American steamboat of any size that I had seen; and certainly to an English eye it was infinitely less like a steamboat than a huge floating bath. I could hardly persuade myself, indeed, but that the bathing establishment off Westminster Bridge, which I had left a baby, had suddenly grown to an enormous size; run away from home; and set up in foreign parts as a steamer. Being in America too, which our vagabonds do so particularly favour, it seemed the more probable.

The great difference in appearance between these packets and ours, is, that there is so much of them out of the water: the main-deck being enclosed on all sides, and filled with casks and goods, like any second or third floor in a stack of warehouses; and the promenade or hurricane-deck being a-top of that again. A part of the machinery is always above this deck: where the connecting-rod, in a strong and lofty frame, is seen working away like an iron top-sawyer. There is seldom any mast or tackle: nothing aloft but two tall black chimneys. The man at the helm is shut up in a little house in the fore part of the boat (the wheel being connected with the rudder by iron chains, working the whole length of the deck); and the passengers, unless the weather be very fine indeed, usually congregate below. Directly you have left the wharf, all the life, and stir, and bustle of a packet cease. You wonder for a long time how she goes on, for there seems to be nobody in charge of her; and when another of these dull machines comes splashing by, you feel quite indignant with it, as a sudden cumbrous, ungraceful, unshiplike leviathan: quite forgetting that the vessel you are on board of, is its very counterpart.

There is always a clerk's office on the lower deck, where you pay your fare; a ladies' cabin; baggage and stowage rooms; engineer's room; and in short a great variety of perplexities which render the discovery of the gentleman's cabin, a matter of some difficulty. It often occupies the whole length of the boat (as it did in this case), and has three or four tiers of berths on each side. When I first descended into the cabin of the New-York, it looked, in my unaccustomed eyes, about as long as the Burlington Arcade.

The Sound which has to be crossed on this passage, is not always a very safe or pleasant navigation, and has been the scene of some unfortunate accidents. It was a wet morning, and very misty, and we soon lost sight of land. The day was calm, however, and brightened towards noon. After exhausting (with good help from a friend) the larder, and the stock of bottled beer, I lay down to sleep: being very much tired with the fatigues of yesterday. But I awoke from my nap in time to hurry up, and see Hell Gate, the Hog's Back, the Frying Pan, and other notorious localities, attractive to all readers of famous Diedrich Knickerbocker's History. We were now in a narrow channel, with sloping banks on either side, besprinkled with pleasant villas, and made refreshing to the sight by turf and trees. Soon we shot in quick succession, past a light-house; a madhouse (how the lunatics flung up their caps, and roared in sympathy with the headlong engine and the driving tide)! a jail; and other buildings; and so emerged into a noble bay, whose waters sparkled in the now cloudless sunshine like Nature's eyes turned up to Heaven.

Then there lay stretched out before us, to the right, confused heaps of buildings, with here and there a spire or steeple, looking down upon the herd below; and here and there, again, a cloud of lazy smoke; and in the foreground a forest of ships' masts, cheery with flapping sails and waving flags. Crossing from among them to the opposite shore, were steam ferry-boats laden with people, coaches, horses, wagons, baskets, boxes: crossing and recrossing by other ferry-boats: all travelling to and fro: and never idle. Stately among these restless Insects, were two or three large ships, moving with slow majestic pace, as creatures of a prouder kind, disdainful of their puny journeys, and making for the broad sea. Beyond, were shining heights, and islands in the glancing river, and a distance scarcely less blue and bright than the sky it seemed to meet. The city's hum and buzz, the clinking of capstains, the ringing of bells, the barking of dogs, the clattering of wheels, tingled in the listening ear. All of which life and stir, coming across the stirring water, caught new life and animation from its free companionship; and, sympathizing with its buoyant spirits, glistening as it seemed in sport upon its surface, and hemmed the vessel round, and plashed the water high about her sides, and, floating her gallantly into the dock, flew off again to welcome other comers, and speed before them to the busy Port.

CHAPTER VI.

NEW-YORK.

The beautiful metropolis of America is by no means so clean a city as Boston, but many of its streets have the same charactesistics; except that the houses are not quite so fresh-coloured, the sign-boards are not quite so gaudy, the gilded letters not quite so golden, the bricks not quite so red, the stone not quite so white, the blinds and area railings not quite so green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors, not quite so bright and twinkling. There are many by-streets, almost as neutral in clean colours, and positive in dirty ones, as by-streets in London; and there is one quarter, commonly called the Five Points, which, in respect of filth and wretchedness, may be safely backed against Seven Dials, or any other part of famed St. Giles's.

The great promenade and thoroughfare, as most people know, is Broadway; a wide and bustling street, which, from the Battery Gardens to its opposite termination in a country road, may be four miles long. Shall we sit down in an upper floor of the Carlton House Hotel (situated in the best part of this main artery of New-York), and when we are tired of looking down upon the life below, sally forth arm-in-arm, and mingle with the stream?

Warm weather! The sun strikes upon our heads at this open window, as though its rays were concentrated through a burning-glass; but the day is in its zenith, and the season an unusual one. Was there ever such a sunny street as this Broadway? The pavement stones are polished with the tread of feet until they shine again; the red bricks of the houses might be yet in the dry, hot kilns; and the roofs of those omnibuses look as though, if water were poured on them, they would hiss and smoke, and smell like half-

quenched fires. No stint of omnibuses here! Half a dozen have gone by within as many minutes. Plenty of hackney cabs and coaches too; gigs, phaetons, large-wheeled tilburies, and private carriages—rather of a clumsy make, and not very different from the public vehicles, but built for the heavy roads beyond the city pavement. Negro coachmen and white; in straw hats, black hats, white hats, glazed caps, fur caps; in coats of drab, black, brown, green, blue, nankeen, striped jean and linen; and there, in that one instance (look while it passes, or it will be too late), in suits of livery. Some southern republican that, who puts his blacks in uniform, and swells with Sultan pomp and power. Yonder, where that phaeton with the well-clipped pair of grays has stopped—standing at their heads now—is a Yorkshire groom, who has not been very long in these parts, and looks sorrowfully round for a companion pair of top-boots, which he may traverse the city half a year without meeting. Heaven save the ladies, how they dress! We have seen more colours in these ten minutes, than we should have seen elsewhere, in as many days. What various parasols! what rainbow silks and satins! what pinking of thin stockings, and pinching of thin shoes, and fluttering of ribands and silk tassels, and display of rich cloaks with gaudy hoods and linings! The young gentlemen are fond, you see, of turning down their shirt-collars and cultivating their whiskers, especially under the chin; but they cannot approach the ladies in their dress or bearing, being, to say the truth, humanity of quite another sort. Byrons of the desk and counter, pass on, and let us see what kind of men those are behind ye: those two labourers in holyday clothes, of whom one carries in his hand a crumpled scrap of paper from which he tries to spell out a hard name, while the other looks about for it, on all the doors and windows.

Irishmen both! You might know them, if they were masked, by their long-tailed blue coats and bright buttons, and their drab trousers, which they wear like men well used to working dresses, who are easy in no others. It would be hard to keep your model republics going, without the countrymen and countrywomen of those two labourers. For who else would dig, and delve, and drudge, and do domestic work, and make canals and roads, and execute great lines of Internal Improvement! Irishmen both, and sorely puzzled too, to find out what they seek. Let us go down, and help them, for the love of home, and that spirit of liberty which admits of honest service to honest men, and honest work for honest bread, no matter what it be.

That's well! We have got at the right address at last, though it is written in strange characters truly, and might have been scrawled with the blunt handle of the spade the writer betters knows the use of, than a pen. Their way lies yonder, but what business takes them there? They carry savings: to hoard up? No. They are brothers, those men. One crossed the sea alone, and working very hard for one half year, and living harder, saved funds enough to bring the other out. That done, they worked together, side by side, contentedly sharing hard labour and hard living for another term, and then their sisters came, and then another brother, and, lastly, their old mother. And what now? Why, the poor old crone is restless in a strange land, and yearns to lay her bones, she says, among her people in the old graveyard at home: and so they go to pay her passage back: and God help her and them, and every simple heart, and all who turn to the Jerusalem of their younger days, and have an altar-fire upon the cold hearth of their fathers.

This narrow thoroughfare, baking and blistering in the sun, is Wall-street: the Stock Exchange and Lombard-street of New-York. Many a rapid fortune has been made in this street, and many a no less rapid ruin. Some of these very merchants whom you see hanging about here now, have locked up Money in their strong-boxes, like the man in the Arabian Nights, and opening them again, have found but withered leaves. Below, here by the water side, where the bowsprits of ships stretch across the footway, and almost thrust themselves into the windows, lie the noble American vessels which have made their Packet Service the finest in the world. They have brought hither the foreigners who abound in all the streets: not perhaps, that there are more here than in other commercial cities; but elsewhere, they have particular haunts, and you must find them out; here, they pervade the town.

We must cross Broadway again; gaining some refreshment from the heat, in the sight of the great blocks of clean ice which are being carried into shops and bar-rooms; and the pine-apples and water-melons profusely displayed for sale. Fine streets of spacious houses here, you see!—Wall Street has furnished and dismantled many of them very often—and here a deep green leafy square. Be sure that is a hospitable house with inmates to be affectionately remembered always, where they have the open door and pretty show of plants within, and where the child with laughing eyes is peeping out of window at the little dog below. You wonder what may be the use of this tall flagstaff in the by street, with something like Liberty's head-dress on its top: so do I. But there is a passion for tall flagstaffs hereabout, and you may see its twin brother in five minutes, if you have a mind.

Again cross Broadway, and so—passing from the many-coloured crowd and glittering shops—into another long main street, the Bowery. A railroad yonder, see, where two stout horses trot along, drawing a score or two of people and a great wooden ark, with ease. The stores are poorer here; the passengers less gay. Clothes ready-made, and meat ready-cooked, are to be bought in these parts; and the lively whirl of carriages is exchanged for the deep rumble of carts and wagons. These signs which are so plentiful, in shape like river buoys, or small balloons, hoisted by cords to poles, and dangling there, announce, as you may see by looking up, "Oysters in every Style." They tempt the hungry most at night, for then dull candles glimmering inside, illuminate these dainty words, and make the mouths of idlers water, as they read and linger.

What is this dismal-fronted pile of bastard Egyptian, like an enchanter's palace in a melo drama!—a famous prison, called The Tombs. Shall we go in?

So. A long narrow lofty building, stove-heated as usual, with four galleries, one above the other, going round it, and communicating by stairs. Between the two sides of each gallery, and in its centre, a bridge, for the greater convenience of crossing. On each of these bridges sits a man: dozing or reading, or talking to an idle companion. On each tier, are two opposite rows of small iron doors. They look like furnace doors, but are cold and black, as

though the fires within had all gone out. Some two or three are open, and women, with drooping heads bent down, are talking to the inmates. The whole is lighted by a skylight, but it is fast closed: and from the roof there dangle, limp and drooping, two useless windsails.

A man with keys appears, to show us round. A good-looking fellow, and, in his way, civil and obliging.

"Are those black doors the cells?"

"Yes."

"Are they all full?"

"Well, they're pretty nigh full, and that's a fact, and no two ways about it."

"Those at the bottom are unwholesome, surely?"

"Why, we *do* only put coloured people in 'em. That's the truth."

"When do the prisoners take exercise?"

"Well, they do without it pretty much."

"Do they never walk in the yard?"

"Considerable seldom."

"Sometimes, I suppose?"

"Well, it's rare they do. They keep pretty bright without it."

"But suppose a man were here for a twelvemonth. I know this is only a prison for criminals who are charged with grave offences, while they are awaiting their trial, or are under remand, but the law here, affords criminals many means of delay. What with motions for new trial, and in arrest of judgment, and what not, a prisoner might be here for twelve months, I take it, might he not?"

"Well, I guess he might."

"Do you mean to say that in all that time he would never come out at that little iron door, for exercise?"

"He might walk some, perhaps—not much."

"Will you open one of the doors?"

"All, if you like."

The fastenings jar and rattle, and one of the doors turns slowly on its hinges. Let us look in. A small bare cell, into which the light enters through a high chink in the wall. There is a rude means of washing, a table, and a bedstead. Upon the latter, sits a man of sixty; reading. He looks up for a moment; gives an impatient dogged shake; and fixes his eyes upon his book again. As we withdraw our heads, the door closes on him, and is fastened as before. This man has murdered his wife, and will probably be hanged.

"How long has he been here?"

"A month."

"When will he be tried?"

"Next term."

"When is that?"

"Next month."

"In England, if a man be under sentence of death, even, he has air and exercise at certain periods of the day."

"Possible?"

With what stupendous and untranslatable coolness he says this, and how loungingly he leads on to the women's side: making, as he goes, a kind of iron castanet of the key and the stair-rail!

Each cell door on this side has a square aperture in it. Some of the women peep anxiously through it at the sound of footsteps; others shrink away in shame.—For what offence can that lonely child, of ten or twelve years old, be shut up here? Oh! that boy? He is the son of the prisoner we saw just now; is a witness against his father; and is detained here for safe-keeping, until the trail: that's all.

But it is a dreadful place for the child to pass the long days and nights in. This is rather hard treatment for a young witness, is it not?—What says our conductor?

"Well, it ain't a very rowdy life, and *that's* a fact!"

Again he clinks his metal castanet, and leads us leisurely away. I have a question to ask him as we go.

"Pray, why do they call this place The Tombs?"

"Well, it's the cant name."

"I know it is. Why?"

"Some suicides happened here, when it was first built. I expect it come about from that."

"I saw just now, that that man's clothes were scattered about the floor of his cell. Don't you oblige the prisoners to be orderly, and put such things away?"

"Where should they put 'em?"

"Not on the ground surely. What do you say to hanging them up?"

He stops, and looks round to emphasize his answer:

"Why, I say that's just it. When they had hooks they *would* hang themselves, so they're taken out of every cell, and there's only the marks left where they used to be!"

The prison-yard in which he pauses now, has been the scene of terrible performances. Into this narrow, grave-like place, men are brought out to die. The wretched creature stands beneath the gibbet on the ground; the rope about his neck; and when the sign is given, a weight at its other end comes running down, and swings him up into the air—a corpse.

The law requires that there be present at this dismal spectacle, the judge, the jury, and citizens to the amount of twenty-five. From the community it is hidden. To the dissolute and bad, the thing remains a frightful mystery. Between the criminal and them, the prison-wall is interposed as a thick gloomy veil. It is the curtain to his bed of death, his winding-sheet, and grave. From him it shuts out life, and all the motives to unrepenting hardihood in that last hour, which its mere sight and presence is often all-sufficient to sustain. There are no bold eyes to make him bold; no ruffians to uphold a ruffian's name before. All beyond the pitiless stone wall, is unknown space.

Let us go forth again into the cheerful streets.

Once more in Broadway! Here are the same ladies in bright colours, walking to and fro, in pairs and singly; yonder the very same light blue parasol which passed and repassed the hotel window twenty times while we were sitting there. We are going to cross here. Take care of the pigs. Two portly sows are trotting up behind this carriage, and a select party of half a-dozen gentlemen-hogs have just now turned the corner.

Here is a solitary swine, lounging homeward by himself. He has only one ear; having parted with the other to vagrant-dogs in the course of his city rambles. But he gets on very well without it; and leads a roving, gentlemanly, vagabond kind of life, somewhat answering to that of our club-men at home. He leaves his lodgings every morning at a certain hour, throws himself upon the town, gets through his day in some manner quite satisfactory to himself, and regularly appears at the door of his own house

again at night, like the mysterious master of Gil Blas. He is a free-and-easy, careless, indifferent kind of pig, having a very large acquaintance among other pigs of the same character, whom he rather knows by sight than conversation, as he seldom troubles himself to stop and exchange civilities, but goes grunting down the kennel, turning up the news and small-talk of the city, in the shape of cabbage-stalks and offal, and bearing no tails but his own: which is a very short one, for his old enemies, the dogs, have been at that too, and have left him barely enough to swear by. He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society, on an equal, if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall if he prefer it. He is a great philosopher, and seldom moved, unless by the dogs before mentioned. Sometimes, indeed, you may see his small eye twinkling on a slaughtered friend, whose carcase garnishes a butcher's door-post, but he grunts out, "Such is life: all flesh is pork!" buries his nose in the mire again, and waddles down the gutter: comforting himself with the reflection that there is one snout the less to anticipate stray cabbage-stalks, at any rate.

They are the city scavengers, these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having, for the most part, scanty, brown backs, like the lids of old horse-hair trunks: spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long, gaunt legs, too, and such peaked shouts, that if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his profile, nobody would recognise it for a pig's likeness. They are never attended upon, or fed, or driven, or caught, but are thrown upon their own resources in early life, and become preternaturally knowing in consequence. Every pig knows where he lives, much better than anybody could tell him. At this hour, just as evening is closing in, you will see them roaming towards bed by scores, eating their way to the last. Occasionally, some youth among them who has over-eaten himself, or has been much worried by dogs, trots shrinkingly homeward, like a prodigal son: but this is a rare case: perfect self-possession and self-reliance, and immovable composure, being their foremost attributes.

The streets and shops are lighted now; and as the eye travels down the long thoroughfare, dotted with bright jets of gas, it is reminded of Oxford Street or Piccadilly. Here and there, a flight of broad stone cellar-steps appears, and a painted lamp directs you to the Bowling Saloon, or Ten-Pin alley: Ten-Pins being a game of mingled chance and skill, invented when the legislature passed an act forbidding Nine-Pins. At other downward flights of steps, are other lamps, marking the whereabout of oyster-cellars—pleasant retreats, say I: not only by reason of their wonderful cookery of oysters, pretty nigh as large as cheese-plates (or for thy dear sake, heartiest of Greek Professors!) but because of all kinds of eaters of fish, or flesh, or fowl, in these latitudes, the swallower of oysters alone are not gregarious; but subduing themselves, as it were, to the nature of what they work in, and copying the coyness of the thing they eat, do sit apart in curtained boxes, and consort by twos, not by two hundreds.

But how quiet the streets are! Are there no itinerant bands; no wind or stringed instruments? No, not one. By day, are there no Punches, Fantoccinis, Dancing-dogs, Jugglers, Conjurors, Orchestrinas, or even Barrel-organs? No, not one. Yes, I remember one. One barrel-organ and a dancing monkey—sportive by nature, but fast fading into a dull, lumpish monkey, of the Utilitarian school. Beyond that, nothing lively; no, not so much as a white mouse in a twirling cage.

Are there no amusements? Yes. There is a lecture-room across the way, from which that glare of light proceeds, and there may be evening service for the ladies thrice a week, or oftener. For the young gentlemen, there is the counting-house, the store, the bar-room: the latter, as you may see through these windows, pretty full. Hark! to the clicking sound of hammers breaking lumps of ice, and to the cool gurgling of the pounded bits, as, in the process of mixing, they are poured from glass to glass! No amusements? What are these suckers of cigars and swallowers of strong drinks, whose hats and legs we see in every possible variety of twist, doing, but amusing themselves? What are the fifty newspapers, which those precocious urchins are bawling down the street, and which are kept filed within, what are they but amusements? Not vapid waterish amusements, but good strong stuff; dealing in round abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses, as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste, and gorging with coined lies the most voracious maw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and the vilest motives; scaring away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic, every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell and whistle and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey.—No amusements!

Let us go on again; and passing this wilderness of a hotel with stores about its base, like some continental theatre, or the London Opera House shorn of its colonnade, plunge into the Five Points. But it is needful, first, that we take as our escort these two heads of the police, whom you would know for sharp and well-trained officers if you met them in the Great Desert. So true it is, that certain pursuits, wherever carried on, will stamp men with the same character. These two might have been begotten, born, and bred, in Bow Street.

We have seen no beggars in the streets by night or day; but of other kind of strollers, plenty. Poverty, wretchedness, and vice, are rife enough where we are going now.

This is the place: these narrow ways, diverging to the right and left, and reeking everywhere with dirt and filth. Such lives as are led here, bear the same fruits here as elsewhere. The coarse and bloated faces at the doors, have counterparts at home, and all the wide world over. Debauchery has made the very houses prematurely old. See how the rotten beams are tumbling down, and how the patched and broken windows seem to scowl dimly, like eyes that have been hurt in drunken frays. Many of those pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright in lieu of going on all fours? and why they talk instead of grunting?

So far, nearly every house is a low tavern; and on the bar-room walls, are coloured prints of Washington, and Queen Victoria of England, and the American Eagle. Among the pigeon-holes that hold the bottles, are pieces of plate-glass and coloured paper, for there is, in some

sort, a taste for decoration, even here. And as seamen frequent these haunts, there are maritime pictures by the dozen: of partings between sailors and their lady-loves, por raits of William, of the ballad, and his Black-Eyed Susan; of Will Watch, the Bold Smuggler; of Paul Jones the Pirate, and the like: on which the painted eyes of Queen Victoria, and of Washington to boot, rest in as strange companionship, as on most of the scenes that are enacted in their wondering presence.

What place is this, to which the squalid street conducts us? A kind of square of leprous houses, some of which are attainable only by crazy wooden stairs without. What lies beyond this tottering flight of steps, that creak beneath our tread? a miserable room, lighted by one dim candle, and destitute of all comfort, save that which may be hidden in a wretched bed. Beside it, sits a man: his elbows on his knees: his forehead hidden in his hands. "What ails that man!" asks the foremost officer. "Fever," he sullenly replies, without looking up. Conceive the fancies of a fevered brain, in such a place as this!

Ascend these pitch-dark stairs, heedful of a false footing on the trembling boards, and grope your way with me into this wolfish den, where neither ray of light nor breath of air, appears to come. A negro lad, startled from his sleep by the officer's voice—he knows it well—but comforted by his assurance that he has not come on business, officiously bestirs himself to light a candle. The match flickers for a moment, and shows great mounds of dusky rags upon the ground; then dies away and leaves a denser darkness than before, if there can be degrees in such extremes. He stumbles down the stairs and presently comes back, shading a flaring taper with his hand. Then the mounds of rags are seen to be astir, and rise slowly up, and the floor is covered with heaps of negro women, waking from their sleep: their white teeth chattering, and their bright eyes glistening and winking on all sides with surprise and fear, like the countless repetition of one astonished African face in some strange mirror.

Mount up these other stairs with no less caution (there are traps and pitfalls here, for those who are not so well escorted as ourselves) into the housetop: where the bare beams and rafters meet over-head, and calm night looks down through the crevices in the roof. Open the door of one of these cramped hutches full of sleeping negroes. Pah! They have a charcoal fire within; there is a smell of singeing clothes, or flesh, so close they gather round the brazier; and vapours issue forth that blind and suffocate. From every corner, as you glance about you in these dark retreats, some figure crawls half awakened, as if the judgment-hour were near at hand, and every obscene grave were giving up its dead. Where dogs would howl to lie, women, and men, and boys slink off to sleep, forcing the dislodged rats to move away in quest of better lodgings.

Here too are lanes and alleys, paved with mud knee-deep: underground chambers, where they dance and game; the walls bedecked with rough designs of ships, and forts, and flags, and American Eagles out of number: ruined houses, open to the streets, whence through wide gaps in the walls, other ruins loom upon the eye, as though the world of vice and misery had nothing else to show: hideous tenements which take their name from robbery and murder: all that is loathsome, drooping, and decayed is here.

Our leader has his hand upon the latch of "Almack's," and calls to us from the bottom of the steps; for the assembly-room of the Five-Point fashionables is approached by a descent. Shall we go in? It is but a moment.

Heyday! the landlady of Almack's thrives! A buxom fat mulatto woman, with sparkling eyes, whose head is daintily ornamented with a handkerchief of many colours. Nor is the landlord much behind her in his finery, being attired in a smart blue jacket, like a ship's steward, with a thick gold ring upon his little finger, and round his neck a gleaming golden watch-guard. How glad he is to see us! What will we please to call for? A dance? It shall be done directly, sir: "a regular break-down."

The corpulent black fiddler, and his friend who plays the tambourine, stamp upon the boarding of the small raised orchestra in which they sit, and play a lively measure. Five or six couple come upon the floor, marshalled by a lively young negro, who is the wit of the assembly, and the greatest dancer known. He never leaves off making queer faces, and is the delight of all the rest, who grin from ear to ear incessantly. Among the dancers are two young mulatto girls, with large, black, drooping eyes, and head-gear after the fashion of the hostess, who are as shy or feign to be, as though they never danced before, and so look down before the visiters, that their partners can see nothing but the long fringed lashes.

But the dance commences. Every gentleman sets as long as he likes to the opposite lady, and the opposite lady to him, and all are so long about it that the sport begins to languish, when suddenly the lively hero dashes in to the rescue. Instantly the fiddler grins, and goes at it tooth and nail; there is new energy in the tambourine; new laughter in the dancers; new smiles in the landlady; new confidence in the landlord; new brightness in the very candles. Single shuffle, double shuffle, cut and cross-cut: snapping his fingers, rolling his eyes, turning in his knees, presenting the backs of his legs in front, spinning about on his toes and heels like nothing but the man's fingers on the tambourine; dancing with two left legs, two right legs, two wooden legs, two wire legs, two spring legs—all sorts of legs and no legs—what is this to him? And in what walk of life, or dance of life, does man ever get such stimulating applause as thunders about him, when, having danced his partner off her feet, and himself too, he finishes by leaping gloriously on the bar-counter, and calling for something to drink, with the chuckle of a million of counterfeit Jim Crows, in one inimitable sound!

The air, even in these distempered parts, is fresh after the stifling atmosphere of the houses; and now, as we emerge into a broader street, it blows upon us with a purer breath, and the stars look bright again. Here are The Tombs once more. The city watch-house is a part of the building. It follows naturally on the sights we have just left. Let us see that, and then to bed.

What! do you thrust your common offenders against the police discipline of the town, into such holes as these? Do men and women, against whom no crime is proved, lie here all

night in perfect darkness, surrounded by the noisome vapours which encircle that flagging lamp you light us with, and breathing this filthy and offensive stench! Why, such indecent and disgusting dungeons as these cells, would bring disgrace upon the most despotic empire in the world! Look at them, man—you, who see them every night, and keep the keys. Do you see what they are? Do you know how drains are made below the streets, and wherein these human sewers differ, except in being always stagnant?

Well, he don't know. He has had five-and-twenty young women locked up in this very cell at one time, and you'd hardly realize what handsome faces there were among 'em.

In God's name! shut the door upon the wretched creature who is in it now, and put its screen before a place, quite unsurpassed in all the vice, neglect, and devilry, of the worst old town in Europe.

Are people really left all night, untried, in those black sties?—Every night. The watch is set at seven in the evening. The magistrate opens his court at five in the morning. That is the earliest hour at which the first prisoner can be released; and if an officer appear against him, he is not taken out till nine o'clock or ten.—But if any one among them die in the interval, as one man did, not long ago? Then he is half eaten by the rats in an hour's time; as that man was; and there an end.

What is this intolerable tolling of great bells, and crashing of wheels, and shouting in the distance? A fire. And what that deep red light in the opposite direction? Another fire. And what these charred and blackened walls we stand before? A dwelling where a fire has been. It was more than hinted, in an official report, not long ago, that some of these conflagrations were not wholly accidental, and that speculation and enterprise found a field of exertion, even in flames: but be this as it may, there was a fire last night, there are two to-night, and you may lay an even wager there will be at least one, to-morrow. So, carrying that with us for our comfort, let us say, Good night, and climb up stairs to bed.

One day, during my stay in New-York, I paid a visit to the different public institutions on Long Island. One of them is a Lunatic Asylum. The building is handsome; and is remarkable for a spacious and elegant staircase. The whole structure is not yet finished, but it is already one of considerable size and extent, and is capable of accommodating a very large number of patients.

I cannot say that I derived much comfort from the inspection of this charity. The different wards might have been cleaner and better ordered; I saw nothing of that salutary system which had impressed me so favourably elsewhere; and everything had a lounging, listless, madhouse air, which was very painful. The moping idiot, cowering down with long dishevelled hair; the gibbering maniac, with his hideous laugh and pointed finger; the vacant eye, the fierce wild face, the gloomy picking of the hands and lips, and munching of the nails: there they were all, without disguise, in naked ugliness and horror. In the dining-room, a bare, dull, dreary place, with nothing for the eye to rest on but the empty walls, a woman was locked up alone. She was bent, they told me, on committing suicide. If anything could have strengthened her in her resolution, it would certainly have been the insupportable monotony of such an existence.

The terrible crowd with which these halls and galleries were filled, so shocked me, that I abridged my stay within the shortest limits, and declined to see that portion of the building in which the refractory and violent were under closer restraint. I have no doubt that the gentleman who presided over this establishment at the time I write of, was competent to manage it, and had done all in his power to promote its usefulness: but will it be believed that the miserable strife of Party feeling is carried even into this sad refuge of afflicted and degraded humanity? Will it be believed that the eyes which are to watch over and control the wanderings of minds on which the most dreadful visitation to which our nature is exposed has fallen, must wear the glasses of some wretched side in Politics? Will it be believed that the governor of such a house as this, is appointed, and deposed, and changed perpetually, as Parties fluctuate and vary, and as their despicable weathercocks are blown this way or that? A hundred times in every week, some new most paltry exhibition of that narrow-minded and injurious Party Spirit, which is the Simoom of America, sickening and blighting everything of wholesome life within its reach, was forced upon my notice; but I never turned my back upon it with feelings of such deep disgust and measureless contempt, as when I crossed the threshold of this mad-house on Long Island.

At a short distance from this building is another called the Alms House, that is to say, the workhouse of New-York. This is a large Institution also: lodging, I believe, when I was there, nearly a thousand poor. It was badly ventilated, and badly lighted; was not too clean; and impressed me, on the whole, very uncomfortably. But it must be remembered that New-York, as a great emporium of commerce, and as a place of general resort, not only from all parts of the States, but from most parts of the world, has always a large pauper population to provide for; and labours, therefore, under peculiar difficulties in this respect. Nor must it be forgotten that New-York is a large town, and that in all large towns a vast amount of good and evil is intermixed and jumbled up together.

In the same neighbourhood is the Long Island Farm, where young orphans are nursed and bred. I did not see it, but I believe it is well conducted; and I can the more easily credit it, from knowing how mindful they usually are, in America, of that beautiful passage in the Litany which remembers all sick persons and young children.

I was taken to these Institutions by water, in a boat belonging to the Long Island Jail, and rowed by a crew of prisoners, who were dressed in a striped uniform of black and buff, in which they looked like faded tigers. They took me by the same conveyance, to the jail itself.

It is an old prison, and quite a pioneer establishment, on the plan I have already described. I was glad to hear this, for it is unquestionably a very indifferent one. The most is made, however, of the means it possesses, and it is as well regulated as such a place can be.

The women work in covered sheds, erected for that purpose. If I remember right, there are no shops for the men, but be that as it may, the greater part of them labour in certain stone-quarries near at hand. The day being very wet

indeed, this labour was suspended, and the prisoners were in their cells. Imagine these cells, some two or three hundred in number, and in every one a man, locked up: this one at the door for air, with his hands thrust through the grate; this one in bed (in the middle of the day, remember); and this one flung down in a heap upon the ground, with his head against the bars like a wild beast. Make the rain pour down, outside, in torrents. Put the everlasting stove in the midst: hot, and suffocating, and vaporous, as a witch's caldron. Add a collection of gentle odours, such as would arise from a thousand mildewed umbrellas wet through, and a thousand buck-baskets full of half-washed linen; and there is the prison as it was that day.

The prison for the state at Sing Sing, is, on the other hand, a model jail. That, and Mount Auburn, are the largest and best examples of the silent system.

In another part of the city, is the Refuge for the Destitute: an institution whose object is to reclaim youthful offenders, male and female, black and white, without distinction; to teach them useful trades, apprentice them to respectable masters, and make them worthy members of society. Its design, it will be seen, is similar to that at Boston; and it is a no less meritorious and admirable establishment. A suspicion crossed my mind during my inspection of this noble charity, whether the superintendent had quite sufficient knowledge of the world and wordly characters; and whether he did not commit a great mistake in treating some young girls, who were to all intent and purposes, by their years and their past lives, women, as though they were little children; which certainly had a ludicrous effect in my eyes, and, or I am much mistaken, in theirs also. As the institution, however, is always under the vigilant examination of a body of gentlemen of great intelligence and experience, it cannot fail to be well-conducted; and whether I am right or wrong in this slight particular, is unimportant to its deserts and character, which it would be too difficult to estimate too highly.

In addition to these establishment, there are, in New-York, excellent hospitals and schools, literary institutions and libraries; an admirable fire department (as indeed it should be, having constant practice), and charities of every sort and kind. In the suburbs there is a spacious cemetery; unfinished yet, but every day improving. The saddest tomb I saw there was "The Strangers' Grave. Dedicated to the different hotels, in this city."

There are three theatres. Two of them, the Park and the Bowery, are large, elegant, and handsome buildings, and are, I grieve to write it, generally deserted. The third, the Olympic, is a tiny show-box for vaudevilles and burlesques. It is singularly well-conducted by Mr. Mitchell, a comic actor of great quiet humour and originality, who is well remembered and esteemed by London playgoers. I am happy to report of this deserving gentleman, that his benches are usually well filled, and that his theatre rings with merriment every night. I had almost forgotten a small summer theatre, called Niblo's, with gardens and open air amusements attached; but I believe it is not exempt from the general depression under which Theatrical Property, or what is humorously called by that name, unfortunately labours.

The country round New-York, is surpassingly and exquisitely picturesque. The climate, as I have already intimated, is somewhat of the warmest. What it would be, without the sea breezes which come from its beautiful bay in the evening time, I will not throw myself or my readers into a fever by inquiring.

The tone of the best society in this city, is like that of Boston; here and there it maybe, with a greater infusion of the mercantile spirit, but generally polished and refined, and always most hospitable. The houses and tables are elegant; the hours later and more rakish; and there is perhaps, a greater spirit of contention in reference to appearances, and the display of wealth and costly living. The ladies are singularly beautiful.

Before I left New-York I made arrangements for securing a passage home in the George Washington packet-ship, which was advertised to sail in June: that being the month in which I had determined, if prevented by no accident in the course of my ramblings, to leave America.

I never thought that going back to England returning to all who are dear to me, and to pursuits that have insensibly grown to be a part of my nature, I could have felt so much sorrow as I endured, when I parted at last, on board this ship, with the friends who had accompanied me from this city. I never thought the name of any place, so far away and so lately known, could ever associate itself in my mind with the crowd of affectionate remembrances that now clustei about it. There are those in this city who would brighten to me, the darkest winter-day that ever glimmered and went out in Lapland; and before whose presence even Home grew dim, when they and I exchanged that painful word which mingles with our every thought and deed; which haunts our cradle-heads in infancy, and closes up the vista of our lives in age.

CHAPTER VII.

PHILADELPHIA, AND ITS SOLITARY PRISON.

THE journey from New-York to Philadelphia is made by railroad and two ferries; and usually occupies between five and six hours. It was a fine evening when we were passengers in the train: and, watching the bright sunset from a little window near the door by which we sat, my attention was attracted to a remarkable appearance issuing from the windows of the gentlemen's car immediately in front of us, which I supposed for some time was occasioned by a number of industrious persons inside ripping open feather-beds, and giving the feathers to the wind. At length it occurred to me that they were only spitting, which was indeed the case, though how any number of passengers which it was possible for that car to contain could have maintained such a playful and incessant shower of expectoration, I am still at a loss to understand, notwithstanding the experience in all salivatory phenomena which I afterward acquired.

I made acquaintance on this journey with a mild and modest young Quaker, who opened the discourse by informing me, in a grave whisper, that his grandfather was the inventor of cold-drawn castor oil. I mention this circumstance here, thinking it probable that this is the first occasion on which the valuable medicine in question was ever used as a conversational aperient.

We reached the city late that night. Looking

out of my chamber window, before going to bed, I saw, on the opposite side of the way, a handsome building of white marble, which had a mournful, ghostlike aspect, dreary to behold. I attributed this to the sombre influence of the night, and on rising in the morning, looked out again, expecting to see its steps and portico thronged with groups of people passing in and out. The door was still tight shut, however; the same cold, cheerless air prevailed; and the buildidg looked as if the marble statue of Don Guzman could alone have any business to transact within its gloomy walls. I hastened to inquire its name and purpose, and then my surprise vanished. It was the tomb of many fortunes, the great catacomb of investment, the United States Bank.

The stoppage of this bank, with all its ruinous consequences, had cast (as I was told on every side) a gloom on Philadelphia, under the depressing effect of which it yet laboured. It certainly did seem rather dull and out of spirits.

It is a handsome city, but distractingly regular. After walking about it for an hour or two, I felt that I would have given the world for a crooked street. The collar of my coat appeared to stiffen, and the brim of my hat to expand, beneath its Quakerly influence. My hair shrunk into a sleek, short crop, my hands folded themselves upon my breast of their own calm accord, and thoughts of taking lodgings in Mark Lane, over against the Market-place, and of making a large fortune by speculations in corn, came over me involuntarily.

Philadelphia is most bountifully provided with fresh water, which is showered and jerked about, and turned on, and poured off, everywhere. The Waterworks, which are on a height near the city, are no less ornamental than useful, being tastefully laid out as a public garden, and kept in the best and neatest order. The river is dammed at this point, and forced by its own power into certain high tanks or reservoirs, whence the whole city, to top stories of the houses, is supplied at a very trifling expense.

There are various public institutions. Among them a most excellent hospital—a Quaker establishment, but not sectarian in the great benefits it confers; a quiet, quaint old library, named after Franklin; a handsome exchange and post-office, and so forth. In connexion with the Quaker hospital, there is a picture by West, which is exhibited for the benefit of the funds of the institution. The subject is our Saviour healing the sick, and it is, perhaps, as favourable a specimen of the master as can be seen anywhere. Whether this be high or low praise depends upon the reader's taste.

In the same room there is a very characteristic and lifelike portrait by Mr. Sully, a distinguished American artist.

My stay in Philadelphia was very short, but what I saw of its society I greatly liked. Treating of its general characteristics, I should be disposed to say that it is more provincial than Boston or New-York, and that there is afloat in the fair city an assumption of taste and criticism, savouring rather of those genteel discussions upon the same themes, in connexion with Shakspeare and the musical glasses, of which we read in the Vicar of Wakefield. Near the city is a most splendid unfinished marble structure for the Girard College, founded by a deceased gentleman of that name and of enormous wealth, which, if completed according to the original design, will be perhaps the richest edifice of modern times. But the bequest is involved in legal disputes, and pending them the work has stopped; so that, like many other great undertakings in America, even this is rather going to be done one of these days than doing now.

In the outskirts stands a great prison, called the Eastern Penitentiary: conducted on a plan peculiar to the state of Pennsylvania. The system here is rigid, strict, and hopeless solitary confinement. I believe it, in its effects, to be cruel and wrong.

In its intention, I am well convinced that it is kind, humane, and meant for reformation; but I am persuaded that those who devised this system of prison discipline, and those benevolent gentlemen who carry it into execution, do not know what it is that they are doing. I believe that very few men are capable of estimating the immense amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers; and, in guessing at it myself, and in reasoning from what I have seen written upon their faces, and what to my certain knowledge they feel within, I am only the more convinced that there is a depth of terrible endurance in it which none but the sufferers themselves can fathom, and which no man has a right to inflict upon his fellow-creature. I hold this slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain, to be immeasurably worse than any torture of the body: and because its ghastly signs and tokens are not so palpable to the eye and sense of touch as scars upon the flesh; because its wounds are not upon the surface, and it extorts few cries that human ears can hear; therefore I the more denounce it, as a secret punishment which slumbering humanity is not roused up to stay. I hesitated once, debating with myself, whether, if I had the power of saying "Yes" or "No," I would allow it to be tried in certain cases, where the terms of imprisonment were short; but now I solemnly declare, that with no rewards or honours could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lie me down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature, for any length of time, no matter what, lay suffering this unknown punishment in his silent cell, and I the cause, or I consenting to it in the least degree.

I was accompanied to this prison by two gentlemen officially connected with its management, and passed the day in going from cell to cell, and talking with the inmates. Every facility was afforded me that the utmost courtesy could suggest. Nothing was concealed or hidden from my view, and every piece of information that I sought was openly and frankly given. The perfect order of the building cannot be praised too highly, and of the excellent motives of all who are immediately concerned in the administration of the system, there can be no kind of question.

Between the body of the prison and the outer wall there is a spacious garden. Entering it by a wicket in the massive gate, we pursued the path before us to its other termination, and passed into a large chamber, from which seven long passages radiate. On either side of each is a long, long row of low cell-doors, with a certain number over every one. Above, a gallery of cells like those below, except that they have no narrow yard attached (as those on the ground tier have), and are somewhat smaller. The possession of two of these is supposed to compensate for the absence of so much air and exercise as can be had in the dull strip attached to each of the others in an hour's time every day; and therefore every pris-

one in this upper story has two cells adjoining and communicating with each other.

Standing at the central point, and looking down these dreary passages, the dull repose and quiet that prevails, is awful. Occasionally, there is a drowsy sound from some lone weaver's shuttle, or shoemaker's last, but it is stifled by the thick walls and heavy dungeon-door, and only serves to make the general stillness more profound. Over the head and face of every prisoner who comes into this melancholy house, a black hood is drawn; and in this dark shroud, an emblem of the curtain dropped between him and the living world, he is led to the cell from which he never again comes forth, until his whole term of imprisonment has expired. He never hears of wife or children; home or friends; the life or death of any single creature. He sees the prison-officers, but with that exception he never looks upon a human countenance, or hears a human voice. He is a man buried alive; to be dug out in the slow round of years; and in the mean time dead to everything but torturing anxieties and horrible despair.

His name, and crime, and term of suffering, are unknown, even to the officer who delivers him his daily food. There is a number over his cell-door, and in a book of which the governor of the prison has one copy, and the moral instructor another: this is the index to his history. Beyond these pages the prison has no record of his existence: and though he live to be in the same cell ten weary years, he has no means of knowing, down to the very last hour, in what part of the building it is situated; what kind of men there are about him; whether in the long winter nights there are living people near, or he is in some lonely corner of the great jail, with walls, and passages, and iron doors between him and the nearest sharer in its solitary horrors.

Every cell has double doors: the outer one of sturdy oak, the other of grated iron, wherein there is a trap through which his food is handed. He has a Bible, and a slate and pencil, and, under certain restrictions, has sometimes other books, provided for the purpose, and pen and ink and paper. His razor, plate, and can, and basin, hang upon the wall, or shine upon the little shelf. Fresh water is laid on in every cell, and he can draw it at his pleasure. During the day, his bedstead turns up against the wall, and leaves more space for him to work in. His loom or bench, or wheel is there, and there he labours, sleeps and wakes, and counts the seasons as they change, and grows old.

The first man I saw, was seated at his loom, at work. He had been there six years, and was to remain, I think, three more. He had been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods, but even after this long imprisonment, denied his guilt, and said he had been hardly dealt by. It was his second offence.

He stopped his work when we went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to everything that was said to him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, and in a low, thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of Dutch clock from some disregarded odds and ends; and his vinegar-bottle served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a good deal of pride, and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he honed the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it "would play music before long." He had extracted some colours from the yarn with which he worked, and painted a few poor figures on the wall. One, of a female, over the door, he called "The Lady of the Lake."

He smiled as I looked at these contrivances to while away the time; but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip trembled, and could have counted the beating of his heart. I forget how it came about, but some allusion was made to his having a wife. He shook his head at the word, turned aside, and covered his face with his hands.

"But you are resigned now!" said one of the gentlemen after a short pause, during which he had resumed his formed manner. He answered with a sigh that seemed quite reckless in its hopelessness, "Oh yes, oh yes! I am resigned to it." "And are a better man, you think?" "Well, I hope so: I'm sure I hope I may be." "And time goes pretty quickly?" "Time is very long, gentlemen, within these four walls!"

He gazed about him—Heaven only knows how wearily!—as he said these words; and in the act of doing so, fell into a strange stare as if he had forgotten something. A moment afterward he sighed heavily, put on his spectacles, and went about his work again.

In another cell, there was a German, sentenced to five years' imprisonment for larceny, two of which had just expired. With colours procured in the same manner, he had painted every inch of the walls and ceiling quite beautifully. He had laid out the few feet of ground, behind, with exquisite neatness, and had made a little bed in the centre, that looked, by-the-by, like a grave. The taste and ingenuity he had displayed in everything were most extraordinary; and yet a more rejected, heart-broken, wretched creature, it would be difficult to imagine. I never saw such a picture of forlorn affliction and distress of mind. My heart bled for him; and when the tears ran down his cheeks, and he took one of the visiters aside, to ask, with his trembling hands nervously clutching at his coat to detain him, whether there was no hope of his dismal sentence being commuted, the spectacle was really too painful to witness. I never saw or heard of any kind of misery that impressed me more than the wretchedness of this man.

In a third cell, was a tall, strong black, a burglar, working at his proper trade of making screws and the like. His time was nearly out. He was not only a very dexterous thief, but was notorious for his boldness and hardihood, and for the number of his previous convictions. He entertained us with a long account of his achievements, which he narrated with such infinite relish, that he actually seemed to lick his lips as he told us racy anecdotes of stolen plate, and of old ladies whom he had watched as they sat at windows in silver spectacles (he had plainly had an eye to their metal even from the other side of the street), and had afterward robbed. This fellow, upon the slightest encouragement, would have mingled with his professional recollections the most detestable cant; but I am very much mistaken if he could have surpassed the unmitigated hypocrisy with which he declared that he blessed the day on which he came into that prison, and that he never would commit another robbery as long as he lived.

There was one man who was allowed, as an indulgence, to keep rabbits. His room having rather a close smell in consequence, they called

to him at the door to come out into the passage. He complied, of course, and stood shading his haggard face in the unwonted sunlight of the great window, looking as wan and unearthly as if he had been summoned from the grave. He had a white rabbit in his breast; and when the little creature, getting down upon the ground, stole back into the cell, and he, being dismissed, crept timidly after it, I thought it would have been very hard to say in what respect the man was the nobler animal of the two.

There was an English thief, who had been there but a few days out of seven years; a villanous, low-browed, thin-lipped fellow, with a white face, who had, as yet, no relish for visiters, and who, but for the additional penalty, would have gladly stabbed me with his shoemaker's knife. There was another German who had entered the jail but yesterday, and who started from his bed when we looked in, and pleaded, in his broken English, very hard for work. There was a poet, who, after doing two days' work in every four-and-twenty hours, one for himself and one for the prison, wrote verses about ships (he was by trade a mariner), and "the maddening wine-cup," and his friends at home. There were very many of them. Some reddened at the sight of visiters, and some turned very pale. Some two or three had prisoner nurses with them, for they were very sick; and one, a fat old negro, whose leg had been taken off within the jail, had for his attendant a classical scholar and an accomplished surgeon, himself a prisoner likewise. Sitting upon the stairs, engaged in some slight work, was a pretty coloured boy. "Is there no refuge for young criminals in Philadelphia, then?" said I. "Yes, but only for white children." Noble aristocracy in crime!

There was a sailor who had been there upward of eleven years, and who in a few months' time would be free. Eleven years of solitary confinement!

"I am very glad to hear your time is nearly out." What does he say? Nothing. Why does he stare at his hands, and pick the flesh upon his fingers, and raise his eyes for an instant, every now and then, to those bare walls which have seen his head turn gray? It is a way he has sometimes.

Does he never look men in the face, and does he always pluck at those hands of his, as though he were bent on parting skin and bone? It is his humour: nothing more.

It is his humour too, to say that he does not look forward to going out; that he is not glad the time is drawing near; that he did look forward to it once, but that was very long ago; that he has lost all care for everything. It is his humour to be a helpless, crushed, and broken man. And Heaven be his witness that he has his humour thoroughly gratified!

There were three young women in adjoining cells, all convicted at the same time of a conspiracy to rob their prosecutor. In the silence and solitude of their lives they had grown to be quite beautiful. Their looks were very sad, and might have moved the sternest visiter to tears, but not to that kind of sorrow which the contemplation of the men awakens. One was a young girl, not twenty, as I recollect, whose snow-white room was hung with the work of some former prisoner, and upon whose downcast face the sun in all its splendour shone down through the high chink in the wall, where one narrow strip of bright blue sky was visible. She was very penitent and quiet; had come to be resigned, she said (and I believe her), and had a mind at peace. "In a word, you are happy here?" said one of my companions. She struggled—she did struggle very hard—to answer, Yes; but raising her eyes, and meeting that glimpse of freedom overhead, she burst into tears, and said, "She tried to be; she uttered no complaint; but it was natural that she should sometimes long to go out of that one cell; she could not help *that*:" she sobbed, poor thing!

I went from cell to cell that day; and every face I saw, or word I heard, or incident I noted, is present to my mind in all its painfulness. But let me pass them by, for one, more pleasant, glance of a prison on the same plan which I afterward saw at Pittsburgh.

When I had gone over that, in the same manner, I asked the governor if he had any person in his charge who was shortly going out. He had one, he said, whose time was up next day; but he had only been a prisoner two years.

Two years! I looked back through two years in my own life—out of jail, prosperous, happy, surrounded by blessings, comforts, and good fortune—and thought how wide a gap it was, and how long those two years passed in solitary captivity would have been. I have the face of this man, who was going to be released next day, before me now. It is almost more memorable in its happiness than the other faces in their misery. How easy and how natural it was for him to say that the system was a good one; and that the time went "pretty quick—considering;" and that when a man once felt he had offended the law, and must satisfy it, "he got along, somehow:" and so forth!

"What did he call you back to say to you, in that strange flutter?" I asked of my conductor, when he had locked the door and joined me in the passage.

"Oh! That he was afraid the soles of his boots were not fit for walking, as they were a good deal worn when he came in; and that he would thank me very much to have them mended, ready."

Those boots had been taken off his feet, and put away with the rest of his clothes, two years before!

I took that opportunity of inquiring how they conducted themselves immediately before going out; adding, that I presumed they trembled very much.

"Well, it's not so much a trembling," was the answer—"though they do quiver—as a complete derangement of the nervous system. They can't sign their names to the book; sometimes can't even hold the pen; look about 'em without appearing to know why, or where they are; and sometimes get up and sit down again twenty times in a minute. This is when they're in the office, where they are taken with the hood on, as they were brought in. When they get outside the gate, they stop, and look first one way and then the other, not knowing which to take. Sometimes they stagger as if they were drunk, and sometimes are forced to lean against the fence, they're so bad; but they clear off in course of time."

As I walked among these solitary cells, and looked at the faces of the men within them, I tried to picture to myself the thoughts and feelings natural to their condition. I imagined the hood just taken off, and the scene of their captivity disclosed to them in all its dismal monotony.

At first, the man is stunned. His confinement is a hideous vision, and his old life a reality. He throws himself upon his bed, and lies there abandoned to despair. By degrees the insupportable solitude and barrenness of the place rouses him from this stupor, and when the trap in his grated door is opened, he humbly begs and prays for work. "Give me some work to do, or I shall go raving mad!"

He has it; and by fits and starts applies himself to labour; but every now and then there comes upon him a burning sense of the years that must be wasted in that stone coffin, and an agony so piercing in the recollection of those who are hidden from his view and knowledge, that he starts from his seat, and striding up and down the narrow room with both hands clasped on his uplifted head, hears spirits tempting him to beat his brains out on the wall.

Again he falls upon his bed, and lies there, moaning. Suddenly he starts up, wondering whether any other man is near; whether there is another cell like that on either side of him; and listens keenly.

There is no sound, but other prisoners may be near for all that. He remembers to have heard once, when he little thought of coming here himself, that the cells were so constructed that the prisoners could not hear each other, though the officers could hear them. Where is the nearest man—upon the right or on the left? or is there one in both directions? Where is he sitting now—with his face to the light? or is he walking to and fro? How is he dressed? Has he been here long? Is he much worn away? Is he very white and spectre-like? Does *he* think of his neighbour too?

Scarcely venturing to breathe, and listening while he thinks, he conjures up a figure with its back towards him, and imagines it moving about in this next cell. He has no idea of the face, but he is certain of the dark form of a stooping man. In the cell upon the other side he puts another figure, whose face is hidden from him also. Day after day, and often when he wakes up in the middle of the night, he thinks of these two men until he is almost distracted. He never changes them. There they are always as he first imagined them—an old man on the right, a younger man upon the left—whose hidden features torture him to death, and have a mystery that makes him tremble.

The weary days pass on with solemn pace, like mourners at a funeral; and slowly he begins to feel that the white walls of the cell have something dreadful in them: that their colour is horrible; that their smooth surface chills his blood: that there is one hateful corner which torments him. Every morning when he wakes, he hides his head beneath the coverlet, and shudders to see the ghastly ceiling looking down upon him. The blessed light of day itself peeps in, an ugly phantom face, through the unchangeable crevice which is his prison window.

By slow but sure degrees, the terrors of that hateful corner swell until they beset him at all times; invade his rest, make his dreams hideous, and his nights dreadful. At first, he took a strange dislike to it: feeling as though it gave birth in his brain to something of corresponding shape, which ought not to be there, and racked his head with pains. Then he began to fear it, then to dream of it, and of men whispering its name and pointing to it. Then he could not bear to look at it, nor yet to turn his back upon it. Now, it is every night the lurking-place of a ghost; a shadow; a silent something, horrible to see, but whether bird, or beast, or muffled human shape, he cannot tell.

When he is in his cell by day, he fears the little yard without. When he is in the yard, he dreads to re-enter the cell. When night comes, there stands the phantom in the corner. If he have the courage to stand in its place, and drive it out (he had once, being desperate), it broods upon his bed. In the twilight, and always at the same hour, a voice calls to him by name; as the darkness thickens his Loom begins to live; and even that, his comfort, is a hideous figure, watching him till daybreak.

Again, by slow degrees, these horrible fancies depart from him one by one; returning sometimes, unexpectedly, but at longer intervals, and in less alarming shapes. He has talked upon religious matters with the gentleman who visits him, and has read his Bible, and has written a prayer upon his slate, and hung it up, as a kind of protection, and an assurance of Heavenly companionship. He dreams now, sometimes, of his children or his wife, but is sure that they are dead or have deserted him. He is easily moved to tears; is gentle, submissive, and broken-spirited. Occasionally, the old agony comes back: a very little thing will revive it; even a familiar sound, or the scent of summer flowers in the air; but it does not last long, now; for the world without, has come to be the vision, and this solitary life, the sad reality.

If his term of imprisonment be short—I mean comparatively, for short it cannot be—the last half year is almost worse than all; for then he thinks the prison will take fire and he be burned in the ruins, or that he is doomed to die within the walls, or that he will be detained on some false charge and sentenced for another term: or that something, no matter what, must happen to prevent his going at large. And this is natural and impossible to be reasoned against, because, after his long separation from human life, and his great suffering, any event will appear to him more probable in the contemplation, than the being restored to liberty and his fellow-creatures.

If his period of confinement have been very long, the prospect of release bewilders and confuses him. His broken heart may flutter for a moment, when he thinks of the world outside, and what it might have been to him in all those lonely years, but that is all. The cell-door has been closed too long on all its hopes and cares. Better to have hanged him in the beginning than bring him to this pass, and send him forth to mingle with his kind, who are his kind no more.

On the haggard face of every man among these prisoners, the same expression sat. I know not what to liken it to. It had something of that strained attention which we see upon the faces of the blind and deaf, mingled with a kind of horror, as though they had all been secretly terrified. In every little chamber that I entered, and at every grate through which I looked, I seemed to see the same appalling countenance. It lives in my memory with the fascination of a remarkable picture. Parade before my eyes a hundred men, with one among them newly released from this solitary suffering, and I would point him out.

The faces of the women, as I have said, it humanizes and refines. Whether this be, because of their better nature, which is elicited in solitude, or because of their being gentler creatures,

of greater patience and longer suffering, I do not know; but so it is. That the punishment is nevertheless, to my thinking, fully as cruel and as wrong in their case as in that of the men, I need scarcely add.

My firm conviction is that, independent of the mental anguish it occasions—an anguish so acute and so tremendous, that all imagination of it must fall far short of the reality—it wears the mind into a morbid state, which renders it unfit for the rough contact and busy action of the world. It is my fixed opinion that those who have undergone this punishment, MUST pass into society again morally unhealthy and diseased. There are many instances on record, of men who have chosen, or have been condemned, to lives of perfect solitude, but I scarcely remember one, even among sages of strong and vigorous intellect, where its effect has not become apparent, in some disordered train of thought, or some gloomy hallucination. What monstrous phantoms, bred of despondency and doubt, and born and reared in solitude, have stalked upon the earth, making creation ugly, and darkening the face of Heaven!

Suicides are rare among these prisoners; are almost, indeed, unknown. But no argument in favour of the system can reasonably be deduced from this circumstance, although it is very often urged. All men who have made diseases of the mind their study, know perfectly well that such extreme depression and despair as will change the whole character, and beat down all its powers of elasticity and self-resistance, may be at work within a man, and yet stop short of self-destruction. This is a common case.

That it makes the senses dull, and by degrees impairs the bodily faculties, I am quite sure. I remarked to those who were with me in this very establishment at Philadelphia, that the criminals who had been there long were deaf. They who were in the habit of seeing these men constantly were perfectly amazed at the idea, which they regarded as groundless and fanciful. And yet, the very first prisoner to whom they appealed—one of their own selection—confirmed my impression (which was unknown to him) instantly, and said, with a genuine air it was impossible to doubt, that he couldn't think how it happened, but he *was* growing very dull of hearing.

That it is a singularly unequal punishment, and affects the worst man least, there is no doubt. In its superior efficacy as a means of reformation, compared with that other code of regulations which allows the prisoners to work in company without communicating together, I have not the smallest faith. All the instances of reformation that were mentioned to me were of a kind that might have been—and I have no doubt whatever, in my own mind, would have been—equally well brought about by the Silent System. With regard to such men as the negro burglar and the English thief, even the most enthusiastic have scarcely any hope of their conversion.

It seems to me that the objection that nothing wholesome or good has ever had its growth in such unnatural solitude, and that even a dog or any of the more intelligent among beasts would pine, and mope, and rust away beneath its influence, would be in itself a sufficient argument against this system. But when we recollect, in addition, how very cruel and severe it is, and that a solitary life is always liable to peculiar and distinct objections of a most deplorable nature, which have arisen here; and call to mind, moreover, that the choice is not between this system and a bad or ill-considered one, but between it and another which has worked well, and is, in its whole design and practice, excellent; there is surely more than sufficient reason for abandoning a mode of punishment attended by so little hope or promise, and fraught beyond dispute with such a host of evils.

As a relief to its contemplation, I will close this chapter with a curious story, arising out of the same theme, which was related to me, on the occasion of this visit, by some of the gentlemen concerned.

At one of the periodical meetings of the inspectors of this prison, a working man of Philadelphia presented himself before the Board, and earnestly requested to be placed in solitary confinement. On being asked what motive could possibly prompt him to make this strange demand, he answered that he had an irresistible propensity to get drunk; that he was constantly indulging it, to his great misery and ruin; that he had no power of resistance; that he wished to be put beyond the reach of temptation; and that he could think of no better way than this. It was pointed out to him, in reply, that the prison was for criminals who had been tried and sentenced by the law, and could not be made available for any such fanciful purposes; he was exhorted to abstain from intoxicating drinks, as he surely might if he would; and received other very good advice, with which he retired, exceedingly dissatisfied with the result of his application.

He came again, and again, and again, and was so very earnest and importunate, that at last they took counsel together, and said, "He will certainly qualify himself for admission, if we reject him any more. Let us shut him up. He will soon be glad to go away, and then we shall get rid of him." So they made him sign a statement which would prevent his ever sustaining an action for false imprisonment, to the effect that his incarceration was voluntary, and of his own seeking; they requested him to take notice that the officer in attendance had orders to release him at any hour of the day or night when he might knock upon his door for that purpose; but desired him to understand that, once going out, he would not be admitted any more. These conditions agreed upon, and he still remaining in the same mind, he was conducted to the prison, and shut up in one of the cells.

In this cell, the man who had not the firmness to leave a glass of liquor standing untasted on a table before him—in this cell, in solitary confinement, and working every day at his trade of shoemaking, this man remained nearly two years. His health beginning to fail at the expiration of that time, the surgeon recommended that he should work occasionally in the garden; and as he liked the notion very much, he went about this new occupation with great cheerfulness.

He was digging here, one summer day, very industriously, when the wicket in the outer gate chanced to be left open; showing, beyond, the well-remembered dusty road and sunburnt fields. The way was as free to him as to any man living, but he no sooner raised his head and caught sight of it, all shining in the light, than, with the involuntary instinct of a prisoner, he cast away his spade, scampered off as fast as his

legs would carry him, and never once looked back.

CHAPTER VIII.

WASHINGTON. — THE LEGISLATURE. — AND THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

We left Philadelphia by steamboat at six o'clock one very cold morning, and turned our faces towards Washington.

In the course of this day's journey, as on subsequent occasions, we encountered some Englishmen (small farmers, perhaps, or country publicans at home) who were settled in America, and were travelling on their own affairs. Of all grades and kinds of men that jostle one in the public conveyances of the States, these are often the most intolerable and the most insufferable companions. United to every disagreeable characteristic that the worst kind of American travellers possess, these countrymen of ours display an amount of insolent conceit and cool assumption of superiority quite monstrous to behold. In the coarse familiarity of their approach, and the effrontery of their inquisitiveness (which they are in great haste to assert, as if they panted to revenge themselves upon the decent old restraints of home), they surpass any native specimens that came within my range of observation; and I often grew so patriotic when I saw and heard them, that I would cheerfully have submitted to a reasonable fine, if I could have given any other country in the whole world the honour of claiming them for its children.

As Washington may be called the headquarters of tobacco-tinctured saliva, the time is come when I must confess, without any disguise, that the prevalence of those two odious practices of chewing and expectorating began about this time to be anything but agreeable, and soon became most offensive and sickening. In all the public places of America this filthy custom is recognised. In the courts of law, the judge has his spittoon, the crier his, the witness his, and the prisoner his: while the jurymen and spectators are provided for, as so many men who, in the course of nature, must desire to spit incessantly. In the hospitals, the students of medicine are requested, by notices upon the wall, to eject their tobacco juice into the boxes provided for that purpose, and not to discolour the stairs. In public buildings visiters are implored, through the same agency, to squirt the essence of their quids, or "plugs," as I have heard them called by gentlemen learned in this kind of sweetmeat, into the national spittoons, and not about the bases of the marble colums. But in some parts this custom is inseparably mixed up with every meal and morning call, and with all the transactions of social life. The stranger, who follows in the track I took myself, will find it in its full bloom and glory, luxuriant in all its alarming recklessness, at Washington. And let him not persuade himself (as I once did, to my shame) that previous tourists have exaggerated its extent. The thing itself is an exaggeration of nastiness, which cannot be outdone.

On board this steamboat, there were two young gentlemen, with shirt-collars reversed as usual, and armed with very big walking sticks; who planted two seats in the middle of the deck, at a distance of some four paces apart; took out their tobacco-boxes, and sat down opposite each other, to chew. In less than a quarter of an hour's time, these hopeful youths had shed about them on the clean boards, a copious shower of yellow rain: clearing, by that means, a kind of magic circle, within whose limits no intruders dared to come, and which they never failed to refresh and refresh before a spot was dry. This being before breakfast, rather disposed me, I confess, to nausea; but looking attentively at one of the expectorators, I plainly saw that he was young in chewing, and felt inwardly uneasy, himself. A glow of delight came over me at this discovery; and as I marked his face turn paler and paler, and saw the ball of tobacco in his left cheek, quiver with his suppressed agony, while yet he spat, and chewed, and spat again, in emulation of his older friend, I could have fallen on his neck and implored him to go on for hours.

We all sat down to a comfortable breakfast in the cabin below, where there was no more hurry or confusion than at such a meal in England, and where there was certainly greater politeness exhibited than at most of our stage-coach banquets. At about nine o'clock we arrived at the railroad station, and went on by the cars. At noon we turned out again, to cross a wide river in another steamboat; landed at a continuation of the railroad on the opposite shore, and went on by other cars; in which, in the course of the next hour or so, we crossed, by wooden bridges, each a mile in length, two creeks, called respectively Great and little Gunpowder. The water in both was blackened with flights of canvass-backed ducks, which are most delicious eating, and abound hereabout at that season of the year.

These bridges are of wood, have no parapet, and are only just wide enough for the passage of the trains; which, in the event of the smallest accident, would inevitably be plunged into the river. They are startling contrivances, and are most agreeable when passed.

We stopped to dine at Baltimore, and being now in Maryland, were waited on, for the first time, by slaves. The sensation of exacting any service from human creatures who are bought and sold, and being, for the time, a party as it were to their condition, is not an enviable one. The institution exists, perhaps, in its least repulsive and most mitigated form in such a town as this; but it *is* slavery; and though I was, with respect to it, an innocent man, its presence filled me with a sense of shame and self-reproach.

After dinner, we went down to the railroad again, and took our seats in the cars for Washington. Being rather early, those men and boys who happened to have nothing particular to do, and were curious in foreigners, came (according to custom) round the carriage in which I sat; let down all the windows; thrust in their heads and shoulders; hooked themselves on conveniently, by their elbows; and fell to comparing notes on the subject of my personal appearance, with as much indifference as if I were a stuffed figure. I never gained so much uncompromising information with reference to my own nose and eyes, the various impressions wrought by my mouth and chin on different minds, and how my head looks when it is viewed from behind, as on these occasions. Some gentlemen were only satisfied by exercising their sense of touch; and the boys (who are surprisingly precocious in America) were seldom satisfied, even by that, but would return to the charge over and over again. Many a budding president has walked into my room

with his cap on his head and his hands in his pockets, and stared at me for two whole hours: occasionally refreshing himself with a tweak at his nose, or a draught from the water-jug; or by walking to the windows and inviting other boys in the street below, to come up and do likewise: crying, "here he is!" "come on!" "bring all your brothers!" with other hospitable entreaties of that nature.

We reached Washington at about half past six that evening, and had upon the way a beautiful view of the Capitol, which is a fine building of the Corinthian order, and placed upon a noble and commanding eminence. Arrived at the hotel, I saw no more of the place that night; being very tired, and glad to get to bed.

Breakfast over next morning, I walk about the streets for an hour or two, and, coming home, throw up the window in the front and back, and look out. Here is Washington, fresh in my mind and under my eye.

Take the worst parts of the city road and Pentonville, preserving all their oddities, but especially the small shops and dwellings, occupied there (but not in Washington) by furniture brokers, keepers of poor eating-houses, and fanciers of birds. Burn the whole down; build it up again in wood and plaster; widen it a little: throw in part of St. John's wood; put green blinds outside all the private houses, with a red curtain and a white one in every window; plough up all the roads; plant a great deal of coarse turf in every place where it ought not to be; erect three handsome buildings in stone and marble, anywhere, but the more entirely out of everybody's way the better; call one the Post Office, one the Patent Office, and one the Treasury; make it scorching hot in the morning, and freezing cold in the afternoon, with an occasional tornado of wind and dust; leave a brick-field without the bricks, in all central places where a street may naturally be expected: and that is Washington.

The hotel in which we live, is a long row of small houses fronting on the street, and opening at the back upon a common yard, in which hangs a great triangle. Whenever a servant is wanted, somebody beats on this triangle from one stroke up to seven, according to the number of the house in which his presence is required: and as all the servants are always being wanted, and none of them ever come, this enlivening engine is in full performance the whole day through. Clothes are drying in the same yard; female slaves, with cotton handkerchiefs twisted round their heads, are running to and fro on the hotel business; black waiters cross and recross with dishes in their hands; two great dogs are playing upon a mound of loose bricks in the centre of the little square; a pig is turning up his stomach to the sun, and grunting "that's comfortable!" and neither the men, nor the women, nor the dogs, nor the pig, nor any created creature, takes the smallest notice of the triangle, which is tingling madly all the time.

I walk to the front window, and look across the road upon a long, straggling row of houses, one story high, terminating, nearly opposite, but a little to the left, in a melancholy piece of waste ground with frowzy grass, which looks like a small piece of country that has taken to drinking, and has quite lost itself. Standing anyhow and all wrong, upon this open space, like something meteoric that has fallen down from the moon, is an odd, lop-sided, one-eyed kind of wooden building, that looks like a church, with a flagstaff as long as itself sticking out of a steeple something larger than a tea-chest. Under the window, is a small stand of coaches, whose slave-drivers are sunning themselves on the steps of our door, and talking idly together. The three most obtrusive houses near at hand, are the three meanest. On one—a shop, which never has anything in the window, and never has the door open—is painted in large characters, "The City Lunch." At another, which looks like the backway to somewhere else, but is an independent building in itself, oysters are procurable in every style. At the third, which is a very, very little tailor's shop, pants are fixed to order: or, in other words, pantaloons are made to measure. And that is our street in Washington.

It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol, that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing, and lead nowhere; streets, mile-long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament, are its leading features. One might fancy the season over, and most of the houses gone out of town forever with their masters. To the admirers of cities it is a Barmecide Feast; a pleasant field for the imagination to rove in; a monument raised to a deceased object, with not even a legible inscription to record its departed greatness.

Such as it is, it is likely to remain. It was originally chosen for the seat of Government, as a means of averting the conflicting jealousies and interests of the different States; and very probably, too, as being remote from mobs: a consideration not to be slighted, even in America. It has no trade or commerce of its own: having little or no population beyond the President and his establishment; the members of the legislature who reside there during the session; the Government clerks and officers employed in the various departments; the keepers of the hotels and boarding-houses; and the tradesmen who supply their tables. It is very unhealthy. Few people would live in Washington, I take it, who were not obliged to reside there; and the tides of emigration and speculation, those rapid and regardless currents, are little likely to flow at any time towards such dull and sluggish water.

The principal features of the Capitol are, of course, the two Houses of Assembly. But there is, besides, in the centre of the building, a fine rotunda, ninety-six feet in diameter, and ninety-six high, whose circular wall is divided into compartments, ornamented by historical pictures. Four of these have for their subjects prominent events in the revolutionary struggle. They were painted by Colonel Trumbull, himself a member of Washington's staff at the time of their occurrence; from which circumstance they derive a peculiar interest of their own. In this same hall Mr. Greenough's large statue of Washington has been lately placed. It has great merits of course, but it struck me as being rather strained and violent for its subject. I could wish, however, to have seen it in a better light than it ever can be viewed in, where it stands.

There is a very pleasant and commodious library in the Capitol; and, from a balcony in front, the bird's-eye view, of which I have just spoken, may be had, together with a beautiful prospect of the adjacent country. In one of the ornamented portions of the building, there is a figure of Justice; whereunto the Guide Book says, "the artist first contemplated giving more of nudity, but he was warned that the public sentiment in this country would not admit of it, and in his caution he has gone, perhaps, into the opposite extreme." Poor Justice! she has been made to wear much stranger garments in America than those she pines in, in the Capitol. Let us hope that she has changed her dress-maker since they were fashioned, and that the public sentiment of the country did not cut out the clothes she hides her lovely figure in, just now.

The House of Representatives is a beautiful and spacious hall, of semi-circular shape, supported by handsome pillars. One part of the gallery is appropriated to the ladies, and there they sit in front rows, and come in, and go out, as at a play or concert. The chair is canopied, and raised considerably above the floor of the House; and every member has an easy chair and a writing-desk to himself; which is denounced by some people out of doors as a most unfortunate and injudicious arrangement, tending to long sitting and prosaic speeches. It is an elegant chamber to look at, but a singularly bad one for all purposes of hearing. The Senate, which is smaller, is free from this objection, and is exceedingly well adapted to the uses for which it is designed. The sittings, I need hardly add, take place in the day; and the parliamentary forms are modelled on those of the old country.

I was sometimes asked, in my progress through other places, whether I had not been very much impressed by the *heads* of the lawmakers at Washington; meaning not their chiefs and leaders, but literally their individual and personal heads, whereon their hair grew, and whereby the phrenological character of each legislator was expressed: and I almost as often struck my questioner dumb with indignant consternation by answering "No, that I didn't remember being at all overcome." As I must, at whatever hazard, repeat the avowal here, I will follow it up by relating my impressions on this subject in as few words as possible.

In the first place—it may be from some imperfect development of my organ of veneration—I do not remember having ever fainted away, or having even been moved to tears of joyful pride, at sight of any legislative body. I have borne the House of Commons like a man, and have yielded to no weakness, but slumber, in the House of Lords. I have seen elections for borough and county, and have never been impelled (no matter which party won) to damage my hat by throwing it up into the air in triumph, or to crack my voice by shouting forth any reference to our Glorious Constitution, to the noble purity of our independent voters, or the unimpeachable integrity of our independent members. Having withstood such strong attacks upon my fortitude, it is possible that I may be of a cold and insensible temperament, amounting to iciness, in such matters; and therefore my impressions of the live pillars of the Capitol at Washington must be received with such grains of allowance as this free confession may seem to demand.

Did I see in this public body, an assemblage of men, bound together in the sacred names of Liberty and Freedom, and so asserting the chaste dignity of those twin goddesses, in all their discussions, as to exalt at once the Eternal Principles to which their names are given, and their own character, and the character of their countrymen, in the admiring eyes of the whole world?

It was but a week, since an aged, gray-haired man, a lasting honour to the land that gave him birth, who has done good service to his country, as his forefathers did, and who will be remembered scores upon scores of years after the worms bred in its corruption, are but so many grains of dust—it was but a week, since this old man had stood for days upon his trial before this very body, charged with having dared to assert the infamy of that traffic, which has, for its accursed merchandize, men and women, and their unborn children. Yes. And publicly exhibited in the same city all the while; gilded, framed and glazed; hung up for general admiration; shown to strangers, not with shame, but pride; its face not turned towards the wall, itself not taken down and burned; is the Unanimous Declaration of the The Thirteen United States of America, which solemnly declares that All Men are created Equal; and are endowed by their Creator with the Inalienable Rights of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness!

It was not a month, since this same body had sat calmly by, and heard a man, one of themselves, with oaths, which beggars in their drink reject, threaten to cut another's throat from ear to ear. There he sat, among them; not crushed by the general feeling of the assembly, but as good a man as any.

There was but a week to come, and another of that body, for doing his duty to those who sent him there; for claiming in a Republic the Liberty and Freedom of expressing their sentiments, and making known their prayer; would be tried, found guilty, and have strong censure passed upon him by the rest. His was a grave offence indeed; for years before, he had risen up and said, "A gang of male and female slaves for sale, warranted to breed like cattle, linked to each other by iron fetters, are passing now along the open street beneath the windows of your Temple of Equality! Look!" But there are many kinds of hunters engaged in the Pursuit of Happiness, and they go variously armed. It is the Inalienable Right of some among them, to take the field after *their* Happiness, equipped with cat and cartwhip, stocks, and iron collar, and to shout their view halloa! (always in praise of Liberty), to the music of clanking chains and bloody stripes.

Where sat the many legislators of coarse threats; of words and blows such as coal-heavers deal upon each other, when they forgot their breeding? On every side. Every session had its anecdotes of that kind, and the actors were all there.

Did I recognise in this assembly, a body of men, who applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty ways to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their Country?

I saw in them, the wheels that move the meanest perversion of virtuous Political Machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections; under-handed tamperings with public officers; cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields,

and hired pens for daggers; shameful truckling to mercenary knaves whose claim to be considered, is, that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are the dragon's teeth of yore, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences: such things as these, and in a word, Dishonest Faction in its most depraved and most unblushing form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall.

Did I see among them, the intelligence and refinement: the true, honest, patriotic heart of America? Here and there, were drops of its blood and life, but they scarcely coloured the stream of desperate adventurers which sets that way for profit and for pay. It is the game of these men, and of their profligate organs, to make the strife of politics so fierce and brutal, and so destructive of all self-respect in worthy men, that sensitive and delicate-minded persons shall be kept aloof, and they, and such as they, be left to battle out their selfish views, unchecked. And thus this lowest of all scrambling fights goes on, and they who in other countries would, from their intelligence and station, most aspire to make laws, do here recoil the farthest from that degradation.

That there are, among the representatives of the people in both houses, and among all parties, some men of high character and great abilities, I need not say. The foremost among these politicians who are known in Europe, have been already described, and I see no reason to depart from the rule I have laid down for my guidance, of abstaining from all mention of individuals. It will be sufficient to add, that to the most favourable accounts that have been written of them, I more than fully and most heartily subscribe; and that personal intercourse and free communication have bred within me, not the result predicted in the very doubtful proverb, but increased admiration and respect. They are striking men to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in varied accomplishments, Indians in fire of eye and gesture, Americans in strong and generous impulse; and they as well represent the honour and wisdom of their country at home, as the distinguished gentleman who is now its minister at the British Court sustains its highest character abroad.

I visited both houses nearly every day, during my stay in Washington. On my initiatory visit to the House of Representatives, they divided against a decision of the chair; but the chair won. The second time I went, the member who was speaking, being interrupted by a laugh, mimicked it, as one child would in quarrelling with another, and added, "that he would make honourable gentlemen opposite, sing out a little more on the other side of their mouths presently." But interruptions are rare; the speaker being usually heard in silence. There are more quarrels than with us, and more threatenings than gentlemen are accustomed to exchange in any civilized society of which we have record; but farmyard imitations have not as yet been imported from the Parliament of the United Kingdom. The feature in oratory which appears to be the most practised, and most relished, is the constant repetition of the same idea or shadow of an idea in fresh words; and the inquiry out of doors is not, "What did he say?" but, "How long did he speak?" These, however, are but enlargements of a principle which prevails elsewhere.

The Senate is a dignified and decorous body, and its proceedings are conducted with much gravity and order. Both houses are handsomely carpeted; but the state to which these carpets are reduced by the universal disregard of the spittoon with which every honourable member is accommodated, and the extraordinary improvements on the pattern which are squirted and dabbled upon it in every direction, do not admit of being described. I will merely observe, that I strongly recommend all strangers not to look at the floor; and if they happen to drop anything, though it be their purse, not to pick it up with an ungloved hand on any account.

It is somewhat remarkable, too, at first, to say the least, to see so many honourable members with swelled faces; and it is scarcely less remarkable to discover that this appearance is caused by the quantity of tobacco they contrive to stow within the hollow of the cheek. It is strange enough too, to see an honourable gentleman leaning back in his tilted chair with his legs on the desk before him, shaping a convenient "plug" with his penknife, and when it is quite ready for use, shooting the old one from his mouth, as from a pop-gun, and clapping the new one in its place.

I was surprised to observe that even steady old chewers of great experience, are not always good marksmen, which has rather inclined me to doubt that general proficiency with the rifle, of which we have heard so much in England. Several gentlemen called upon me who, in the course of conversation, frequently missed the spittoon at five paces; and one (but he was certainly short-sighted) mistook the closed sash for the open window, at three. On another occasion, when I dined out, and was sitting with two ladies and some gentlemen round a fire before dinner, one of the company fell short of the fireplace six distinct times. I am disposed to think, however, that this was occasioned by his not aiming at that object; as there was a white marble hearth before the fender, which was more convenient, and may have suited his purpose better.

The Patent Office at Washington, furnishes an extraordinary example of American enterprise and ingenuity; for the immense number of models it contains, are the accumulated inventions of only five years: the whole of the previous collection having been destroyed by fire. The elegant structure in which they are arranged, is one of design rather than execution, for there is but one side erected out of four, though the works are stopped. The Post Office is a very compact, and very beautiful building. In one of the departments, among a collection of rare and curious articles, are deposited the presents which have been made from time to time to the American ambassadors at foreign courts by the various potentates to whom they were the accredited agents of the Republic: gifts which by the law they are not permitted to retain. I confess that I looked upon this as a very painful exhibition, and one by no means flattering to the national standard of honesty and honour. That can scarcely be a high state of moral feeling which imagines a gentleman of repute and station, likely to be corrupted, in the discharge of his duty, by the present of a snuff-box, or a richly-mounted sword, or an Eastern shawl: and surely the Nation who reposes confidence in her appointed servants, is likely to be better served, than she who makes them the subject of such very mean and paltry suspicions.

At George Town, in the suburbs, there is a Jesuit College; delightfully situated, and, so far as I had an opportunity of seeing, well managed. Many persons who are not members of the Romish Church, avail themselves, I believe, of these institutions, and of the advantageous opportunities they afford for the education of their children. The heights in this neighbourhood, above the Potomac River, are very picturesque; and are free, I should conceive, from some of the insalubrities of Washington. The air, at that elevation, was quite cool and refreshing, when in the city it was burning hot.

The President's mansion is more like an English club-house, both within and without, than any other kind of establishment with which I can compare it. The ornamental ground about it has been laid out in garden walks; they are pretty, and agreeable to the eye; though they have that uncomfortable air of having been made yesterday, which is far from favourable to the display of such beauties.

My first visit to this house was on the morning after my arrival, when I was carried thither by an official gentleman, who was so kind as to charge himself with my presentation to the President.

We entered a large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell which nobody answered, walked without farther ceremony through the rooms on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, and their hands in their pockets) were doing very leisurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were showing the premises; others were lounging on the chairs and sofas; others, in a perfect state of exhaustion from listlessness, were yawning drearily. The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there, that anybody knew of. A few were closely eying the movables, as if to make sure that the President (who was far from popular) had not made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit.

After glancing at these loungers; who were scattered over a pretty drawing-room, opening upon a terrace which commanded a beautiful prospect of the river and the adjacent country; and who were sauntering, too, about a larger state room called the Eastern Drawing-room; we went up stairs into another chamber, where were certain visiters, waiting for audiences. At sight of my conductor, a black in plain clothes and yellow slippers who was gliding noiselessly about, and whispering messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a sign of recognition, and glided off to announce him.

We had previously looked into another chamber fitted all round with a great bare wooden desk or counter, whereon lay files of newspapers, to which sundry gentlemen were referring. But there were no such means of beguiling the time in this apartment, which was as unpromising and tiresome as any waiting room in one of our public establishments, or any physician's dining-room during his hours of consultation at home.

There were some fifteen or twenty persons in the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular old man, from the west; sunburnt and swarthy; with a brown-white hat on his knees, and a giant umbrella resting between his legs; who sat bolt upright in his chair, frowning steadily at the carpet, and twitching the hard lines about his mouth, as if he had made up his mind to "fix" the President on what he had to say, and wouldn't bate him a grain. Another, a Kentucky farmer, six feet six in height, with his hat on, and his hands under his coat-tails, who leaned against the wall and kicked the floor with his heel, as though he had Time's head under his shoe, and were literally "killing" him. A third, an oval-faced, bilious-looking man, with sleek black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down to blue dots, who sucked the head of a thick stick, and from time to time took it out of his mouth, to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whistle. A fifth did nothing but spit. And indeed all these gentlemen were so very persevering and energetic in this latter particular, and bestowed their favours so abundantly upon the carpet, that I take it for granted the Presidential housemaids have high wages, or, to speak more genteelly, an ample amount of "compensation:" which is the American word for salary, in the case of all public servants.

We had not waited in this room many minutes, before the black messenger returned, and conducted us into another of smaller dimensions, where, at a business-like table covered with papers, sat the President himself. He looked somewhat worn and anxious, and well he might: being at war with everybody—but the expression of his face was mild and pleasant, and his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable. I thought that in his whole carriage and demeanour, he became his station singularly well.

Being advised that the sensible etiquette of the republican court, admitted of a traveller, like myself, declining, without any impropriety, an invitation to dinner, which did not reach me until I had concluded my arrangements for leaving Washington some days before that to which it referred, I only returned to this house once. It was on the occasion of one of those general assemblies which are held on certain nights between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock, and are called, rather oddly, Levees.

I went, with my wife, at about ten. There was a pretty dense crowd of carriages and people in the court-yard, and so far as I could make out, there were no very clear regulations for the taking up or setting down of company. There were certainly no policemen to soothe startled horses, either by sawing at their bridles or flourishing truncheons in their eyes; and I am ready to make oath that no inoffensive persons were knocked violently on the head, or poked acutely in their backs or stomachs; or brought to a stand-still by any such gentle means, and then taken into custody for not moving on. But there was no confusion or disorder. Our carriage reached the porch in its turn, without any blustering, swearing, shouting, backing, or other disturbance; and we dismounted with as much ease and comfort as though we had been escorted by the whole Metropolitan Force from A to Z inclusive.

The suite of rooms on the ground-floor were lighted up; and a military band was playing in the hall. In the smaller drawing-room, the centre of a circle of company, were the President and his daughter-in-law, who acted as the lady of the mansion: and a very interesting, graceful, and accomplished lady too. One gentleman who stood among this group, appeared to take upon himself the functions of a master of the ceremonies. I saw no other officers or attendants, and none were needed.

The great drawing-room, which I have already mentioned, and the other chambers on the ground-floor, were crowded to excess. The company was not, in our sense of the term, select, for it comprehended persons of very many grades and classes; nor was there any great display of costly attire: indeed some of the costumes may have been, for aught I know, grotesque enough. But the decorum and propriety of behaviour which prevailed, were unbroken by any rude or disagreeable incident; and every man, even among the miscellaneous crowd in the hall who were admitted without any orders or tickets to look on, appeared to feel that he was a part of the Institution, and was responsible for its preserving a becoming character, and appeared to the best advantage.

That these visiters, too, whatever their station, were not without some refinement of taste and appreciation of intellectual gifts, and gratitude to those men who, by the peaceful exercise of great abilities, shed new charms and associations upon the homes of their countrymen, and elevate their character in other lands, was most earnestly testified by their reception of Washington Irving, my dear friend, who had recently been appointed Minister at the court of Spain, and who was among them that night, in his new character, for the first and last time before going abroad. I sincerely believe that in all the madness of American politics, few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly, and affectionately caressed, as this most charming writer; and I have seldom respected a public assembly more, than I did this eager throng, when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of state, and flocking with a generous and honest impulse round the man of quiet pursuits; proud in his promotion as reflecting back upon their country; and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them. Long may he dispense such treasures with unsparing hand; and long may they remember him as worthily!

The term we had assigned for the duration of our stay in Washington, was now at an end, and we were to begin to travel; for the railroad distances we had traversed yet, in journeying among these older towns, are on that great continent looked upon as nothing.

I had at first intended going South—to Charleston. But when I came to consider the length of time which this journey would occupy, and the premature heat of the season, which even at Washington had been often very trying; and weighed moreover, in my own mind, the pain of living in the constant contemplation of slavery, against the more than doubtful chances of my ever seeing it, in the time I had to spare, stripped of the disguises in which it would certainly be dressed, and so adding any item to the host of facts already heaped together on the subject; I began to listen to old whisperings which had often been present to me at home in England, when I little thought of ever being here; and to dream again of cities growing up, like palaces in fairy tales, among the wilds and forests of the west.

The advice I received in most quarters when I began to yield to my desire of travelling towards that point of the compass was, according to custom, sufficiently cheerless; my companion being threatened with more perils, dangers, and discomforts, than I can remember or would catalogue if I could; but of which it will be sufficient to remark that blowings-up in steamboats and breakings down in coaches were among the least. But, having a western route sketched out for me by the best and kindest authority to which I could have resorted, and putting no great faith in these discouragements, I soon determined on my plan of action.

This was to travel south, only to Richmond in Virginia; and then to turn, and shape our course for the Far West; whither I beseech the reader's company.

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT-STEAMER ON THE POTOMAC RIVER.—A VIRGINIA ROAD, AND A BLACK DRIVER.—RICHMOND.—BALTIMORE.—THE HARRISBURGH MAIL, AND A GLIMPSE OF THE CITY.—A CANAL-BOAT.

We were to proceed in the first instance by steamboat: and as it is usual to sleep on board, in consequence of the starting hour being four o'clock in the morning, we went down to where she lay, at that very uncomfortable time for such expeditions when slippers are most valuable, and a familiar bed, in the perspective of an hour or two, looks uncommonly pleasant.

It is ten o'clock at night: say half past ten; moonlight, warm, and dull enough. The steamer (not unlike a child's Noah's ark in form, with the machinery on the top of the roof) is riding lazily up and down, and bumping clumsily against the wooden pier, as the ripple of the river trifles with its unwieldy carcase. The wharf is some distance from the city. There is nobody down here; and one or two dull lamps upon the steamer's decks are the only signs of life remaining, when our coach has driven away As soon as our footsteps are heard upon the planks, a fat negress, particularly favoured by Nature in respect of bustle, emerges from some dark stairs, and marshals my wife towards the ladies' cabin, to which retreat she goes, followed by a mighty bale of cloaks and great coats. I valiantly resolve not to go to bed at all, but to walk up and down the pier till morning.

I begin my promenade—thinking of all kinds of distant things and persons, and of nothing near—and pace up and down for half an hour. Then I go on board again; and getting into the light of one of the lamps, look at my watch, and think it must have stopped; and wonder what has become of the faithful secretary whom I brought along with me from Boston. He is supping with our late landlord (a field-marshal, at least, no doubt) in honour of our departure, and may be two hours longer. I walk again, but it gets duller and duller: the moon goes down: next June seems farther off in the dark, and the echoes of my footsteps make me nervous. It has turned cold too; and walking up and down without any companion in such lonely circumstances, is but poor amusement. So I break my stanch resolution, and think it may be, perhaps, as well to go to bed.

I go on board again; open the door of the gentleman's cabin, and walk in. Somehow or other—from its being so quiet I suppose—I have taken it into my head that there is nobody there. To my horror and amazement it is full of sleepers in every stage, shape, attitude, and

variety of slumber: in the berths, on the chairs, on the floors, on the tables, and particularly round the stove, my detested enemy. I take another step forward, and slip upon the shining face of a black steward, who lies rolled in a blanket on the floor. He jumps up, grins, half in pain and half in hospitality; whispers my own name in my ear; and groping among the sleepers, leads me to my berth. Standing beside it, I count these slumbering passengers, and get past forty. There is no use in going farther, so I begin to undress. As the chairs are all occupied, and there is nothing else to put my clothes on, I deposite them upon the ground: not without soiling my hands, for it is in the same condition as the carpets in the Capitol, and from the same cause. Having but partially undressed, I clamber on my shelf, and hold the curtain open for a few minutes while I look round on all my fellow-travellers again. That done, I let it fall on them, and on the world: turn round, and go to sleep.

I wake, of course, when we get under weigh, for there is a good deal of noise. The day is then just breaking. Everybody wakes at the same time. Some are self-possessed directly, and some are much perplexed to make out where they are until they have rubbed their eyes, and, leaning on one elbow, look about them. Some yawn, some groan, nearly all spit, and a few get up. I am among the risers: for it is easy to feel, without going into the fresh air, that the atmosphere in the cabin is vile in the last degree. I huddle on my clothes, go down into the fore-cabin, get shaved by the barber, and wash myself. The washing and dressing apparatus for the passengers generally, consists of two jack towels, three small wooden basins, a keg of water and a ladle to serve it out with, six square inches of looking-glass, two ditto ditto of yellow soap, a comb and brush for the head, and nothing for the teeth. Everybody uses the comb and brush except myself. Everybody stares to see me using my own; and two or three gentlemen are strongly disposed to banter me on my prejudices, but don't. When I have made my toilet, I go upon the hurricane-deck, and set in for two hours of hard walking up and down. The sun is rising brilliantly; we are passing Mount Vernon, where Washington lies buried; the river is wide and rapid; and its banks are beautiful. All the glory and splendour of the day are coming on, and growing brighter every minute.

At eight o'clock, we breakfast in the cabin where I passed the night, but the windows and doors are all thrown open, and now it is fresh enough. There is no hurry or greediness apparent in the despatch of the meal. It is longer than a travelling breakfast with us; more orderly, and more polite,

Soon after nine o'clock we come to Potomac Creek, where we are to land: and then comes the oddest part of the journey. Seven stage-coaches are preparing to carry us on. Some of them are ready, some of them are not ready. Some of the drivers are blacks, some whites. There are four horses to eace coach, and all the horses, harnessed or unharnessed, are there. The passengers are getting out of the steamboat, and into the coaches; the luggage is being transferrod in noisy wheelbarrows, the horses are frightened, and impatient to start; the black drivers are chattering to them like so many monkeys; and the white ones whooping like so many drovers; for the main thing to be done in all kinds of hostering here, is to make as much noise as possible. The coaches are something like the French coaches, but not nearly so good. In lieu of springs, they are hung on bands of the strongest leather. There is very little choice or difference between them; and they may be likened to the car portion of the swings at an English fair, roofed, put upon axle-trees and wheels, and curtained with painted canvass. They are covered with mud from the roof to the wheel-tire, and have never been cleaned since they were first built.

The tickets we have received on board the steamboat are marked No. 1, so we belong to coach No. 1. I throw my coat on the box, and hoist my wife and her maid into the inside. It has only one step, and that being about a yard from the ground, is usually approached by a chair: when there is no chair, ladies trust in Providence. The coach holds nine inside, having a seat across from door to door, where we in England put our legs: so that there is only one feat more difficult in the performance than getting in, and that is, getting out again. There is only one outside passenger, and he sits upon the box. As I am that one, I climb up; and while they are strapping the luggage on the roof, and heaping it into a kind of tray behind, have a good opportunity of looking at the driver.

He is a negro—very black indeed He is dressed in a coarse pepper-and-salt suit excessively patched and darned (particularly at the knees); gray stockings, enormous unblacked high-low shoes, and very short trousers. He has two odd gloves: one of parti-coloured worsted, and one of leather. He has a very short whip, broken in the middle and bandaged up with string. And yet he wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black hat: faintly shadowing forth a kind of insane imitation of an English coachman! But somebody in authority cries "Go ahead!" as I am making these observations. The mail takes the lead in a four-horse wagon, and all the coaches follow in procession, headed by No. 1.

By-the-way, whenever an Englishman would cry "All right!" an American cries "Go ahead!" which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries.

The first half mile of the road is over bridges made of loose planks laid across two parallel poles, which tilt up as the wheels roll over them, and in the river. The river has a clayey bottom, and is full of holes, so that half a horse is constantly disappearing unexpectedly, and can't be found again for some time.

But we get past even this, and come to the road itself, which is a series of alternate swamps and gravel-pits. A tremendous place is close before us, the black driver rolls his eyes, screws his mouth up very round, and looks straight between the two leaders, as if he were saying to himself, "We have done this often before, but *now* I think we shall have a crash." He takes a rein in each hand, jerks and pulls at both, and dances on the splashboard with both feet (keeping his seat, of course) like the lamented Durow on two of his fiery coursers. We come to

the spot, sink down in the mire nearly to the coach windows, tilt on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stick there. The insides scream dismally: the coach stops; the horses flounder; all the other six coaches stop; and their four-and-twenty horses flounder likewise, but merely for company, and in sympathy with ours. Then the following circumstances occur:

BLACK DRIVER (to the horses). "Hi!"

Nothing happens. Insides scream again.

BLACK DRIVER (to the horses). "Ho!"

Horses plunge, and splash the black driver.

GENTLEMAN INSIDE (looking out). "Why, what on airth—"

Gentleman receives a variety of splashes, and draws his head in again, without finishing his question or waiting for an answer.

BLACK DRIVER (still to the horses). "Jiddy! Jiddy!"

Horses pull violently, drag the coach out of the hole, and draw it up a bank, so steep that the black driver's legs fly up into the air, and he goes back among the luggage on the roof. But he immediately recovers himself, and cries (still to the horses),

"Pill!"

No effect. On the contrary, the coach begins to roll back upon No. 2, which rolls back upon No 3, which rolls back upon No. 4, and so on, until No. 7 is heard to curse and swear, nearly a quarter of a mile behind.

BLACK DRIVER (louder than before). "Pill!"

Horses make another struggle to get up the bank, and again the coach rolls backward.

BLACK DRIVER (louder than before). "Pe-e-e-ill!"

Horses make a desperate struggle.

BLACK DRIVER (recovering spirits). "Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy, Pill!"

Horses make another effort.

BLACK DRIVER (with great vigour). "Ally Loo! Hi. Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo!"

Horses almost do it.

BLACK DRIVER (with his eyes starting out of his head). "Lee, den. Lee, dere. Hi. Jiddy, Jiddy Pill. Ally Loo. Lee-e-e-e-e!"

They run up the bank, and go down again on the other side at a fearful pace. It is impossible to stop them, and at the bottom there is a deep hollow full of water. The coach rolls frightfully. The insides scream. The mud and water fly about us. The black driver dances like a madman. Suddenly we are all right by some extraordinary means, and stop to breathe.

A black friend of the black driver is sitting on a fence. The black driver recognises him by twirling his head round and round like a harlequin, rolling his eyes, shrugging his shoulders, and grinning from ear to ear. He stops short, turns to me, and says,

"We shall get you through, sa, like a fiddle, and hope a please you when we get you through, sa. Old 'ooman at home, sir;" chuckling very much. "Outside gentleman, sa, he often remember old 'ooman at home, sa," grinning again.

"Ay, ay, we'll take care of the old woman. Don't be afraid."

The black driver grins again, but there is another hole, and, beyond that, another bank close before us. So he stops short; cries (to the horses again) "Easy. Easy, den. Ease. Steady. Hi. Jiddy. Pill. Ally. Loo." but never "Lee!" until we are reduced to the very last extremity, and are in the midst of difficulties, extrication from which appears to be all but impossible.

And so we do the ten miles or thereabout in two hours and a half; breaking no bones, though bruising a great many; and, in short, getting through the distance "like a fiddle."

This singular kind of coaching terminates at Fredericksburgh, whence there is a railway to Richmond. The tract of country through which it takes its course was once productive; but the soil has been exhausted by the system of employing a great amount of slave labour in forcing crops without strengthening the land, and it is now little better than a sandy desert overgrown with trees. Dreary and uninteresting as its aspect is, I was glad to the heart to find anything on which one of the curses of this horrible institution has fallen, and had greater pleasure in contemplating the withered ground than the richest and most thriving cultivation in the same place could possibly have afforded me.

In this district, as in all others where slavery sits brooding (I have frequently heard this admitted, even by those who are its warmest advocates), there is an air of ruin and decay abroad which is inseparable from the system. The barns and outhouses are mouldering away; the sheds are patched, and half roofless; the log cabins (built in Virginia with external chimneys made of clay or wood) are squalid in the last degree. There is no look of decent comfort anywhere. The miserable stations by the railway side; the great wild woodyards, whence the engine is supplied with fuel; the negro children rolling on the ground before the cabin doors, with dogs and pigs; the biped beasts of burden slinking past; gloom and dejection are upon them all.

In the negro-car belonging to the train in which we made this journey were a mother and her children, who had just been purchased, the husband and father being left behind with their old owner. The children cried the whole way, and the mother was misery's picture. The champion of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, who had bought them, rode in the same train, and every time we stopped got down to see that they were safe. The black in Sinbad's Travels, with one eye in the middle of his forehead, which shone like a burning coal, was nature's aristocrat compared with this white gentleman.

It was between six and seven o'clock in the evening when we drove to the hotel, in front of which, and on the top of the broad flight of steps leading to the door, two or three citizens were balancing themselves on rocking-chairs, and smoking cigars. We found it a very large and elegant establishment, and were as well entertained as travellers need desire to be. The climate being a thirsty one, there was never, at any hour of the day, a scarcity of loungers in the spacious bar, or a cessation of the mixing of cool liquors; but they were a merrier people here, and had musical instruments playing to them o'nights, which it was a treat to hear again.

The next day, and the next, we rode and walked about the town, which is delightfully situated on eight hills overhanging James River, a sparkling stream, studded here and there with bright islands, or brawling over broken rocks.

Although it was yet but the middle of March, the weather in this southern temperature was extremely warm; the peach-trees and magnolias were in full bloom, and the trees were green. In a low ground among the hills is a valley known as "Bloody Run," from a terrible conflict with the Indians which once occurred there. It is a good place for such a struggle, and, like every other spot I saw associated with any legend of that wild people now so rapidly fading from the earth, interested me very much.

The city is the seat of the local parliament of Virginia; and in its shady legislative halls some orators were drowsily holding forth to the hot noonday. By dint of constant repetition, however, these constitutional sights had very little more interest for me than so many parochial vestries; and I was glad to exchange this one for a lounge in a well-arranged public library of some ten thousand volumes, and a visit to a tobacco manufactory, where the workmen were all slaves.

I saw in this place the whole process of picking, rolling, pressing, drying, packing in casks, and branding. All the tobacco thus dealt with was in course of manufacture for chewing; and one would have supposed there was enough in that one storehouse to have filled even the comprehensive jaws of America. In this form, the weed looks like the oilcake on which we fatten cattle, and, even without reference to its consequences, is sufficiently uninviting.

Many of the workmen appeared to be strong men, and it is hardly necessary to add that they were all labouring quietly then. After two o'clock in the day, they are allowed to sing, a certain number at a time. The hour striking while I was there, some twenty sang a hymn in parts, and sang it by no means ill; pursuing their work meanwhile. A bell rang as I was about to leave, and they all poured forth into a building on the opposite side of the street to dinner. I said several times that I should like to see them at their meal; but as the gentleman to whom I mentioned this desire appeared to be suddenly taken rather deaf, I did not pursue the request. Of their appearance I shall have something to say presently.

On the following day, I visited a plantation or farm, of about twelve hundred acres, on the opposite bank of the river. Here again, although I went down with the owner of the estate to "the quarter," as that part of it in which the slaves live is called, I was not invited to enter into any of their huts. All I saw of them was that they were crazy, wretched cabins, near to which groups of half-naked children basked in the sun, or wallowed on the dusty ground. But I believe that this gentleman is a considerate and excellent master, who inherited his fifty slaves, and is neither a buyer nor a seller of human stock; and I am sure, from my own observation and conviction, that he is a kind-hearted, worthy man.

The planter's house was an airy rustic dwelling, that brought Defoe's description of such places strongly to my recollection. The day was very warm, but the blinds being all closed, and the windows and doors set wide open, a shady coolness rustled through the rooms, which was exquisitely refreshing after the glare and heat without. Before the windows was an open piazza, where, in what they call the hot weather—whatever that may be—they sling hammocks, and drink and doze luxuriously. I do not know how their cool refections may taste within the hammocks, but, having experience, I can report that, out of them, the mounds of ices and the bowls of mint-julep and sherry-cobbler they make in these latitudes, are refreshments never to be thought of afterward in summer, by those who would preserve contented minds.

There are two bridges across the river: one belongs to the railroad, and the other, which is a very crazy affair, is the private property of some old lady in the neighbourhood, who levies tolls upon the town's people. Crossing this bridge, on my way back, I saw a notice painted on the gate, cautioning all persons to drive slowly, under a penalty, if the offender were a white man, of five dollars; if a negro, fifteen stripes.

The same decay and gloom that overhang the way by which it is approached, hover above the town of Richmond. There are pretty villas and cheerful houses in its streets, and Nature smiles upon the country round; but jostling its handsome residences, like slavery itself going hand in hand with many lofty virtues, are deplorable tenements, fences unrepaired, walls crumbling into ruinous heaps. Hinting gloomily at things below the surface, these and many other tokens of the same description force themselves upon the notice, and are remembered with depressing influence, when livelier features are forgotten.

To those who are happily unaccustomed to them, the countenances in the streets and labouring-places, too, are shocking. All men who know that there are laws against instructing slaves, of which the pains and penalties greatly exceed in amount the fines imposed on those who maim and torture them, must be prepared to find their faces very low in the scale of intellectual expression. But the darkness—not of skin, but mind—which meets the stranger's eye at every turn; the brutalizing and blotting out of all the fairer characters traced by Nature's hand; immeasurably outdo his worst belief. That travelled creation of the great satirist's brain, who, fresh from living among horses, peered from a high casement down upon his own kind with trembling horror, was scarcely more repelled and daunted by the sight, than those who look upon some of these faces for the first time must surely be.

I left the last of them behind me in the person of a wretched drudge, who, after running to and fro all day till midnight, and moping in his stealthy winks of sleep upon the stairs between whiles, was washing the dark passages at four o'clock in the morning; and went upon my way with a grateful heart that I was not doomed to live where slavery was, and had never had my senses blunted to its wrongs and horrors in a slave-rocked cradle.

It had been my intention to proceed by James River and Chesapeake Bay to Baltimore; but one of the steamboats being absent from her station through some accident, and the means of conveyance consequently rendered uncertain, we returned to Washington by the way we had come (there were two constables on board the steamboat, in pursuit of runaway slaves), and, halting there again for one night, went on to Baltimore next afternoon.

The most comfortable of all the hotels of which I had any experience in the United States, and they were not a few, is Barnum's in that city: where the English traveller will find curtains to his bed, for the first and probably the last time, in America; and where he will be likely to have enough water for washing himself, which is not at all a common case."

This capital of the state of Maryland is a bustling, busy town, with a great deal of traffic of various kinds, and in particular of water commerce. That portion of the town which it most favours is none of the cleanest, it is true; but the upper part is of a very different character, and has many agreeable streets and public buildings. The Washington Monument, which is a handsome pillar with a statue on its summit; the Medical College; and the Battle Monument in memory of an engagement with the British at North Point; are the most conspicuous among them.

There is a very good prison in this city, and the state Penitentiary is also among its institutions. In this latter establishment there were two curious cases.

One, was that of a young man who had been tried for the murder of his father. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and was very conflicting and doubtful; nor was it possible to assign any motive which could have tempted him to the commission of so tremendous a crime. He had been tried twice; and on the second occasion the jury felt so much hesitation in convicting him, that they found a verdict of manslaughter, or murder in the second degree; which it could not possibly be, as there had, beyond all doubt, been no quarrel or provocation, and if he were guilty at all, he was unquestionably guilty of murder in its broadest and worst signification.

The remarkable feature in the case was, that if the unfortunate deceased were not really murdered by this own son of his, he must have been murdered by his own brother. The evidence lay, in a most remarkable manner, between those two. On all the suspicious points, the dead man's brother was the witness; all the explanations for the prisoner (some of them extremely plausible) went, by construction and inference, to implicate him as plotting to fix the guilt upon his nephew. It must have been one of them: and the jury had to decide between two sets of suspicions, almost equally unnatural, unaccountable, and strange.

The other case, was that of a man who once went to a certain distiller's and stole a copper measure containing a quantity of liquor. He was pursued and taken with the property in his possession, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. On coming out of the jail, at the expiration of that term, he went back to the same distiller's, and stole the same copper measure containing the same quantity of liquor. There was not the slightest reason to suppose that the man wished to return to prison: indeed, everything, but the commission of the offence, made directly against that assumption. There are only two ways of accounting for this extraordinary proceeding. One is, that, after undergoing so much for this copper measure, he conceived he had established a sort of claim and right to it. The other that, by dint of long thinking about it, it had become a monomania with him, and had acquired a fascination which he found it impossible to resist: swelling from an Earthly Copper Gallon into an Ethereal Golden Vat.

After remaining here a couple of days I bound myself to a rigid adherence to the plan I had laid down so recently, and resolved to set forward on our western journey without any more delay. Accordingly, having reduced the luggage within the smallest possible compass (by sending back to New-York, to be afterward forwarded to us in Canada, so much of it as was not absolutely wanted); and having procured the necessary credentials to banking-houses on the way; and having, moreover, looked for two evenings at the setting sun, with as well-defined an idea of the country before us as if we had been going to travel to the very centre of that planet; we left Baltimore by another railway at half past eight in the morning, and reached the town of York, some sixty miles off, by the early dinner-time of the hotel, which was the starting-place of the four-horse coach wherein we were to proceed to Harrisburgh.

This conveyance, the box of which I was fortunate enough to secure, had come down to meet us at the railroad station, and was as muddy and cumbersome as usual. As more passengers were waiting for us at the inn door, the coachman observed under his breath, in the usual self-communicative voice, looking the while at his mouldy harness as if it were to that he was addressing himself,

"I expect we shall want *the big* coach."

I could not help wondering within myself what the size of this big coach might be, and how many persons it might be designed to hold, for the vehicle which was too small for our purpose was something larger than two English heavy night coaches. My speculations were speedily set at rest, however, for as soon as we had dined there came rumbling up the street, shaking its sides like a corpulent giant, a kind of barge on wheels. After much blundering and backing, it stopped at the door, rolling heavily from side to side when its other motion had ceased, as if it had taken cold in its damp stable, and between that and the having been required in its dropsical old age to move at any faster pace than a walk, were distressed by shortness of wind.

"If here ain't the Harrisburgh mail at last, and dreadful bright and smart to look at too," cried an elderly gentleman, in some excitement, "darn my mother!"

I don't know what the sensation of being darned may be, or whether a man's mother has a keener relish or disrelish of the process than anybody else; but if the endurance of this mysterious ceremony by the old lady in question had depended on the accuracy of her son's vision in respect to the abstract brightness and smartness of the Harrisburgh mail, she would certainly have undergone its infliction. However, they packed twelve people inside, and the luggage (including such trifles as a large rocking-horse and a good sized dining-table) being at last made fast upon the roof, we started off in great state.

At the door of another hotel there was another passenger to be taken up.

"Any room, sir?" cries the new passenger to the coachman.

"Well, there's room enough," replies the coachman, without getting down, or even looking at him.

"There an't no room at all, sir," bawls a gentleman inside. Which another gentleman (also inside) confirms, by predicting that the attempt to introduce any more passengers "won't fit nohow."

The new passenger, without any expression of anxiety, looks into the coach, and then looks up at the coachman: "Now, how do you mean to fix it?" says he, after a pause, "for I *must* go."

The coachman employs himself in twisting the lash of the whip into a knot, and takes no more notice of the question, clearly signifying that it is anybody's business but his, and that the passengers would do well to fix it among themselves. In this state of things, matters seem to be approximating to a fix of another kind, when another inside passenger in a corner, who is nearly suffocated, cries faintly,

"I'll get out."

This is no matter of relief or self-congratulation to the driver, for his immovable philosophy is perfectly undisturbed by anything that happens in the coach. Of all things in the world, the coach would seem to be the very last upon his mind. The exchange is made, however, and then the passenger who has given up his seat makes a third upon the box, seating himself in what he calls the middle; that is, with half his person on my legs and the other half on the driver's.

"Go ahead, cap'en," cries the colonel, who directs.

"Gŏ lăng!" cries the cap'en to his company, the horses, and away we go.

We took up at a rural bar-room, after we had gone a few miles, an intoxicated gentleman, who climbed upon the roof among the luggage, and, subsequently slipping off without hurting himself, was seen in the distant perspective reeling back to the grog-shop where we had found him. We also parted with more of our freight at different times, so that, when we came to change horses, I was again alone outside.

The coachmen always change with the horses, and are usually as dirty as the coach. The first was dressed like a very shabby English baker; the second like a Russian peasant, for he wore a loose purple camlet robe with a fur collar, tied round his waist with a party coloured worsted sash; gray trousers, light blue gloves, and a cap of bearskin. It had by this time come on to rain very heavily, and there was a cold damp mist besides, which penetrated to the skin. I was very glad to take advantage of a stoppage and get down to stretch my legs, shake the water off my greatcoat, and swallow the usual anti-temperance recipe for keeping out the cold.

When I mounted to my seat again, I observed a new parcel lying on the coach roof, which I took to be a rather large fiddle in a brown bag. In the course of a few miles, however, I discovered that it had a glazed cap at one end and a pair of muddy shoes at the other; and farther observation demonstrated it to be a small boy in a snuff-coloured coat, with his arms quite pinioned to his sides by deep forcing into his pockets. He was, I presume, a relative or friend of the coachman's, as he lay a-top of the luggage with his face towards the rain; and, except when a change of position brought his shoes in contact with my hat, he appeared to be asleep. At last, on some occasion of our stopping, this thing slowly upreared itself to the height of three feet six, and, fixing its eyes on me, observed, in piping accents, with a complacent yawn half quenched in an obliging air of friendly patronage, "Well now, stranger, I guess you find this a'most like an English arternoon, hey?"

The scenery, which had been tame enough at first, was, for the last ten or twelve miles, beautiful. Our road wound through the pleasant valley of the Susquehanna; the river, dotted with innumerable green islands, lay upon our right; and on the left, a steep ascent, craggy with broken rock, and dark with pine trees. The mist, wreathing itself into a hundred fantastic shapes, moved solemnly upon the water; and the gloom of evening gave to all an air of mystery and silence which greatly enhanced its natural interest.

We crossed this river by a wooden bridge, roofed and covered in on all sides, and nearly a mile in length. It was profoundly dark; perplexed, with great beams, crossing and recrossing it at every possible angle; and through the broad chinks and crevices in the floor, the rapid river gleamed, far down below, like a legion of eyes. We had no lamps; and as the horses stumbled and floundered through this place, towards the distant speck of dying light, it seemed interminable. I really could not at first persuade myself, as we rumbled heavily on, filling the bridge with the hollow noises, and I held down my head to save it from the rafters above but that I was in a painful dream; for I have often dreamed of toiling through such places, and as often argued, even at the time, "this cannot be reality."

At length, however, we emerged upon the streets of Harrisburgh, whose feeble lights, reflected dismally from the wet ground, did not shine out upon a very cheerful city. We were soon established in a snug hotel, which, though smaller and far less splendid than many we put up at, is raised above them all in my remembrance, by having for its landlord the most obliging, considerate, and gentlemanly person I ever had to deal with.

As we were not to proceed upon our journey until the afternoon, I walked out, after breakfast the next morning, to look about me; and was duly shown a model prison on the solitary system, just erected, and as yet without an inmate; the trunk of an old tree to which Harris, the first settler here (afterward buried under it) was tied by hostile Indians, with his funeral pile about him, when he was saved by the timely appearance of a friendly party on the opposite shore of the river; the local legislature (for there was another of those bodies here, again, in full debate); and the other curiosities of the town.

I was very much interested in looking over a number of treaties made from time to time with the poor Indians, signed by the different chiefs at the period of their ratification, and preserved in the office of the Secretary to the Commonwealth. These signatures, traced of course by

their own hands, are rough drawings of the creatures or weapons they were called after. Thus, the Great Turtle makes a crooked pen-and-ink outline of a great turtle; the Buffalo sketches a buffalo; the War Hatchet sets a rough image of that weapon for his mark. So with the Arrow, the Fish, the Scalp, the Big Canoe, and all of them.

I could not but think—as I looked at these feeble and tremulous productions of hands which could draw the longest arrow to the head in a stout elkhorn bow, or split a head or feather with a rifle-ball—of Crabbe's musings over the Parish Register, and the irregular scratches made with a pen, by men who would plough a lengthy furrow straight from end to end. Nor could I help bestowing many sorrowful thoughts upon the simple warriors whose hands and hearts were set there, in all truth and honesty; and who only learnt in the course of time from white men how to break their faith, and quibble out of forms and bonds. I wondered, too, how many times the credulous Big Turtle, or trusting Little Hatchet, had put his mark to treaties which were falsely read to him; and had signed away, he knew not what, until it went and cast him loose upon the new possessors of the land, a savage indeed.

Our host announced, before our early dinner, that some members of the legislative body proposed to do us the honour of calling. He had kindly yielded up to us his wife's own little parlour, and when I begged that he would show them in, I saw him look with painful apprehension at its pretty carpet; though, being otherwise occupied at the time, the cause of his uneasiness did not occur to me.

It certainly would have been more pleasant to all parties concerned, and would not, I think, have compromised their independence in any material degree, if some of these gentlemen had not only yielded to the prejudice in favour of spittoons, but had abandoned themselves, for the moment, even to the conventional absurdity of pocket-handkerchiefs.

It still continued to rain heavily, and when we went down to the Canal Boat (for that was the mode of conveyance by which we were to proceed) after dinner, the weather was as unpromising and obstinately wet as one would desire to see. Nor was the sight of this canal boat, in which we were to spend three or four days, by any means a cheerful one; as it involved some uneasy speculations concerning the disposal of the passengers at night, and opened a wide field of inquiry touching the other domestic arrangements of the establishment, which was sufficiently disconcerting.

However, there it was—a barge with a little house in it, viewed from the outside; and a caravan at a fair, viewed from within: the gentlemen being accommodated, as the spectators usually are, in one of those locomotive museums of penny wonders; and the ladies being partitioned off by a red curtain, after the manner of the dwarfs and giants in the same establishments, whose private lives are passed in rather close exclusiveness.

We sat here, looking silently at the row of little tables, which extended down both sides of the cabin, and listened to the rain as it dripped and pattered on the boat, and plashed with a dismal merriment in the water, until the arrival of the railway train, for whose final contribution to our stock of passengers, our departure was alone deferred. It brought a great many boxes, which were bumped and tossed upon the roof, almost as painfully as if they had been deposited on one's own head, without the intervention of a porter's knot; and several damp gentlemen, whose clothes, on their drawing round the stove, began to steam again. No doubt it would have been a thought more comfortable if the driving rain, which now poured down more soakingly than ever, had admitted of a window being opened, or if our number had been something less than thirty; but there was scarcely time to think as much, when a train of three horses was attached to the tow-rope, the boy upon the leader smacked his whip, the rudder creaked and groaned complainingly, and we had begun our journey.

CHAPTER X.

SOME FARTHER ACCOUNT OF THE CANAL-BOAT, ITS DOMESTIC ECONOMY, AND ITS PASSENGERS.—JOURNEY TO PITTSBURG ACROSS THE ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS.—PITTSBURG.

As it continued to rain most perseveringly, we all remained below: the damp gentlemen round the stove, gradually becoming mildewed by the action of the fire; and the dry gentlemen lying at full length upon the seats, or slumbering uneasily with their faces on the tables, or walking up and down the cabin, which it was barely possible for a man of the middle height to do, without making bald places on his head by scraping it against the roof. At about six o'clock, all the small tables were put together to form one long table, and everybody sat down to tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black puddings, and sausages.

"Will you try," said my opposite neighbour, handing me a dish of potatoes, broken up in milk and butter, "will you try some of these fixings?"

There are few words which perform such various duties as this word "fix." It is the Caleb Quotem of the American vocabulary. You call upon a gentleman in a country town, and his help informs you that he is "fixing himself" just now, but will be down directly: by which you are to understand that he is dressing. You inquire, on board a steamboat, of a fellow-passenger, whether breakfast will be ready soon, and he tells you he should think so, for when he was last below, they were "fixing the tables:" in other words, laying the cloth. You beg a porter to collect your luggage, and he entreats you not to be uneasy, for he'll "fix it presently:" and if you complain of indisposition, you are advised to have recourse to Doctor so and so, who will "fix you" in no time.

One night, I ordered a bottle of mulled wine at a hotel where I was staying, and waited a long time for it; at length it was put upon the table with an apology from the landlord that he feared it wasn't "fixed properly." And I recollect once, at a stage-coach dinner, overhearing a very stern gentleman demand of a waiter who presented him with a plate of underdone roast beef, "whether he called that, fixing God A'mighty's victles?"

There is no doubt that the meal, at which the invitation was tendered to me which has occasioned this digression, was disposed of somewhat ravenously; and that the gentlemen thrust the broad-bladed knives and the two-pronged forks farther down their throats than I ever saw the same weapons go before, except in the hands of a skilful juggler: but no man sat down until the ladies were seated; or omitted any little act of politeness which could contribute to their comfort. Nor did I ever once, on any occasion, anywhere, during my rambles in America, see a woman exposed to the slightest act of rudeness, incivility, or even inattention.

By the time the meal was over, the rain, which seemed to have worn itself out by coming down so fast, was nearly over too; and it became feasible to go on deck: which was a great relief, notwithstanding its being a very small deck, and being rendered still smaller by the luggage which was heaped together in the middle under a tarpaulin covering; leaving, on either side, a path so narrow, that it became a science to walk to and fro without tumbling overboard into the canal. It was somewhat embarrassing at first, too, to have to duck nimbly, every five minutes, whenever the man at the helm cried "Bridge!" and sometimes, when the cry was "Low Bridge," to lie down nearly flat. But custom familiarizes one to anything, and there were so many bridges that it took a very short time to get used to this.

As night came on, and we drew in sight of the first range of hills, which are the outposts of the Alleghany Mountains, the scenery, which had been uninteresting hitherto, became more bold and striking. The wet ground reeked and smoked, after the heavy fall of rain; and the croaking of the frogs (whose noise in these parts is almost incredible) sounded as though a million of fairy teams with bells were travelling through the air, and keeping pace with us. The night was cloudy yet, but moonlight too: and when we crossed the Susquehanna river—over which there is an extraordinary wooden bridge with two galleries, one above the other, so that even there, two boat teams meeting, may pass without confusion—it was wild and grand.

I have mentioned my having been in some uncertainty and doubt, at first, relative to the sleeping arrangements on board this boat. I remained in the same vague state of mind until ten o'clock or thereabout, when, going below, I found suspended on either side of the cabin, three long tiers of hanging book-shelves, designed apparently for volumes of the small octavo size. Looking with greater attention at these contrivances (wondering to find such literary preparations in such a place), I descried on each shelf a sort of microscopic sheet and blanket; then I began dimly to comprehend that the passengers were the library, and that they were to be arranged, edgewise, on these shelves, till morning.

I was assisted to this conclusion by seeing some of them gathered round the master of the boat, at one of the tables, drawing lots with all the anxieties and passions of gamesters depicted in their countenances; while others, with small pieces of cardboard in their hands, were groping among the shelves in search of numbers corresponding with those they had drawn. As soon as any gentleman found his number, he took possession of it by immediately undressing himself and crawling into bed. The rapidity with which an agitated gambler subsided into a snoring slumberer, was one of the most singular effects I have ever witnessed. As to the ladies, they were already abed, behind the red curtain, which was carefully drawn and pinned up the centre; though as every cough, or sneeze, or whisper, behind this curtain, was perfectly audible before it, we had still a lively consciousness of their society.

The politeness of the person in authority had secured to me a shelf in a nook near this red curtain, in some degree removed from the great body of sleepers: to which place I retired, with many acknowledgments to him for his attention. I found it, on after measurement, just the width of an ordinary sheet of Bath post-letter paper; and I was at first in some uncertainty as to the best means of getting into it. But the shelf being a bottom one, I finally determined on lying upon the floor, rolling gently in, stopping immediately I touched the mattress, and remaining for the night with that side uppermost, whatever it might be. Luckily, I came upon my back at exactly the right moment. I was much alarmed on looking upward, to see, by the shape of his half yard of sacking (which his weight had bent into an exceedingly tight bag), that there was a very heavy gentleman above me, whom the slender cords seemed quite incapable of holding; and I could not help reflecting upon the grief of my wife and family in the event of his coming down in the night. But as I could not have got up again without a severe bodily struggle, which might have alarmed the ladies, and as I had nowhere to go to, even if I had, I shut my eyes upon the danger and remained there.

One of two remarkable circumstances is indisputably a fact, with reference to that class of society who travel in these boats. Either they carry their restlessness to such a pitch that they never sleep at all, or they expectorate in dreams, which would be a remarkable mingling of the real and ideal. All night long, and every night, on this canal, there was a perfect storm and tempest of spitting; and once my coat, being in the very centre of a hurricane sustained by five gentlemen (which moved vertically, strictly carrying out Reid's Theory of the Law of Storms), I was fain the next morning to lap it on the deck, and rub it down with fair water before it was in a condition to be worn again.

Between five and six o'clock in the morning, we got up, and some of us went on deck, to give them an opportunity of taking the shelves down; while others, the morning being very cold, crowded round the rusty stove, cherishing the newly-kindled fire, and filling the grate with those voluntary contributions of which they had been so liberal all night. The washing accommodations were primitive. There was a tin ladle chained to the deck, with which every gentleman who thought it necessary to cleanse himself (some were superior to this weakness), fished the dirty water out of the canal, and poured it into a tin basin, secured in like man

ner. There was also a jack-towel. And, hanging up before a little looking-glass in the bar, in the immediate vicinity of the bread and cheese and biscuits, were a public comb and hair-brush.

At eight o'clock, the shelves being taken down and put away, and the tables joined together, everybody sat down to the tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black-puddings, sausages, all over again. Some were fond of compounding this variety, and having it all on their plates at once. As each gentleman got through his own personal amount of tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black-puddings, and sausages, he rose up and walked off. When everybody had done with everything, the fragments were cleared away; and one of the waiters appearing anew in the character of a barber, shaved such of the company as desired to be shaved; while the remainder looked on, or yawned over their newspapers. Dinner was breakfast again, without the tea and coffee; and supper and breakfast were identical.

There was a man on board this boat, with a light fresh-coloured face, and a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes, who was the most inquisitive fellow that can possibly be imagined. He never spoke otherwise than interrogatively. He was an imbodied inquiry. Sitting down or standing up, still or moving, walking the deck or taking his meals, there he was, with a great note of interrogation in each eye, two in his cocked ears, two more in his turned-up nose and chin, at least half a dozen more about the corners of his mouth, and the largest one of all in his hair, which was brushed pertly off his forehead in a flaxen clump. Every button in his clothes said "Eh! What's that! Did you speak! Say that again, will you!" He was always wide awake, like the enchanted bride who drove her husband frantic; always restless; always thirsting for answers; perpetually seeking and never finding. There never was such a curious man.

I wore a fur great-coat at that time, and before we were well clear of the wharf, he questioned me concerning it, and its price, and where I bought it, and when, and what fur it was, and what it weighed, and what it cost. Then he took notice of my watch, and asked what that cost, and whether it was a French watch, and where I got it, and how I got it, and whether I bought it or had it given me, and how it went, and where the keyhole was, and when I wound it, every night or every morning, and whether I ever forgot to wind it at all, and if I did, what then? Where had I been to last, and where was I going next, and where was I going after that, and had I seen the President, and what did he say, and what did I say, and what did he say when I had said that! Eh! Lor now! do tell!

Finding that nothing would satisfy him, I evaded his questions after the first score or two, and in particular pleaded ignorance respecting the name of the fur whereof the coat was made. I am unable to say whether this was the reason, but that coat fascinated him ever afterward; he usually kept close behind me as I walked, and moved as I moved, that he might look at it the better: and he frequently dived into narrow places after me at the risk of his life, that he might have the satisfaction of passing his hand up the back, and rubbing it the wrong way.

We had another odd specimen on board, of a different kind. This was a thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabbish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey: indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The conjunction of events which made him famous, happened, briefly, thus.

The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there, of course, it stops: the passengers being conveyed across it by land carriage, and taken on afterward by another canal-boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boat; one is called The Express, and one (a cheaper one) The Pioneer. The Pioneer gets first to the mountain, and waits for The Express people to come up: both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the Express company: but when we had crossed the mountain, and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draught all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not at all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases: but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless: and away we went down the canal. At home, I should have protested lustily, but being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck (we were nearly all on deck), and without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquized as follows:

"This may suit you, this may, but it don't suit me. This may be all very well with Down Easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure no how; and no two ways about that: and so I tell you. Now! I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where I live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I ain't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising like this, I'm glad of it, but I'm none of that raising nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, it does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, *I* am. They won't like me, *they* won't. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is." At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way: checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again.

It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away, were got rid of.

When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board, made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our pros-

pects, "Much obliged to you, sir:" whereunto the brown forester (waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before), replied, "No you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have pinted out the way. Down Easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am"—and so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services: and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there: nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburg, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance, "I an't a Johnny Cake, *I* an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, *I* am, damme!" I am inclined to argue from this, that he had never left off saying so; but I could not make affidavit of that part of the story, if required to do so by my Queen and Country.

As we have not reached Pittsburg yet, however, in the order of our narrative, I may go on to remark that breakfast was perhaps the least desirable meal of the day, as in addition to the many savoury odours arising from the eatables already mentioned, there were whiffs of gin, whiskey, brandy, and rum, from the little bar hard by, and a decided seasoning of stale tobacco. Many of the gentlemen passengers were far from particular in respect of their linen, which was in some cases as yellow as the little rivulets that had trickled from the corners of their mouths in chewing, and dried there. Nor was the atmosphere quite free from zephyr whisperings of the thirty beds which had just been cleared away, and of which we were farther and more pressingly reminded by the occasional appearance on the table-cloth of a kind of Game, not mentioned in the Bill of Fare.

And yet, despite these oddities—and even they had, for me at least, a humour of their own—there was much in this mode of travelling which I heartily enjoyed at the time, and look back upon with great pleasure. Even the running up, bare-necked, at five o'clock in the morning, from the tainted cabin to the dirty deck: scooping up the icy water, plunging one's head into it, and drawing it out, all fresh and glowing with the cold: was a good thing. The fast, brisk walk upon the towing-path, between that time and breakfast, when every vein and artery seemed to tingle with health: the exquisite beauty of the opening day, when light came gleaming off from everything; the lazy motion of the boat, when one lay idly on the deck, looking through, rather than at, the deep blue sky; the gliding on, at night, so noiselessly, past frowning hills, sullen with dark trees, and sometimes angry in one red burning spot high up, where unseen men lay crouching round a fire: the shining out of the bright stars, undisturbed by noise of wheels or steam, or any other sound than the liquid ripping of the water as the boat went on: all these were pure delights.

Then, there were new settlements and detached log-cabins and frame houses, full of interest for strangers from an old country; cabins with simple ovens outside, made of clay; and lodgings for the pigs, nearly as good as many of the human quarters; broken windows, patched with worn-out hats, old clothes, old boards, fragments of blankets, and paper; and home made dressers standing in the open air without the door, whereon was ranged the household store, not hard to count, of earthen jars and pots. The eye was pained to see the stumps of great trees thickly strewn in every field of wheat, and seldom to lose the eternal swamp and dull morass, with hundreds of rotten trunks and twisted branches steeped in its unwholesome water. It was quite sad and oppressive, to come upon great tracts where settlers had been burning down the trees, and where their wounded bodies lay about, like those of murdered creatures, while here and there some charred and blackened giant reared aloft two withered arms, and seemed to call down curses on his foes. Sometimes, at night, the way wound through some lonely gorge, like a mountain pass in Scotland, shining and coldly glittering in the light of the moon, and so closed in by high steep hills all around, that there seemed to be no egress save through the narrow path by which we had come, until one ragged hillside seemed to open, and, shutting out the moonlight as we passed into its gloomy throat, wrapped our new couse in shade and darkness.

We had left Harrisburgh on Friday. On Sunday morning we arrived at the foot of the mountain, which is crossed by railroad. There are ten inclined planes; five *a*scending, and five *de*scending; the carriages are dragged up the former, and let slowly down the latter, by means of stationary engines; the comparatively level spaces between, being traversed, sometimes by horse, and sometimes by engine power, as the case demands. Occasionally the rails are laid upon the extreme verge of a giddy precipice; and looking from the carriage window, the traveller gazes sheer down, without a stone or scrap of fence between, into the mountain depths below. The journey is very cheerfully made, however; only two carriages travelling together; and while proper precautions are taken, is not to be dreaded for its dangers.

It was very pretty travelling thus, at a rapid pace along the heights of the mountain in a keen wind, to look down into a valley full of light and softness: catching glimpses, through the tree-tops, of scattered cabins; children running to the doors; dogs bursting out to bark, whom we could see without hearing; terrified pigs scampering homeward; families sitting out in their rude gardens; cows gazing upward with a stupid indifference; men in their shirt-sleeves looking on at their unfinished houses, planning out to-morrow's work; and we riding onward, high above them, like a whirlwind. It was amusing, too, when we had dined, and rattled down a steep pass, having no other moving power than the weight of the carriages themselves, to see the engine released, long after us, come buzzing down alone, like a great insect, its back of green and gold so shining in the sun, that if it had spread a pair of wings and soared away, no one would have had occasion, as I fancied, for the least surprise. But it stopped

short of us in a very business-like manner when we reached the canal; and, before we left the wharf, went panting up this hill again, with the passengers who had waited our arrival for the means of traversing the road by which we had come.

On the Monday evening, furnace fires and clanking hammers on the banks of the canal, warned us that we approached the termination of this part of our journey. After going through another dreamy place—a long aqueduct across the Alleghany River, which was stranger than the bridge at Harrisburgh, being a vast low wooden chamber full of water—we emerged upon that ugly confusion of backs of buildings and crazy galleries and stairs, which always abuts on water, whether it be river, sea, canal, or ditch: and were at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg is like Birmingham in England; at least its townspeople say so. Setting aside the streets, the shops, the houses, wagons, factories, public buildings, and population, perhaps it may be. It certainly has a great quantity of smoke hanging about it, and is famous for its iron-works. Besides the prison to which I have already referred, this town contains a pretty arsenal and other institutions. It is very beautifully situated on the Alleghany River, over which there are two bridges; and the villas of the wealthier citizens sprinkled about the high grounds in the neighourhood, are pretty enough. We lodged at a most excellent hotel, and were admirably served. As usual, it was full of boarders, was very large, and had a broad colonnade to every story of the house.

We tarried here three days. Our next point was Cincinnati: and as this was a steamboat journey, and western steamboats usually blow up one or two a week in the season, it was advisable to collect opinions in reference to the comparative safety of the vessels bound that way, then lying in the river. One called The Messenger was the best recommended. She had been advertised to start positively, every day for a fortnight or so, and had not gone yet, nor did her captain seem to have any very fixed intention on the subject. But this is the custom: for if the law were to bind down a free and independent citizen to keep his word with the public, what would become of the liberty of the subject? Besides, it is in the way of trade. And if passengers be decoyed in the way of trade, and people be inconvenienced in the way of trade, what man, who is a sharp tradesman himself, shall say "We must put a stop to this!"

Impressed by the deep solemnity of the public announcement, I (being then ignorant of these usages) was for hurrying on board in a breathless state, immediately; but receiving private and confidential information that the boat would certainly not start until Friday, April the first, we made ourselves very comfortable in the mean while, and went on board at noon that day.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM PITTSBURG TO CINCINNATI IN A WESTERN STEAMBOAT. CINCINNATI.

THE Messenger was one among a crowd of high-pressure steamboats, clustered together by the wharf-side, which, looked down upon from the rising ground that forms the landing-place, and backed by the lofty bank on the opposite side of the river, appeared no larger than so many floating models. She had some forty passengers on board, exclusive of the poorer pessons on the lower deck; and in half an hour, or less, proceeded on her way.

We had, for ourselves, a tiny state-room with two berths in it, opening out of the ladies' cabin. There was, undoubtedly, something satisfactory in this "location," inasmuch as it was in the stern, and we had been a great many times very gravely recommended to keep as far aft as possible, "because the steamboats generally blew up forward." Nor was this an unnecessary caution, as the occurrence and circumstances of more than one such fatality during our stay sufficiently testified. Apart from this source of self-congratulation, it was an unspeakable relief to have any place, no matter how confined, where one could be alone; and as the row of little chambers of which this was one, had each a second glass-door besides that in the ladies' cabin, which opened on a narrow gallery outside the vessel, where the other passengers seldom came, and where one could sit in peace and gaze upon the shifting prospect, we took possession of our new quarters with much pleasure.

If the native packets I have already described be unlike anything we are in the habit of seeing on water, these western vessels are still more foreign to all the ideas we are accustomed to entertain of boats. I hardly know what to liken them to, or how to describe them.

In the first place, they have no mast, cordage, tackle, rigging, or other such boat-like gear; nor have they anything in their shape at all calculated to remind one of a boat's head, stern, sides, or keel. Except that they are in the water, and display a couple of paddle-boxes, they might be intended, for anything that appears to the contrary, to perform some unknown service, high and dry, upon a mountain top. There is no visible deck, even: nothing but a long, black, ugly roof, covered with burnt-out feathery sparks; above which, tower two iron chimneys, and a hoarse escape-valve, and a glass steerage-house. Then, in order as the eye descends towards the water, are the sides, and doors, and windows of the state-rooms, jumbled as oddly together as though they formed a small street, built by the varying tastes of a dozen men: the whole is supported on beams and pillars resting on a dirty barge, but a few inches above the water's edge: and in the narrow space between this upper structure and this barge's deck, are the furnace fires and machinery, open at the sides to every wind that blows, and every storm of rain it drives along its path.

Passing one of these boats at night, and seeing the great body of fire, exposed as I have just described, that rages and roars beneath the frail pile of painted wood: the machinery, not warded off or guarded in any way, but doing its work in the midst of the crowd of idlers and emigrants and children, who throng the lower deck; under the management, too, of reckless men, whose acquaintance with its mysteries may have been of six months' standing: one feels directly that the wonder is, not that there should be so many fatal accidents, but that any journey should be safely made.

Within, there is one long narrow cabin, the whole length of the boat; from which the state-

a both sides. A small portion of is partitioned off for the ladies; it the opposite extreme. There is own the centre, and at either end a ashing apparatus is forward, on s a little better than on board the canal-boat, but not much. In all modes of travelling, the American customs, with reference to the means of personal cleanliness and wholesome ablution, are extremely negligent and filthy; and I strongly incline to the belief that a considerable amount of illness is referable to this cause.

We are to be on board the Messenger three days: arriving at Cincinnati (barring accidents) on Monday morning. There are three meals a day. Breakfast at seven, dinner at half-past twelve, supper about six. At each, there are a great many small dishes and plates upon the table, with very little in them; so that although there is every appearance of a mighty "spread," there is seldom really more than a joint: except for those who fancy slices of beet-root, shreds of dried beef, complicated entanglements of yellow pickle; maize, Indian corn, apple-sauce, and pumpkin.

Some people fancy all these little dainties together (and sweet preserves besides), by way of relish to their roast pig. They are generally those dyspectic ladies and gentlemen who eat unheard of quantities of hot corn bread (almost as good for the digestion as a kneaded pin-cushion,) for breakfast, and for supper. Those who do not observe this custom, and who help themselves several times instead, usually suck their knives and forks meditatively, until they have decided what to take next: then pull them out of their mouths; put them in the dish; help themselves; and fall to work again. At dinner, there is nothing to drink upon the table, but great jugs full of cold water. Nobody says anything, at any meal, to anybody. All the passengers are very dismal, and seem to have tremendous secrets weighing on their minds. There is no conversation, no laughter, no cheerfulness, no sociality, except in spitting; and that is done in silent fellowship round the stone, when the meal is over. Every man sits down, dull and languid; swallows his fare as if breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, were necessities of nature never to be coupled with recreation or enjoyment; and having bolted his food in a gloomy silence, bolts himself, in the same state. But for these animal observances, you might suppose the whole male portion of the company to be the melancholy ghosts of departed book-keepers, who had fallen dead at the desk; such is their weary air of business and calculation. Undertakers on duty would be sprightly beside them; and a collation of funeral-baked meats, in comparison with these meals, would be a sparkling festivity.

The people are all alike, too. There is no diversity of character. They travel about on the same errands, say and do the same things in exactly the same manner, and follow in the same dull cheerless round. All down the long table, there is scarcely a man who is in anything different from his neighbour. It is quite a relief to have, sitting opposite, that little girl of fifteen with the loquacious chin: who, to do her justice, acts up to it, and fully identifies nature's handwriting, for of all the small chatterboxes that ever invaded the repose of a drowsy ladies' cabin, she is the first and foremost. The beautiful girl, who sits a little beyond her—farther down the table there—married the young man with the dark whiskers, who sits beyond *her*, only last month. They are going to settle in the very Far West, where he has lived four years, but where she has never been. They were both overturned in a stage-coach the other day (a bad omen anywhere else, where overturns are not so common), and his head, which bears the marks of a recent wound, is bound up still. She was hurt too, at the same time, and lay insensible for some days; bright as her eyes are, now.

Farther down still, sits a man who is going some miles beyond their place of destination, to "improve" a newly discovered copper mine. He carries the village—that is to be—with him: a few frame cottages, and an apparatus for smelting the copper. He carries its people too. They are partly American and partly Irish, and herd together on the lower deck; where they amused themselves last evening till the night was pretty far advanced, by alternately firing off pistols and singing hymns.

They, and the very few who have been left at table twenty minutes, rise, and go away. We do so too; and passing through our little state-room, resume our seats in the quiet gallery without.

A fine broad river always, but in some parts much wider than in others: and then there is usually a green island, covered with trees, dividing it into two streams. Occasionally, we stop for a few minutes, maybe to take in wood, maybe for passengers, at some small town or village (I ought to say city, every place is a city here); but the banks are for the most part deep solitudes, overgrown with trees, which, hereabout, are already in leaf and very green. For miles, and miles, and miles, these solitudes are unbroken by any sign of human life or trace of human footstep; nor is anything seen to move about them but the blue jay, whose colour is so bright, and yet so delicate, that it looks like a flying flower. At lengthened intervals a log cabin, with its little space of cleared land about it, nestles under a rising ground, and sends its thread of blue smoke curling up into the sky. It stands in the corner of the poor field of wheat, which is full of great unsightly stumps, like earthy butchers'-blocks. Sometimes the ground is only just now cleared: the felled trees lying yet upon the soil: and the log-house only this morning begun. As we pass this clearing, the settler leans upon his axe or hammer, and looks wistfully at the people from the world. The children creep out of the temporary hut, which is like a gipsy tent upon the ground, and clap their hands and shout. The dog only glances round at us; and then looks up into his master's face again, as if he were rendered uneasy by any suspension of the common business, and had nothing more to do with pleasurers. And still there is the same, eternal foreground. The river has washed away its banks, and stately trees have fallen down into the stream. Some have been there so long, that they are mere dry grisly skeletons. Some have just toppled over, and having earth yet about their roots, are bathing their green heads in the river, and putting forth new shoots and branches. Some are almost sliding down, as you look at them. And some were drowned so long ago, that their bleached arms start out from the middle of the current, and seem to try to grasp the boat, and drag it under water.

Through such a scene as this, the unwieldy machine takes its hoarse sullen way: venting

at every revolution of the paddles, a loud high-pressure blast; enough, one would think, to waken up the host of Indians who lie buried in a great mound yonder: so old, that mighty oaks and other forest trees have struck their roots into its earth; and so high, that it is a hill, even among the hills that Nature planted round it. The very river, as though it shared one's feelings of compassion for the extinct tribes who lived so pleasantly here, in their blessed ignorance of white existence, hundreds of years ago, steals out of its way to ripple near this mound: and there are few places where the Ohio sparkles more brightly than in Big Grave Creek.

All this I see, as I sit in the little stern-gallery, mentioned just now. Evening slowly steals upon the landscape, and changes it before me, when we stop to set some emigrants ashore.

Five men, as many women, and a little girl. All their worldly goods are a bag, a large chest, and an old chair: one, old, high-backed, rush-bottomed chair: a solitary settler in itself. They are rowed ashore in the boat, while the vesssl stands a little off awaiting its return, the water being shallow. They are landed at the foot of a high bank, on the summit of which are a few log cabins, attainable only by a long winding path. It is growing dusk; but the sun is very red, and shines in the water and on some of the tree-tops, like fire.

The men get out of the boat first; help out the women; take out the bag, the chest, the chair; bid the rowers "good by;" and shove the boat off for them. At the first plash of the oars in the water, the oldest woman of the party sits down in the old chair, close to the water's edge, without speaking a word. None of the others sit down, though the chest is large enough for many seats. They all stand where they landed, as if stricken into stone; and look after the boat. So they remain, quite still and silent: the old woman and her old chair in the centre; the bag and chest upon the shore, without anybody heeding them: all eyes fixed upon the boat. It comes alongside, is made fast, the men jump on board, the engine is put in motion, and we go hoarsely on again. There they stand yet, without the motion of a hand. I can see them, through my glass, when, in the distance and increasing darkness, they are mere specks to the eye: lingering there still: the old woman in the old chair, and all the rest about her: not stirring in the least degree. And thus I slowly lose them.

The night is dark, and we proceed within the shadow of the wooded bank, which makes it darker. After gliding past the sombre maze of boughs for a long time, we come upon an open space where the tall trees are burning. The shape of every branch and twig is expressed in a deep red glow, and as the light wind stirs and ruffles it, they seem to vegetate in fire. It is such a sight as we read of in legends of enchanted forests: saving that it is sad to see these noble works wasting away so awfully, alone; and to think how many years must come and go before the magic that created them will rear their like upon this ground again. But the time will come: and when, in their changed ashes, the growth of centuries unborn has struck its roots, the restless men of distant ages will repair to these again unpeopled solitudes; and their fellows, in cities far away, that slumber now, perhaps, beneath the rolling sea, will read, in language strange to any ears in being now but very old to them, of primeval forests where the axe was never heard, and where the jungled ground was never trodden by a human foot.

Midnight and sleep blot out these scenes and thoughts: and when the morning shines again, it gilds the house-tops of a lively city, before whose broad paved wharf the boat is moored; with other boats, and flags, and moving wheels, and hum of men around it; as though there were not a solitary or silent rood of ground within the compass of a thousand miles.

Cincinnati is a beautiful city; cheerful, thriving, and animated. I have not often seen a place that commends itself so favourably and pleasantly to a stranger at the first glance as this does: with its clean houses of red and white, its well-paved roads, and footways of bright tile. Nor does it become less prepossessing on a closer acquaintance. The streets are broad and airy, the shops extremely good, the private residences remarkable for their elegance and neatness. There is something of invention and fancy in the varying styles of these latter erections, which, after the dull company of the steamboat, is perfectly delightful, as conveying an assurance that there are such qualities still in existence. The disposition to ornament these pretty villas and render them attractive, leads to the culture of trees and flowers, and the laying out of well-kept gardens, the sight of which, to those who walk along the streets, is inexpressibly refreshing and agreeable. I was quite charmed with the appearance of the town, and its adjoining suburb of Mount Auburn; from which the city, lying in an amphitheatre of hills, forms a picture of remarkable beauty, and is seen to great advantage.

There happened to be a great Temperance Convention held here on the day after our arrival; and as the order of march brought the procession under the windows of the hotel in which we lodged, when they started in the morning, I had a good opportunity of seeing it. It comprised several thousand men; the members of various "Washington Auxiliary Temperance Societies;" and was marshalled by officers on horseback, who cantered briskly up and down the line, with scarves and ribands of bright colours fluttering out behind them gayly. There were bands of music, too, and banners out of number; and it was a fresh, holyday-looking concourse altogether.

I was particularly pleased to see the Irishmen, who formed a distinct society among themselves, and mustered very strong with their green scarves; carrying their national Harp and their Portrait of Father Mathew, high above the people's heads. They looked as jolly and good-humoured as ever; and, working the hardest for their living and doing any kind of sturdy labour that came in their way, were the most independent fellows there, I thought.

The banners were very well painted and flaunted down the street famously. There was the smiting of the rock, and the gushing forth of the waters; and there was a temperate man with "considerable of a hatchet" (as the standard-bearer would probably have said), aiming a deadly blow at a serpent which was apparently about to spring upon him from the top of a barrrel of spirits. But the chief feature of this part of the show was a huge allegorical device, borne among the ship-carpenters, on one side whereof the steamboat Alcohol was represented bursting her boiler and exploding with a great crash, while upon the other, the good ship Temperance

sailed away with a fair wind, to the heart's content of the captain, crew, and passengers.

After going round the town, the procession repaired to a certain appointed place, where, as the printed programme set forth, it would be received by the children of the different free-schools, "singing Temperance Songs." I was prevented from getting there, in time to hear these Little Warblers, or to report upon this novel kind of vocal entertainment: novel, at least, to me: but I found, in a large open space, each society gathered round its own banners, and listening in silent attention to its own orator. The speeches, judging from the little I could hear of them, were certainly adapted to the occasion, as having that degree of relationship to cold water which wet blankets may claim: but the main thing was the conduct and appearance of the audience throughout the day; and that was admirable and full of promise.

Cincinnati is honourably famous for its free-schools, of which it has so many that no person's child among its population can, by possibility, want the means of education, which are extended, upon an average, to four thousand pupils, annually. I was only present in one of these establishments during the hours of instruction. In the boys' department, which was full of little urchins (varying in their ages, I should say, from six years old to ten or twelve), the master offered to institute an extemporary examination of the pupils in algebra; a proposal, which, as I was by no means confident of my ability to detect mistakes in that science, I declined with some alarm. In the girls' school, reading was proposed, and as I felt tolerably equal to that art, I expressed my willingness to hear a class.—Books were distributed accordingly, and some half dozen girls relieved each other in reading paragraphs from English History. But it was a dry compilation, infinitely above their powers; and when they had blundered through three or four dreary passages concerning the Treaty of Amiens, and other thrilling topics of the same nature (obviously without comprehending ten words), I expressed myself quite satisfied. It is very possible that they only mounted to this exalted stave in the Ladder of Learning, for the astonishment of a visiter; and that at other times they keep upon its lower rounds; but I should have been much better pleased and satisfied if I had heard them exercised in simpler lessons, which they understood.

As in every other place I visited, the Judges here were gentlemen of high character and attainments. I was in one of the courts for a few minutes, and found it like those to which I have already referred. A nuisance cause was trying; there were not many spectators; and the witnesses, counsel, and jury, formed a sort of family circle, sufficiently jocose and snug.

The society with which I mingled, was intelligent, courteous and agreeable. The inhabitants of Cincinnati are proud of their city, as one of the most interesting in America: and with reason: for beautiful and thriving as it is now, and containing, as it does, a population of fifty thousand souls, but two-and-fifty years have passed away since the ground on which it stands (bought at that time for a few dollars) was a wild wood, and its citizens were but a handful of dwellers in scattered log huts upon the river's shore.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM CINCINNATI TO LOUISVILLE IN ANOTHER WESTERN STEAMBOAT; AND FROM LOUISVILLE TO ST. LOUIS IN ANOTHER. ST. LOUIS.

Leaving Cincinnati at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we embarked for Louisville in the Pike steamboat, which, carrying the mails, was a packet of a much better class than that in which we had come from Pittsburg. As this passage does not occupy more than twelve or thirteen hours, we arranged to go ashore that night: not coveting the distinction of sleeping in a state-room, when it was possible to sleep anywhere else.

There chanced to be on board this boat, in addition to the usual dreary crowd of passengers, one Pitchlynn, a chief of the Choctaw tribe of Indians, who *sent in his card* to me, and with whom I had the pleasure of a long conversation.

He spoke English perfectly well, though he had not begun to learn the language, he told me, until he was a young man grown. He had read many books; and Scott's poetry appeared to have left a strong impression on his mind; especially the opening of The Lady of the Lake, and the great battle scene in Marmion, in which, no doubt from the congeniality of the subjects to his own pursuits and tastes, he had great interest and delight. He appeared to understand correctly, all he had read; and whatever fiction had enlisted his sympathy in its belief, had done so keenly and earnestly, I might almost say fiercely. He was dressed in our ordinary every-day costume, which hung about his fine figure loosely, and with indifferent grace. On my telling him that I regretted not to see him in his own attire, he threw up his right arm, for a moment, as though he were brandishing some heavy weapon, and answered, as he let it fall again, that his race were losing many things besides their dress, and would soon be seen upon the earth no more; but he wore it at home, he added proudly.

He told me that he had been away from his home, west of the Mississippi, seventeen months: and was now returning. He had been chiefly at Washington on some negotiations pending between his Tribe and the Government; which were not settled yet (he said in a melancholy way), and he feared never would be; for what could a few poor Indians do, against such well-skilled men of business as the whites? He had no love for Washington; tired of towns and cities very soon; and longed for the Forest and the Prairie.

I asked him what he thought of Congress? He answered, with a smile, that it wanted dignity, in an Indian's eyes.

He would very much like, he said, to see England before he died; and spoke with much interest about the great things to be seen there. When I told him of that chamber in the British Museum wherein are preserved household memorials of a race that ceased to be, thousands of years ago, he was very attentive, and it was not hard to see that he had a reference in his mind to the gradual fading away of his own people.

This led us to speak of Mr. Catlin's gallery, which he praised highly: observing that his own portrait was among the collection, and that all the likenesses were "elegant." Mr. Cooper, he said, had painted the Red Man well; and so would I, he knew, if I would go home with him and hunt buffaloes, which he was quite anxious I should do. When I told him that supposing I went, I should not be very likely to damage the

buffaloes much, he took it as a great joke and laughed heartily.

He was a remarkably handsome man: some years past forty I should judge; with long black hair, an aquiline nose, broad cheek bones, a sunburnt complexion, and a very bright, keen, dark, and piercing eye. There were but twenty thousand of the Choctaws left, he said, and their number was decreasing every day. A few of his brother chiefs had been obliged to become civilized, and to make themselves acquainted with what the whites knew, for it was their only chance of existence. But they were not many; and the rest were as they always had been. He dwelt on this: and said several times that unless they tried to assimilate themselves to their conquerors, they must be swept away before the strides of civilized society.

When we shook hands at parting, I told him he must come to England, as he longed to see the land so much; that I should hope to see him there, one day; and that I could promise him he would be well received and kindly treated. He was evidently pleased by this assurance, though he rejoined with a good-humoured smile and an arch shake of his head, that the English used to be very fond of the Red Man when they wanted their help, but had not cared much for them since.

He took his leave; as stately and complete a gentleman of Nature's making, as ever I beheld; and moved among the people in the boat, another kind of being. He sent me a lithographed portrait of himself soon afterward; very like, though scarcely handsome enough; which I have carefully preserved in memory of our brief acquaintance.

There was nothing very interesting in the scenery of this day's journey, which brought us, at midnight, to Louisville. We slept at the Galt House; a splendid hotel; and were as handsomely lodged as though we had been in Paris, rather than hundreds of miles beyond the Alleghanies.

The city presenting no objects of sufficient interest to detain us on our way, we resolved to proceed next day by another steamboat, the Fulton, and to join it, about noon, at a suburb called Portland, where it would be delayed some time in passing through a canal.

The interval, after breakfast, we devoted to riding through the town, which is regular and cheerful: the streets being laid out at right angles, and planted with young trees. The buildings are smoky and blackened, from the use of bituminous coal, but an Englishman is well used to that appearance, and indisposed to quarrel with it. There did not appear to be much business stirring; and some unfinished buildings and improvements seemed to intimate that the city had been over-built in the ardour of "going ahead," and was suffering under the reaction consequent upon such feverish forcing of its powers.

On our way to Portland, we passed a "Magistrate's office," which amused me, as looking far more like a dame school than any police establishment; for this awful Institution was nothing but a little lazy, good-for-nothing front parlour, open to the street; wherein two or three figures (I presume the magistrate and his myrmidons) were basking in the sunshine, the very effigies of languor and repose. It was a perfect picture of Justice retired from business for want of customers; her sword and scales sold off; napping comfortably with her legs upon the table.

Here, as elsewhere in these parts, the road was perfectly alive with pigs of all ages, lying about in every direction, fast asleep; or grunting along in quest of hidden dainties. I had always a sneaking kindness for these odd animals, and found a constant source of amusement, when all others failed, in watching their proceedings. As we were riding along this morning, I observed a little incident between two youthful pigs, which was so very human as to be inexpressibly comical and grotesque at the time, though I dare say, in telling, it is same enough.

One young gentleman (a very delicate porker with several straws sticking about his nose, betokening recent investigations in a dunghill) was walking deliberately on, profoundly thinking, when suddenly his brother, who was lying in a miry hole, unseen by him, rose up immediately before his startled eyes, ghostly with damp mud. Never was pig's whole mass of blood so turned. He started back at least three feet, gazed for a moment, and then shot off as hard as he could go: his excessively little tail vibrating with speed and terror like a distraced pendulum. But before he had gone very far, he began to reason with himself as to the nature of this frightful appearance; and as he reasoned, he relaxed his speed by gradual degrees; until at last he stopped, and faced about. There was his brother, with the mud upon him, glazing in the sun, yet staring out of the very same hole, perfectly amazed at his proceedings! He was no sooner assured of this; and he assured himself so carefully that one may almost say he shaded his eyes with his hand to see the better; than he came back at a round trot, pounced upon him, and summarily took off a piece of his tail, as a caution to him to be careful what he was about for the future, and never to play tricks with his family any more.

We found the steamboat in the canal, waiting for the slow process of getting through the lock, and went on board, where we shortly afterward had a new kind of visiter in the person of a certain Kentucky giant, whose name is Porter, and who is of the moderate height of seven feet eight inches in his stockings.

There never was a race of people who so completely gave the lie to history as these giants, or whom all the chroniclers have so cruelly libelled. Instead of roaring and ravaging about the world, constantly catering for their cannibal larders, and perpetually going to market in an unlawful manner, they are the meekest people in any man's acquaintance: rather inclining to milk and vegetable diet, and bearing anything for a quiet life. So decidedly are amiability and mildness their characteristics, that I confess I look upon that youth who distinguished himself by the slaughter of these inoffensive persons, as a false-hearted brigand, who, pretending to philanthropic motives, was secretly influenced only by the wealth stored up within their castles, and the hope of plunder. And I lean the more to this opinion from finding that even the historian of those exploits, with all his partiality for his hero, is fain to admit that the slaughtered monsters in question were of a very innocent and simple turn; extremely guileless and ready of belief; lending a credulous ear to the most improbable tales; suffering themselves to be easily entrapped into pits; and even (as in the Welsh giant), with an excess of the hospitable politeness of a landlord, ripping themselves open, rather than hint at the possiblity of their guests being versed in the vagabond arts of sleight-of-hand and hocus-pocus.

The Kentucky giant was but another illustration of the truth of this position. He had a weakness in the region of the knees, and a trustfulness in his long face, which appealed even to five feet nine for encouragement and support. He was only twenty-five years old, he said, and had grown recently, for it had been found necessary to make an addition to the legs of his inexpressibles. At fifteen he was a short boy, and in those days his English father and his Irish mother had rather snubbed him, as being too small of stature to sustain the credit of the family. He added that his health had not been good, though it was better now; but short people are not wanting who whisper that he drinks too hard.

I understand he drives a hackney-coach, though how he does it, unless he stands on the footboard behind, and lies along the roof upon his chest, with his chin in the box, it would be difficult to comprehend. He brought his gun with him, as a curiosity. Christened "The Little Rifle," and displayed outside a shop-window, it would make the fortune of any retail business in Holborn. When he had shown himself, and talked a little while, he withdrew with this pocket instrument, and went bobbing down the cabin, among men of six feet high and upward, like a lighthouse walking among lampposts.

Within a few minutes afterward we were out of the canal and in the Ohio River again.

The arrangements of the boat were like those of the Messenger, and the passengers were of the same order of people. We fed at the same times, on the same kind of viands, in the same dull manner, and with the same observances. The company appeared to be oppressed by the same tremendous concealments, and had as little capacity of enjoyment or light-heartedness. I never in my life did see such listless, heavy dulness as brooded over these meals: the very recollection of it weighs me down, and makes me for the moment wretched. Reading and writing on my knee, in our little cabin, I really dreaded the coming of the hour that summoned us to table; and was as glad to escape from it again, as if it had been a penance or a punishment. Healthy cheerfulness and good spirits forming a part of the banquet, I could soak my crusts in the fountain with Le Sage's strolling player, and revel in their glad enjoyment: but sitting down with so many fellow-animals to ward off thirst and hunger as a business; to empty, each creature, his Yahoo's trough as quickly as he can, and then slink sullenly away; to have these social sacraments stripped of everything but the mere greedy satisfaction of the natural cravings, goes so against the grain with me, that I seriously believe the recollection of these funeral feasts will be a waking nightmare to me all my life.

There was some relief in this boat, too, which there had not been in the other, for the captain (a blunt, good-natured fellow) had his handsome wife with him, who was disposed to be lively and agreeable, as were a few other lady-passengers who had their seats about us at the same end of the table. But nothing could have made head against the depressing influence of the general bod . There was a magnetism of dulness in them which would have beaten down the most facetious companion that the earth ever knew. A jest would have been a crime, and a smile would have faded into a grinning horror. Such deadly, leaden people; such systematic, plodding, weary, insupportable heaviness; such a mass of indigestion in respect of all that was genial, jovial, frank, social, or hearty, never, sure, was brought together elsewhere since the world began.

Nor was the scenery, as we approached the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, at all inspiriting in its influence. The trees were stunted in their growth; the banks were low and flat; the settlements and log cabins fewer in number; their inhabitants more wan and wretched than any we had encountered yet. No songs of birds were in the air, no pleasant scents, no moving lights and shadows from swift passing clouds. Hour after hour, the changeless glare of the hot, unwinking sky, shone upon the same monotonous objects. Hour after hour, the river rolled along, as wearily and slowly as the time itself.

At length, on the morning of the third day, we arrived at a spot so much more desolate than any we had yet beheld, that the forlornest places we had passed, were, in comparison with it, full of interest. At the junction of the two rivers, on ground so flat, and low, and marshy, that at certain seasons of the year it is inundated to the house-tops, lies a breeding-place of fever, ague, and death; vaunted in England as a mine of golden hope, and speculated in, on the faith of monstrous representations, to many people's ruin. A dismal swamp, on which the half-built houses rot away: cleared here and there for the space of a few yards, and teeming then with rank, unwholesome vegetation, in whose baleful shade the wretched wanderers who are tempted hither, droop, and die, and lay their bones; the hateful Mississippi circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course, a slimy monster hideous to behold; a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise: a place without one single quality in earth, or air, or water, to commend it: such is this dismal Cairo.

But what words shall describe the Mississippi, great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) has no young children like him! An enormous ditch, sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud six miles an hour; its strong and frothy current choked and obstructed everywhere by huge logs and whole forest trees; now twining themselves together in great rafts, from the interstices of which a sedgy, lazy foam works up, to float upon the water's top; now rolling past like monstrous bodies, their tangled roots showing like matted hair; now glancing singly by like giant leeches, and now writhing round and round in the vortex of some small whirlpool like wounded snakes. The banks low, the trees dwarfish, the marshes swarming with frogs, the wretched cabins, few and far apart, their inmates hollow-cheeked and pale, the weather very hot, moschetoes penetrating into every crack and crevice of the boat, mud and slime on everything: nothing pleasant in its aspect but the harmless lightning which flickers every night upon the dark horizon.

For two days we toiled up this foul stream, striking constantly against the floating timber, or stopping to avoid those more dangerous obtacles, the snags, or sawyers, which are the hidden trunks of trees that have their roots below the tide. When the nights are very dark, the look-out, stationed in the head of the boat, knows by the ripple of the water if any great impediment be near at hand, and rings a bell beside him, which is the signal for the engine to be stopped; but always in the night this bell has

work to do, and after every ring there comes a blow, which renders it no easy matter to remain in bed.

The decline of day here was very gorgeous; tinging the firmament deeply with red and gold, up to the very keystone of the arch above us. As the sun went down behind the bank, the slightest blades of grass upon it seemed to become as distinctly visible as the arteries in the skeleton of a leaf; and when, as it slowly sank, the red and golden bars upon the water grew dimmer and dimmer yet, as if they were sinking, too; and all the glowing colours of departing day paled inch by inch before the sombre night; the scene became a thousand times more lonesome and more dreary than before, and all its influences darkened with the sky.

We drank the muddy water of this river while we were upon it. It is considered wholesome by the natives, and is something more opaque than gruel. I have seen water like it at the filter-shops, but nowhere else.

On the fourth night after leaving Louisville, we reached St. Louis, and here I witnessed the conclusion of an incident, trifling enough in itself, but very pleasant to see, which had interested me during the whole journey.

There was a little woman on board, with a little baby, and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New-York, and had left her home in St. Louis, in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house; and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning) for twelve months, having left him a month or two after their marriage.

Well, to be sure there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was: and all day long she wondered whether "He" would be at the wharf; and whether "He" had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, "He" would know it, meeting it in the street: which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature; and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state; and let out all this matter clinging close about her heart, so freely; that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife), was wondrous sly, I promise you: inquiring, every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen, dried-apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lap-dog) old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby now and then, or laughing with the rest, when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him in the joy of her heart.

It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good-humour; tied a handkerchief round her head; and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies! and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones! and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with!

At last, there were the lights of St. Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps: and the little woman, covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin, and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear "Him" asking for her: but I did not see her do it.

Then, a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about among the other boats to find a landing-place: and everybody looked for the husband: and nobody saw him: when, in the midst of all—Heaven knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow! and, in a moment afterward, there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin, to look at the baby as he lay asleep!

We went to a large hotel, called the Planter's House: built like an English hospital, with long passages and bare walls, and sky-lights above the room-doors for the free circulation of air. There were a great many boarders in it; and as many lights sparkled and glistened from the windows down into the street below, when we drove up, as if it had been illuminated on some occasion of rejoicing. It is an excellent house, and the proprietors have most bountiful notions of providing the creature comforts. Dining alone with my wife in our own room one day, I counted fourteen dishes on the table at once.

In the old French portion of the town, the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are very quaint and picturesque: being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs, or rather ladders, from the street. There are queer little barbers' shops and drinking-houses too, in this quarter; and abundance of crazy old tenements with blinking casements, such as may be seen in Flanders. Some of these ancient habitations, with high garret gable-windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and being lop-sided with age, appear to hold their heads askew, besides, as if they were grimacing in astonishment at the American Improvements.

It is hardly necessary to say, that these consist of wharfs and warehouses, and new buildings in all directions; and of a great many vast plans which are still "progressing." Already, however, some very good houses, broad streets, and marble-fronted shops, have gone so far ahead as to be in a state of completion; and the town bids fair in a few years to improve considerably: though it is not likely ever to vie, in point of elegance or beauty, with Cincinnati.

The Roman Catholic religion, introduced here by the early French settlers, prevails extensive-

ly. Among the public institutions are a Jesuit college; a convent for "the Ladies of the Sacred Heart;" and a large chapel attached to the college, which was in course of erection at the time of my visit, and was intended to be consecrated on the second of December in the present year. The architect of this building is one of the reverend fathers of the school, and the works proceed under his sole direction. The organ will be sent from Belgium,

In addition to these establishments, there is a Roman Catholic cathedral, dedicated to Saint Francis Xavier; and an hospital, founded by the munificence of a deceased resident, who was a member of that church. It also sends missionaries from hence among the Indian tribes.

The Unitarian church is represented in this remote place, as in most other parts of America, by a gentleman of great worth and excellence. The poor have good reason to remember and bless it; for it befriends them, and aids the cause of rational education, without any sectarian or selfish views. It is liberal in all its actions; of kind construction; and of wide benevolence.

There are three free-schools already erected, and in full operation in this city. A fourth is building, and will soon be opened.

No man ever admits the unhealthiness of the place he dwells in (unless he is going away from it), and I shall therefore, I have no doubt, be at issue with the inhabitants of Saint Louis, in questioning the perfect salubrity of its climate, and in hinting that I think it must rather dispose to fever in the summer and autumnal seasons. Just adding, that it is very hot, lies among great rivers, and has vast tracts of undrained swampy land around it, I leave the reader to form his own opinion.

As I had a great desire to see a Prairie before turning back from the farthest point of my wanderings; and, as some gentlemen of the town had, in their hospitable consideration, an equal desire to gratify me; a day was fixed before my departure, for an expedition to the Looking-Glass Prairie, which is within thirty miles of the town. Deeming it possible that my readers may not object to know what kind of thing such a gipsy party may be at that distance from home, and among what sort of objects it moves, I will describe the jaunt in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A JAUNT TO THE LOOKING-GLASS PRAIRIE AND BACK.

I MAY premise that the word Prairie is variously pronounced *paraaer*, *parearer*, and *paroarer*. The latter mode of pronunciation is perhaps the most in favour.

We were fourteen in all, and all young men: indeed it is a singular though very natural feature in the society of these distant settlements, that it is mainly composed of adventurous persons in the prime of life, and has very few gray heads among it. There were no ladies: the trip being a fatiguing one; and we were to start at five o'clock in the morning, punctually.

I was called at four, that I might be certain of keeping nobody waiting; and having got some bread and milk for breakfast, threw up the window and looked down into the street, expecting to see the whole party busily astir, and great preparations going on below. But as everything was *very quiet, and* the street presented that hopeless aspect with which five o'clock in the morning is familiar elsewhere, I deemed it as well to go to bed again, and went accordingly.

I awoke again at seven o'clock, and by that time the party had assembled, and were gathered round, one light carriage, with a very stout axletree; one something on wheels like an amateur carrier's cart; one double phaeton of great antiquity and unearthly construction; one gig with a great hole in its back and a broken head; and one rider on horseback who was to go on before. I got into the first coach with three companions; the rest bestowed themselves in the other vehicles; two large baskets were made fast to the lightest; two large stone jars in wicker cases, technically known as demi-johns, were consigned to the "least rowdy" of the party for safe keeping; and the procession moved off to the ferry-boat, in which it was to cross the river bodily, men, horses, carriages, and all, as the manner in these parts is.

We got over the river in due course, and mustered again before a little wooden box on wheels, hove down, all-aslant, in a morass, with "MERCHANT TAILOR" painted in very large letters over the door. Having settled the order of proceeding, and the road to be taken, we started off once more, and began to make our way through an ill-favoured Black Hollow, called, less expressively, the American Bottom.

The previous day had been—not to say hot, for the term is weak and lukewarm in its power of conveying an idea of the temperature. The town had been on fire; in a blaze. But at night it had come on to rain in torrents, and all night long it had rained without cessation. We had a pair of very strong horses, but travelled at the rate of little more than a couple of miles an hour, through one unbroken slough of black mud and water. It had no variety but in depth. Now it was only half over the wheels, now it hid the axletree, and now the coach sank down in it almost to the windows. The air resounded in all directions with the loud chirping of the frogs, who, with the pigs (a coarse, ugly breed, as unwholesome looking as though they were the spontaneous growth of the country), had the whole scene to themselves. Here and there we passed a log-hut; but the wretched cabins were wide apart and thinly scattered, for, though the soil is very rich in this place, few people can exist in such a deadly atmosphere. On either side of the track, if it deserved the name, was the thick "bush;" and everywhere was stagnant, slimy, rotten, filthy water.

As it is the custom in these parts to give a horse a gallon or so of cold water whenever he is in a foam with heat, we halted for that purpose, at a log-inn in the wood, far removed from any other residence. It consisted of one room, bare-roofed and bare-walled, of course, with a loft above. The ministering priest was a swarthy young savage, in a shirt of cotton print like bed-furniture, and a pair of ragged trousers. There were a couple of young boys, too, nearly naked, lying idly by the well; and they, and he, and *the* traveller at the inn, turned out to look at us.

The traveller was an old man with a gray, grizzly beard two inches long, a shaggy mustache of the same hue, and enormous eyebrows, which almost obscured his lazy, semi-drunken glance, as he stood regarding us with folded arms, poising himself alternately upon his toes and heels. On being addressed by one of the party, he drew nearer, and said, rubbing his chin (which scraped

under his horny hand like fresh gravel beneath a nailed shoe), that he was from Delaware, and had lately bought a farm "down there," pointing into one of the marshes where the stunted trees were thickest. He was "going," he added, to St. Louis, to fetch his family, whom he had left behind; but he seemed in no great hurry to bring on these encumbrances, for when we moved away, he loitered back into the cabin, and was plainly bent on stopping there so long as his money lasted. He was a great politician, of course, and explained his opinions at some length to one of our company; but I only remember that he concluded with two sentiments, one of which was, Somebody forever! and the other, Blast everybody else! which is by no means a bad abstract of the general creed in these matters.

When the horses were swollen out to about twice their natural dimensions (there seems to be an idea here that this kind of inflation improves their going), we went forward again, through mud and mire, and damp, and festering heat, and brake and bush, attended always by the music of the frogs and pigs, until nearly noon, when we halted at a place called Belleville.

Belleville was a small collection of wooden houses, huddled together in the very heart of the bush and swamp. Many of them had singularly bright doors of read and yellow; for the place had been lately visited by a travelling painter, "who got along," as I was told, "by eating his way." The criminal court was sitting, and was at that moment trying some criminals for horse-stealing, with whom it would most likely go hard; for live-stock of all kinds being necessarily very much exposed in the woods, is held by the community in rather higher value than human life; and for this reason juries generally make a point of finding all men indicted for cattle-stealing guilty, whether or no.

The horses belonging to the bar, the judge, and witnesses, were tied to temporary racks set up roughly in the road, by which is to be understood a forest path, nearly knee-deep in mud and slime.

There was a hotel in this place which, like all hotels in America, had its large dining-room for the public table. It was an odd, shambling, low-roofed outhouse, half cowshed and half kitchen, with a coarse brown canvass table-cloth, and tin sconces stuck against the walls, to hold candles at supper-time. The horseman had gone forward to have coffee and some eatables prepared, and they this were by time nearly ready. He had ordered "wheat-bread and chicken fixings," in preference to "corn-bread and common doings." The latter kind of refection includes only pork and bacon. The former comprehends broiled ham, sausages, veal-cutlets, steaks, and such other viands of that nature as may be supposed, by a tolerably wide poetical construction, to "fix" a chicken comfortably in the digestive organs of any lady or gentleman.

On one of the door-posts at this inn was a tin plate, whereon was inscribed in characters of gold "Doctor Crocus;" and on a sheet of paper, pasted up by the side of this plate, was a written announcement that Dr. Crocus would that evening deliver a lecture on Phrenology for the benefit of the Belleville public, at a charge, for admission, of so much a head.

Straying up stairs, during the preparation of the chicken fixings, I happened to pass the doctor's chamber; and as the door stood wide open, and the room was empty, I made bold to peep in.

It was a bare, unfurnished, comfortless room, with an unframed portrait hanging up at the head of the bed; a likeness, I take it, of the doctor, for the forehead was fully displayed, and great stress was laid by the artist upon its phrenological developments. The bed itself was covered with an old patchwork counterpane. The room was destitute of carpet or of curtain. There was a damp fireplace without any stove, full of wood-ashes; a chair, and a very small table; and on the last-named piece of furniture was displayed, in grand array, the doctor's library, consisting of some half a dozen greasy old books.

Now it certainly looked about the last apartment on the whole earth out of which any man would be likely to get anything to do him good. But the door, as I have said, stood coaxingly open, and plainly said, in conjunction with the chair, the portrait, the table, and the books, "Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Don't be ill, gentlemen, when you may be well in no time. Doctor Crocus is here, gentlemen, the celebrated Doctor Crocus! Doctor Crocus has come all this way to cure you, gentlemen. If you haven't heard of Doctor Crocus, it's your fault, gentlemen, who live a little way out of the world here, not Doctor Crocus's. Walk in, gentlemen, walk in!"

In the passage below, when I went down stairs again, was Doctor Crocus himself. A crowd had flocked in from the Court-house, and a voice from among them called out to the landlord, "Colonel! introduce Doctor Crocus."

"Mr. Dickens," says the colonel, "Doctor Crocus."

Upon which Doctor Crocus, who is a tall, fine-looking Scotchman, but rather fierce and warlike in appearance for a professor of the peaceful art of healing, bursts out of the concourse with his right arm extended, and his chest thrown out as far as it will possibly come, and says,

"Your countryman, sir!"

Whereupon Doctor Crocus and I shake hands; and Doctor Crocus looks as if I didn't by any means realize his expectations, which, in a linen blouse, and a great straw hat with a green riband, and no gloves, and my face and nose profusely ornamented with the stings of moschetoes and the bites of bugs, it is very likely I did not.

"Long in these parts, sir?" says I.

"Three or four months, sir," says the doctor.

"Do you think of soon returning to the old country, sir?" says I.

Doctor Crocus makes no verbal answer, but gives me an imploring look, which says so plainly "Will you ask me that again, a little louder, if you please?" that I repeat the question.

"Think of soon returning to the old country, sir!" repeats the doctor.

"To the old country, sir," I rejoin.

Doctor Crocus looks round upon the crowd to observe the effect he produces, rubs his hands, and says in a very loud voice,

"Not yet a while, sir, not yet. You won't catch me at that just yet, sir. I am a little too fond of freedom for *that*, sir. Ha, ha! It's not so easy for a man to tear himself from a free country such as this is, sir. Ha, ha! No, no! Ha, ha! None of that till one's obliged to do it, sir. No, no!"

As Doctor Crocus says these latter words, he shakes his head knowingly, and laughs again. Many of the by-standers shake their heads in con-

cert with the doctor, and laugh too, and look at each other as much as to say, "A pretty bright and first-rate sort of chap is Crocus!" and unless I am very much mistaken, a good many people went to the lecture that night who never thought about phrenology, or about Doctor Crocus either, in all their lives before.

From Belleville, we went on through the same desolate kind of waste, and constantly attended, without the interval of a moment, by the same music, until, at three o'clock in the afternoon, we halted once more at a village called Lebanon to inflate the horses again, and give them some corn besides, of which they stood much in need. Pending this ceremony, I walked into the village, where I met a full-sized dwelling-house coming down-hill at a round trot, drawn by a score or more of oxen.

The public-house was so very clean and good a one, that the managers of the jaunt resolved to return to it, and put up there for the night, if possible. This course decided on, and the horses being well refreshed, we again pushed forward, and came upon the prairie at sunset.

It would be difficult to say why or how though it was possibly from having heard and read so much about it—but the effect on me was disappointment. Looking towards the setting sun, there lay, stretched out before my view, a vast expanse of level ground, unbroken, save by one thin line of trees, which scarcely amounted to a scratch upon the great blank, until it met the glowing sky, wherein it seemed to dip, mingling with its rich colours, and mellowing in its distant blue. There it lay, a tranquil sea or lake without water, if such a simile be admissible, with the day going down upon it; a few birds wheeling here and there: and solitude and silence reigning paramount around. But the grass was not yet high; there were bare black patches on the ground; and the few wild flowers that the eye could see, were poor and scanty. Great as the picture was, its very flatness and extent, which left nothing to the imagination, tamed it down and cramped its interest. I felt little of that sense of freedom and exhilaration which a Scottish heath inspires, or even our English downs awaken. It was lonely and wild, but oppressive in its barren monotony. I felt that in traversing the prairies I could never abandon myself to the scene, forgetful of all else, as I should do instinctively, were the heather underneath my feet, or an iron-bound coast beyond; but should often glance towards the distant and frequently-receding line of the horizon, and wished it gained and passed. It is not a scene to be forgotten, but it is scarcely one, I think (at all events, as I saw it), to remember with much pleasure, or to covet the looking-on again, in after life.

We encamped near a solitary log-house, for the sake of its water, and dined upon the plain. The baskets contained roast fowls, buffalo's tongue (an exquisite dainty, by-the-way), ham, bread, cheese, and butter; biscuits, Champagne, sherry; lemons and sugar for punch; and abundance of rough ice. The meal was delicious, and the entertainers were the soul of kindness and good humour. I have often recalled that cheerful party to my pleasant recollection since, and shall not easily forget, in junketings nearer home with friends of older date, my boon companions on the prairie.

Returning to Lebanon that night, we lay at the little inn at which we had halted in the afternoon. *In point of cleanliness* and comfort it would have suffered by no comparison with any village ale-house, of a homely kind, in England.

Rising at five o'clock next morning, I took a walk about the village; none of the houses were strolling about to-day, but it was early for them yet, perhaps; and then amused myself by lounging in a kind of farm-yard behind the tavern, of which the leading features were, a strange jumble of rough sheds for stables; a rude colonnade, built as a cool place of summer resort; a deep well; a great earthen mound for keeping vegetables in, in winter time; and a pigeon-house, whose little apertures looked, as they do in all pigeon-houses, very much too small for the admission of the plump and swelling-breasted birds who were strutting about it, though they tried to get in ever so hard. That interest exhausted, I took a survey of the inn's two parlours, which were decorated with coloured prints of Washington and President Madison, and of a white-faced young lady (much speckled by the flies), who held up her gold neck-chain for the admiration of the spectator, and informed all admiring comers that she was "Just Seventeen;" although I should have thought her older. In the best room were two oil portraits of the kit-cat size, representing the landlord and his infant son; both looking as bold as lions, and staring out of the canvass with an intensity that would have been cheap at any price. They were painted, I think, by the artist who had touched up the Belleville doors with red and gold; for I seemed to recognise his style immediately.

After breakfast, we started to return by a different way from that which we had taken yesterday, and coming up at ten o'clock with an encampment of German emigrants carrying their goods in carts, who had made a rousing fire which they were just quitting, stopped there to refresh. And very pleasant the fire was; for, hot though it had been yesterday, it was quite cold to-day, and the wind blew keenly. Looming in the distance, as we rode along, was another of the ancient Indian burial-places, called The Monks' Mound; in memory of a body of fanatics of the order of La Trappe, who founded a desolate convent there, many years ago, when there were no settlers within a thousand miles, and were all swept off by the pernicious climate; in which lamentable fatality, few rational people will suppose, perhaps, that society experienced any very severe deprivation.

The track of to-day had the same features as the track of yesterday. There were the swamp, the bush, the perpetual chorus of frogs, the rank unseemly growth, the unwholesome steaming earth. Here and there, and frequently too, we encountered a solitary broken-down wagon, full of some new settler's goods. It was a pitiful sight to see one of these vehicles deep in the mire; the axle-tree broken; a wheel lying idly by its side; the man gone miles away, to look for assistance; the woman seated among their wandering household gods with a baby at her breast, a picture of forlorn, dejected patience; the team of oxen crouching down mournfully in the mud, and breathing forth such clouds of vapour from their mouths and nostrils, that all the damp mist and fog around seemed to have come direct from them.

In due time we mustered once again before the merchant tailor's, and having done so, crossed over to the city in the ferry-boat; passing, on the way, a spot called Bloody Island, the duelling ground of St. Louis, and so designated in honour

of the last fatal combat fought there, which was with pistols, breast to breast. Both combatants fell dead upon the ground; and possibly some rational people may think of them, as of the gloomy madmen on the Monks' Mound, that they were no great loss to the community.

CHAPTER XIV.

RETURN TO CINCINNATI. A STAGE-COACH RIDE FROM THAT CITY TO COLUMBUS, AND THENCE TO SANDUSKY. SO, BY LAKE ERIE, TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

As I had a desire to travel through the interior of the state of Ohio, and to "strike the lakes," as the phrase is, at a small town called Sandusky, to which that route would conduct us on our way to Niagara, we had to return from St. Louis by the way we had come, and to retrace our former track as far as Cincinnati.

The day on which we were to take leave of St. Louis being very fine; and the steamboat, which was to have started I don't know how early in the morning, postponing, for the third or fourth time, her departure until the afternoon; we rode forward to an old French village on the river, called properly Carondelet, and nicknamed Vide Poche, and arranged that the packet should call for us there.

The place consisted of a few poor cottages, and two or three public-houses; the state of whose larders certainly seemed to justify the second designation of the village, for there was nothing to eat in any of them. At length, however, by going back some half mile or so, we found a solitary house where ham and coffee were procurable; and there we tarried to await the advent of the boat, which would come in sight from the green before the door, a long way off.

It was a neat, unpretending village tavern, and we took our repast in a quaint little room with a bed in it, decorated with some old oil paintings, which in their time had probably done duty in a Catholic chapel or monastery. The fare was very good, and served with great cleanliness. The house was kept by a characteristic old couple, with whom we had a long talk, and who were perhaps a very good sample of that kind of people in the West.

The landlord was a dry, tough, hard-faced old fellow (not so very old either, for he was but just turned sixty, I should think), who had been out with the militia in the last war with England, and had seen all kinds of service—except a battle; and he had been very near seeing that, he added; very near. He had all his life been restless and locomotive, with an irresistible desire of change; and was still the son of his old self; for if he had nothing to keep him at home, he said (slightly jerking his hat and his thumb towards the window of the room in which the old lady sat, as we stood talking in front of the house) he would clean up his musket, and be off to Texas to-morrow morning. He was one of the very many descendants of Cain proper to this continent, who seemed destined from their birth to serve as pioneers in the great human army; who gladly go on from year to year extending its outposst, and leaving home after home behind them; and die at last, utterly regardless of their graves being left thousands of miles behind, by the wandering generation who succeed.

His wife was a domesticated, kind-hearted old soul, who had come with him "from the queen city of the world," which, it seemed, was Philadelphia; but had no love for this Western country, and indeed had little reason to bear it any; having seen her children, one by one, die here of fever in the full prime and beauty of their youth. Her heart was sore, she said, to think of them; and to talk on this theme, even to strangers, in that blighted place, so far from her old home, eased it somewhat, and became a melancholy pleasure.

The boat appearing towards evening, we bade adieu to the poor old lady and her vagrant spouse, and making for the nearest landing-place, were soon on board The Messenger again, in our old cabin, and steaming down the Mississippi.

If the coming up this river, slowly making head against the stream, be an irksome journey, the shooting down it with the turbid current is almost worse; for then the boat, proceeding at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, has to force its passage through a labyrinth of floating logs, which, in the dark, it is often impossible to see before-hand or avoid. All that night, the bell was never silent for five minutes at a time; and after every ring the vessel reeled again, sometimes beneath a single blow, sometimes beneath a dozen dealt in quick succession, the lightest of which seemed more than enough to beat in her frail keel, as though it had been pie-crust. Looking down upon the filthy river after dark, it seemed to be alive with monsters, as these black masses rolled upon the surface, or came starting up again, head first, when the boat, in ploughing her way among a shoal of such obstructions, drove a few among them for the moment under water. Sometimes, the engine stopped during a long interval, and then before her and behind, and gathering close about her on all sides, were so many of these ill-favoured obstacles that she was fairly hemmed in; the centre of a floating island; and was constrained to pause until they parted somewhere, as dark clouds will do before the wind, and opened by degrees a channel out.

In good time next morning, however, we came again in sight of the detestable morass called Cairo; and stopping there to take in wood, lay alongside a barge, whose starting timbers scarcely held together. It was moored to the bank, and on its side was painted, "Coffee House;" that being, I suppose, the floating paradise to which the people fly for shelter when they lose their houses for a month or two beneath the hideous waters of the Mississippi. But looking southward from this point, we had the satisfaction of seeing that intolerable river dragging its slimy length and ugly freight abruptly off towards New Orleans; and passing a yellow line which stretched across the current, were again upon the clear Ohio, never, I trust, to see the Mississippi more, saving in troubled dreams and nightmares. Leaving it for the company of its sparkling neighbour, was like the transition from pain to ease, or the awakening from a horrible vision to cheerful realities.

We arrived at Louisville on the fourth night, and gladly availed ourselves of its excellent hotel. Next day, we went on in the Ben Franklin, a beautiful mail steamboat, and reached Cincinnati shortly after midnight. Being by this time nearly tired of sleeping upon shelves, we had remained awake, to go ashore straightway;

and groping a passage across the dark decks of other boats, and among labyrinths of engine-machinery and leaking casks of molasses, we reached the streets, knocked up the porter at the hotel where we had stayed before, and were, to our great joy, safely housed soon afterward.

We rested but one day at Cincinnati, and then resumed our journey to Sandusky. As it comprised two varieties of stage-coach travelling, which, with those I have already glanced at, comprehend the main characteristics of this mode of transit in America, I will take the reader as our fellow-passenger, and pledge myself to perform the distance with all possible despatch.

Our place of destination in the first instance is Columbus. It is distant about a hundred and twenty miles from Cincinnati, but there is a macadamized road (rare blessing!) the whole way, and the rate of travelling upon it is six miles an hour.

We start at eight o'clock in the morning, in a great mail-coach, whose huge cheeks are so very ruddy and plethoric, that it appears to be troubled with a tendency of blood to the head. Dropsical it certainly is, for it will hold a dozen passengers inside. But, wonderful to add, it is very clean and bright, being nearly new, and rattles through the streets of Cincinnati gayly.

Our way lies through a beautiful country, richly cultivated, and luxuriant in its promise of an abundant harvest. Sometimes we pass a field where the strong bristling stalks of Indian corn look like a crop of walking-sticks, and sometimes an enclosure where the green wheat is springing up among a labyrinth of stumps; the primitive worm-fence is universal, and an ugly thing it is; but the farms are neatly kept, and, save for these differences, one might be travelling just now in Kent.

We often stop to water at a roadside inn, which is always dull and silent. The coachman dismounts and fills his bucket, and holds it to the horses' heads. There is scarcely ever any one to help him; there are seldom any loungers standing round, and never any stable-company with jokes to crack. Sometimes, when we have changed our team, there is a difficulty in starting again, arising out of the prevalent mode of breaking a young horse; which is to catch him, harness him against his will, and put him in a stage-coach without farther notice; but we get on somehow or other, after a great many kicks and a violent struggle, and jog on as before again.

Occasionally, when we stop to change, some two or three half-drunken loafers will come loitering out with their hands in their pockets, or will be seen kicking their heels in rocking-chairs, or lounging on the window-sill, or sitting on a rail within the colonnade; they have not often anything to say though, either to us or to each other, but sit there, idly staring at the coach and horses. The landlord of the inn is usually among them, and seems, of all the party, to be the least connected with the business of the house. Indeed he is with reference to the tavern, what the driver is in relation to the coach and passengers; whatever happens in his sphere of action, he is quite indifferent, and perfectly easy in his mind.

The frequent change of coachmen works no change or variety in the coachman's character. He is always dirty, sullen, and taciturn. If he be capable of smartness of any kind, moral or *physical*, he has a faculty of concealing it which *is truly marvellous. He never speaks to you as you sit beside him on the box, and if you speak* to him, he answers (if at all) in monosyllables. He points out nothing on the road, and seldom looks at anything; being, to all appearance, thoroughly weary of it, and of existence generally. As to doing the honours of his coach, his business, as I have said, is with the horses. The coach follows because it is attached to them and goes on wheels, not because you are in it. Sometimes, towards the end of a long stage, he suddenly breaks out into a discordant fragment of an election song, but his face never sings along with him; it is only his voice, and not often that.

He always chews and always spits, and never encumbers himself with a pocket-handkerchief. The consequences to the box passenger, especially when the wind blows towards him, are not agreeable.

Whenever the coach stops, and you can hear the voices of the inside passengers; or whenever any by-stander addresses them, or any one among them, or they address each other, you will hear one phrase repeated over and over, and over again, to the most extraordinary extent. It is an ordinary and unpromising phrase enough, being neither more nor less than "Yes, sir;" but it is adapted to every variety of circumstance, and fills up every pause in the conversation. Thus:

The time is one o'clock at noon. The scene, a place where we are to stay to dine, on this journey. The coach drives up to the door of an inn. The day is warm, and there are several idlers lingering about the tavern, and waiting for the public dinner. Among them, is a stout gentleman in a brown hat, swinging himself to and fro in a rocking-chair on the pavement.

As the coach stops, a gentleman in a straw hat looks out of the window.

STRAW HAT (To the stout gentleman in the rocking-chair). I reckon that's Judge Jefferson, a'nt it?

BROWN HAT (Still swinging, speaking very slowly, and without any emotion whatever). Yes, sir.

STRAW HAT. Warm weather, Judge.

BROWN HAT. Yes, sir.

STRAW HAT. There was a snap of cold last week.

BROWN HAT. Yes, sir.

STRAW HAT. Yes, sir.

A pause. They look at each other very seriously.

STRAW HAT. I calculate you'll have got through that case of the corporation judge, by this time, now?

BROWN HAT. Yes, sir.

STRAW HAT. How did the verdict go, sir?

BROWN HAT. For the defendant, sir.

STRAW HAT (Interrogatively). Yes, sir?

BROWN HAT (Affirmatively). Yes, sir.

BOTH (Musingly, as each gazes down the street). Yes, sir.

Another pause. They look at each other again, still more seriously than before.

BROWN HAT. This coach is rather behind its time to-day, I guess.

STRAW HAT (Doubtingly). Yes, sir.

BROWN HAT (Looking at his watch). Yes, sir; nigh upon two hours.

STRAW HAT (Raising his eyebrows in very great surprise). Yes, sir.

BROWN HAT (Decisively, as he puts up his watch). Yes, sir.

ALL THE OTHER INSIDE PASSENGERS (among themselves). Yes, sir.

COACHMAN (in a very surly tone). No it a'nt.

STRAW HAT (to the coachman). Well, I don't know, sir. We were a pretty tall time coming that last fifteen mile. That's a fact.

The coachman making no reply, and plainly declining to enter into any controversy on a subject so far removed from his sympathies and feelings, another passenger says "Yes, sir;" and the gentleman in the straw hat, in acknowledgment of his courtesy, says "Yes, sir" to him, in return. The straw hat then inquires of the brown hat, whether that coach in which he (the straw hat) then sits, is not a new one. To which the brown hat again makes answer, "Yes, sir."

STRAW HAT. I thought so. Pretty loud smell of varnish, sir?

BROWN HAT. Yes, sir.

ALL THE OTHER INSIDE PASSENGERS. Yes, sir.

BROWN HAT (to the company in general). Yes, sir.

The conversational powers of the company having been by this time pretty heavily taxed, straw hat opens the door and gets out, and all the rest alight also. We dine soon afterward with the boarders in the house, and have nothing to drink but tea and coffee. As they are both very bad, and the water is worse, I ask for brandy; but it is a Temperance Hotel, and spirits are not to be had for love or money. This preposterous forcing of unpleasant drinks down the reluctant throats of travellers is not at all uncommon in America, but I never discovered that the scruples of such wincing landlords induced them to preserve any unusually nice balance between the quality of their fare and their scale of charges: on the contrary, I rather suspected them of diminishing the one and exalting the other, by way of recompense for the loss of their profit on the sale of spirituous liquors. After all, perhaps, the plainest course for persons of such tender consciences would be, a total abstinence from tavern-keeping.

Dinner over, we get into another vehicle which is ready at the door (for the coach has been changed in the interval), and resume our journey, which continues through the same kind of country until evening, when we come to the town where we are to stop for tea and supper; and having delivered the mail-bags at the post-office, ride through the usual wide street, lined with the usual stores and houses (the drapers always having hung up at their door, by way of sign, a piece of bright red cloth), to the hotel where this meal is prepared. There being many boarders here, we sit down, a very large party, and a very melancholy one as usual. But there is a buxom hostess at the head of the table, and opposite, a simple Welsh schoolmaster with his wife and child, who came here, on a speculation of greater promise than performance, to teach the classics: and they are sufficient subjects of interest until the meal is over, and another coach is ready. In it we go on once more, lighted by a bright moon, until midnight; when we stop to change the coach again, and remain for half an hour or so in a miserable room, with a blurred lithograph of Washington over the smoky fireplace, and a mighty jug of cold water on the table; to which refreshment the moody passengers do so apply themselves, that they would seem to be, one and all, keen patients of Doctor Sangrado. Among them is a very little boy, who chews tobacco like a very big one; and a droning gentleman, who talks arithmetically and statistically on all subjects, from poetry downward; and who always speaks in the same key, with exactly the same emphasis, and with very grave deliberation. He came outside just now, and told me how that the uncle of a certain young lady who had been spirited away and married by a certain captain, lived in these parts; and how this uncle was so valiant and ferocious, that he shouldn't wonder if he were to follow the said captain to England, "and shoot him down in the street, wherever he found him;" in the feasibility of which strong measure I, being for the moment rather prone to contradiction, from feeling half asleep and very tired, declined to acquiesce: assuring him that if the uncle did resort to it, or gratified any other little whim of the like nature, he would find himself one morning prematurely throttled at the Old Bailey; and that he would do well to make his will before he went, as he would certainly want it before he had been in Britain very long.

On we go, all night, and by-and-by the day begins to break, and presently the first cheerful rays of the warm sun come slanting on us brightly. It sheds its light upon a miserable waste of sodden grass, and dull trees, and squalid huts, whose aspect is forlorn and grievous in the last degree. A very desert in the wood, whose growth of green is dank and noxious, like that upon the top of standing water; where poisonous fungus grows in the rare footprint on the oozy ground, and sprouts like witches' coral from the crevices in the cabin wall and floor; it is a hideous thing to lie upon the very threshold of a city. But it was purchased years ago, and as the owner cannot be discovered, the State has been unable to reclaim it. So there it remains, in the midst of cultivation and improvement, like ground accursed, and made obscene and rank by some great crime.

We reached Columbus shortly before seven o'clock, and stayed there, to refresh, that day and night: having excellent apartments in a very large unfinished hotel called the Neill House, which were richly fitted with the polished wood of the black walnut, and opened on a handsome portico and stone verandah, like rooms in some Italian mansion. The town is clean and pretty, and, of course, is "going to be" much larger. It is the seat of the State Legislature of Ohio, and lays claim, in consequence, to some consideration and importance.

There being no stage-coach next day, upon the road we wished to take, I hired "an extra," at a reasonable charge, to carry us to Tiffin; a small town from whence there is a railroad to Sandusky. This extra was an ordinary four-horse stage-coach, such as I have described, changing horses and drivers, as the stage-coach would, but was exclusively our own for the journey. To ensure our having horses at the proper stations, and being incommoded by no strangers, the proprietors sent an agent on the box, who was to accompany us the whole way through; and thus attended, and bearing with us, besides, a hamper full of savoury cold meats, and fruit, and wine, we started off again, in high spirits, at half past six o'clock next morning, very much delighted to be by ourselves, and disposed to enjoy even the roughest journey.

It was well for us that we were in this humour, for the road we went over that day, was certainly enough to have shaken tempers that were not resolutely at Set Fair, down to some inches below Stormy. At one time we were ...

flung together in a heap at the bottom of the coach, and at another we were crushing our heads against the roof. Now, one side was down deep in the mire, and we were holding on to the other. Now, the coach was lying on the tails of the two wheelers; and now it was rearing up in the air, in a frantic state, with all four horses standing on the top of an insurmountable eminence, looking coolly back at it, as though they would say "Unharness us. It can't be done." The drivers on these roads, who certainly get over the ground in a manner which is quite miraculous, so twist and turn the team about in forcing a passage, corkscrew fashion, through the bogs and swamps, that it was quite a common circumstance on looking out of the window, to see the coachman with the ends of a pair of reins in his hands, apparently driving nothing, or playing at horses, and the leaders staring at one unexpectedly from the back of the coach, as if they had some idea of getting up behind. A great portion of the way was over what is called a corduroy road, which is made by throwing trunks of trees into a marsh, and leaving them to settle there. The very slightest of the jolts with which the ponderous carriage fell from log to log, was enough, it seemed, to have dislocated all the bones in the human body. It would be impossible to experience a similar set of sensations, in any other circumstances, unless perhaps in attempting to go up to the top of Saint Paul's in an omnibus. Never, never once, that day, was the coach in any position, attitude, or kind of motion to which we are accustomed in coaches. Never did it make the smallest approach to one's experience of the proceedings of any sort of vehicle that goes on wheels.

Still, it was a fine day, and the temperature was delicious, and though we had left Summer behind us in the west, and were fast leaving Spring, we were moving towards Niagara, and home. We alighted in a pleasant wood towards the middle of the day, dined on a fallen tree, and leaving our best fragments with a cottager, and our worst with the pigs (who swarm in this part of the country like grains of sand on the seashore, to the great comfort of our commissariat in Canada), we went forward again gayly.

As night came on, the track grew narrower and narrower, until at last it so lost itself among the trees, that the driver seemed to find his way by instinct. We had the comfort of knowing, at least, that there was no danger of his falling asleep, for every now and then a wheel would strike against an unseen stump with such a jerk, that he was fain to hold on pretty tight and pretty quick, to keep himself upon the box. Nor was there any reason to dread the least danger from furious driving, inasmuch as over that broken ground the horses had enough to do to walk; as to shying, there was no room for that; and a herd of wild elephants could not have run away in such a wood, with such a coach at their heels. So we stumbled along, quite satisfied.

These stumps of trees are a curious feature in American travelling. The varying illusions they present to the unaccustomed eye as it grows dark, are quite astonishing in their number and reality. Now, there is a Grecian urn erected in the centre of a lonely field; now there is a woman weeping at a tomb; now a very commonplace old gentleman in a white waistcoat, with a *thumb thrust* into each arm-hole of his coat; now a student poring on a book; now a crouching negro; now a horse, a dog, a cannon, an armed man; a hunch-back throwing off his cloak and stepping forth into the light. They were often as entertaining to me as so many glasses in a magic lantern, and never took their shapes at my bidding, but seemed to force themselves upon me, whether I would or no; and strange to say, I sometimes recognised in them, counterparts of figures once familiar to me in pictures attached to childish books, forgotten long ago.

It soon became too dark, however, even for this amusement, and the trees were so close together that the dry branches rattled against the coach on either side, and obliged us all to keep our heads within. It lightened, too, for three whole hours; each flash being very bright, and blue, and long; and as the vivid streaks came darting in among the crowded branches, and the thunder rolled gloomily above the tree tops, one could scarcely help thinking that there were better neighbourhoods at such a time than thick woods afforded.

At length, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, a few feeble lights appeared in the distance, and Upper Sandusky, an Indian village, where we were to stay till morning, lay before us.

They were gone to bed at the log inn, which was the only house of entertainment in the place, but soon answered to our knocking, and got some tea for us in a sort of kitchen or common room, tapestried with old newspapers, pasted against the wall. The bed-chamber to which my wife and I were shown, was a large, low, ghostly room; with a quantity of withered branches on the hearth, and two doors without any fastening, opposite to each other, both opening on the black night and wild country, and so contrived, tha one of them always blew the other open: a novelty in domestic architecture which I do not remember to have seen before, and which I was somewhat disconcerted to have forced on my attention after getting into bed, as I had a considerable sum in gold for our travelling expenses, in my dressing-case. Some of the luggage, however, piled against the panels, soon settled this difficulty, and my sleep would have been very much affected that night, I believe, though it had failed to do so.

My Boston friend climbed up to bed somewhere in the roof, where another guest was already snoring hugely. But being bitten beyond his power of endurance, he turned out again, and fled for shelter to the coach, which was airing itself in front of the house. This was not a very politic step, as it turned out; for the pigs scenting him, and looking upon the coach as a kind of pie with some manner of meat inside, grunted round it so hideously, that he was afraid to come out again, and lay there shivering till morning. Nor was it possible to warm him when he did come out, by means of a glass of brandy; for in Indian villages, the legislature, with a very good and wise intention, forbids the sale of spirits by tavern keepers. The precaution, however, is quite inefficacious, for the Indians never fail to procure liquor of a worse kind, at a dearer price, from travelling pedlers.

It is a settlement of the Wyoming Indians who inhabit this place. Among the company at breakfast was a mild old gentleman, who had been for many years employed by the United States Government in conducting negotiations with the Indians, and who had just concluded a treaty with

these people, by which they bound themselves, in consideration of a certain annual sum, to remove next year to some land provided for them, west of the Mississippi, and a little way beyond St. Louis. He gave me a moving account of their strong attachment to the familiar scenes of their infancy, and in particular of their burial-places of their kindred; and of their great reluctance to leave them. He had witnessed many such removals, and always with pain, though he knew that they departed for their own good. The question whether this tribe should go or stay had been discussed among them a day or two before, in a hut erected for the purpose, the logs of which still lay upon the ground before the inn. When the speaking was done, the ayes and noes were ranged on opposite sides, and every male adult voted in his turn. The moment the result was known, the minority (a large one) cheerfully yielded to the rest, and withdrew all kind of opposition.

We met some of these poor Indians afterward, riding on shaggy ponies. They were so like gipsies, that if I could have seen any of them in England, I should have concluded, as a matter of course, that they belonged to that wandering and restless people.

Leaving this town directly after breakfast, we pushed forward again, over a rather worse road than yesterday, if possible, and arrived about noon at Tiffin, where we parted with the extra. At two o'clock we took the railroad; the travelling on which was very slow, its construction being indifferent, and the ground wet and marshy; and arrived at Sandusky in time to dine that evening. We put up at a comfortable little hotel on the brink of Lake Erie, lay there that night, and had no choice but to wait there next day, until a steamboat bound for Buffalo appeared. The town, which was sluggish and uninteresting enough, was something like the back of an English watering-place, out of the season.

Our host, who was very attentive and anxious to make us comfortable, was a handsome middle-aged man, who had come to this town from New England, in which part of the country he was "raised." When I say that he constantly walked in and out of the room with his hat on; and stopped to converse in the same free-and-easy state; and lay down on our sofa, and pulled his newspaper out of his pocket, and read it at his ease; I merely mention these traits as characteristic of the country: not at all as being matter of complaint, or as having been disagreeable to me. I should undoubtedly be offended by such proceedings at home, because there they are not the custom, and where they are not, they would be impertinences; but in America, the only desire of a good-natured fellow of this kind, is to treat his guests hospitably and well; and I have no more right, and I can truly say no more disposition, to measure his conduct by our English rule and standard, than I had to quarrel with him for not being of the exact stature which would qualify him for admission into the queen's grenadier guards. As little inclination had I to find fault with a funny old lady who was an upper domestic in this establishment, and who, when she came to wait upon us at any meal, sat herself down comfortably in the most convenient chair, and producing a large pin to pick her teeth with, remained performing that ceremony, and steadfastly regarding us meanwhile with much gravity and composure (now and then pressing us to eat a little more), until it was time to clear away.

It was enough for us, that whatever we wished done was done with great civility and readiness, and a desire to oblige, not only here, but everywhere else; and that all our wants were, in general, zealously anticipated.

We were taking an early dinner at this house, on the day after our arrival, which was Sunday, when a steamboat came in sight, and presently touched at the wharf. As she proved to be on her way to Buffalo, we hurried on board with all speed, and soon left Sandusky far behind us.

She was a large vessel of five hundred tons, and handsomely fitted up, though with high-pressure engines; which always conveyed that kind of feeling to me, which I should be likely to experience, I think, if I had lodgings on the first floor of a powder-mill. She was laden with flour, some casks of which commodity were stored upon the deck. The captain coming up to have a little conversation, and to introduce a friend, seated himself astride of one of these barrels, like a Bacchus of private life; and pulling a great clasp-knife out of his pocket, began to "whittle" it as he talked, by paring thin slices off the edges. And he whittled with such industry and hearty good will, that but for his being called away very soon, it must have disappeared bodily, and left nothing in its place but grist and shavings.

After calling at one or two flat places, with low dams stretching out into the lake, whereon were stumpy lighthouses, like windmills without sails, the whole looking like a Dutch vignette, we came at midnight to Cleveland, where we lay all night, and until nine o'clock next morning.

I entertained quite a curiosity in reference to this place, from having seen at Sandusky a specimen of its literature in the shape of a newspaper, which was very strong indeed upon the subject of Lord Ashburton's recent arrival at Washington, to adjust the points in dispute between the United States Government and Great Britain; informing its readers that as America had "whipped" England in her infancy, and whipped her again in her youth, so it was clearly necessary that she must whip her once again in her maturity; and pledging its credit to all true Americans, that if Mr. Webster did his duty in the approaching negotiations, and sent the English lord home again in double quick time, they should, within two years, "sing Yankee Doodle in Hyde Park, and Hail Columbia in the scarlet courts of Westminster!" I found it a pretty town, and had the satisfaction of beholding the outside of the office of the journal from which I have just quoted. I did not enjoy the delight of seeing the wit who indited the paragraphs in question, but I have no doubt he is a prodigious man in his way, and held in high repute by a select circle.

There was a gentleman on board, to whom, as I unintentionally learned through the thin partition which divided our state-room from the cabin in which he and his wife conversed together, I was unwittingly the occasion of very great uneasiness. I don't know why or wherefore, but I appeared to run in his mind perpetually, and to dissatisfy him very much. First of all I heard him say: and the most ludicrous part of the business was, that he said it in my very ear, and could not have communicated more directly with me, if he had leaned upon my shoulder, and whispered me: "Boz is on board still, my dear." After a considerable pause, he added, complainingly, "Boz keeps himself very close;" which

was true enough, for I was not very well, and was lying down with a book. I thought he had done with me after this, but I was deceived; for a long interval having elapsed, during which I imagine him to have been turning restlessly from side to side, and trying to go to sleep; he broke out again with, "I suppose that Boz will be writing a book by-and-by, and putting all our names in it!" at which imaginary consequence of being on board a boat with Boz, he groaned, and became silent.

We called at the town of Erie, at eight o'clock that night, and lay there an hour. Between five and six next morning, we arrived at Buffalo, where we breakfasted; and being too near the Great Falls to wait patiently anywhere else, we set off by the train, the same morning at nine o'clock, to Niagara.

It was a miserable day; chilly and raw; a damp mist falling; and the trees in that northern region quite bare and wintry. Whenever the train halted, I listened for the roar; and was constantly straining my eyes in the direction where I knew the Falls must be, from seeing the river rolling on towards them; every moment expecting to behold the spray. Within a few minutes of our stopping, not before, I saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted: and then for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet.

The bank is very steep, and was slippery with rain, and half-melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing, with two English officers who were crossing and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half-blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American Fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape, or situation, or anything but vague immensity.

When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was: but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—Great Heaven, on what a fall of bright-green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty.

Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle, was Peace. Peace of Mind: Tranquillty: calm recollections of the Dead: Great Thoughts of Eternal Rest and Happiness: nothing of Gloom or Terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an Image of Beauty; to remain there, changeless and indelible, until its pulses cease to beat, forever.

Oh, how the strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view, and lessened in the distance, during the ten memorable days we passed on that Enchanted Ground! What voices spoke from out the thundering water; what faces, faded from the earth, looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what Heavenly promise glistened in those angels' tears, the drops of many hues, that showered around, and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made!

I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian *side, whither I had gone at first.* I never crossed the river again; for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company. To wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse Shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approached the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze from the river's level up to the torrent as it came streaming down; to climb the neighbouring heights and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water in the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet, far down beneath the surface, by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and gray as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and wake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough.

I think in every quiet season now, still do those waters roll and leap, and roar and tumble, all day long; still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll adown the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from the unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid: which has haunted this place with the same dread solemnity since Darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the Deluge—Light—came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

CHAPTER XV.

IN CANADA; TORONTO; KINGSTON; MONTREAL; QUEBEC; ST JOHN'S. IN THE UNITED STATES AGAIN; LEBANON; THE SHAKER VILLAGE; AND WEST POINT.

I WISH to abstain from insinuating any comparison, or drawing any parallel whatever, between the social features of the United States and those of the British Possessions in Canada. For this reason, I shall confine myself to a very brief account of our journeyings in the latter territory.

But before I leave Niagara, I must advert to one disgusting circumstance which can hardly have escaped the observation of any decent traveller who has visited the Falls.

On Table Rock, there is a cottage belonging to a Guide, where little relics of the place are sold, and where visiters register their names in a book kept for the purpose. On the wall of the room in which a great many of these volumes are preserved, the following request is posted: "Visitors will please not copy nor extract the remarks and poetical effusions from the registers and albums kept here."

But for this intimation, I should have let them lie upon the tables on which they were strewn with careful negligence, like books in a drawing-room: being quite satisfied with the stupendous silliness of certain stanzas with an anti-climax at the end of each, which were framed and

hung up on the wall. Curious, however, after reading this announcement, to see what kind of morsels were so carefully preserved, I turned a few leaves, and found them scrawled all over with the vilest and the filthiest ribaldry that ever human hogs delighted in.

It is humiliating enough to know that there are among men, brutes so obscene and worthless, that they can delight in laying their miserable profanations upon the very steps of Nature's greatest altar. But that these should be hoarded up for the delight of their fellow swine, and kept in a public place where any eyes may see them, is a disgrace to the English language in which they are written (though I hope few of these entries have been made by Englishmen), and a reproach to the English side, on which they are preserved.

The quarters of our soldiers at Niagara are finely and airily situated. Some of them are large detached houses on the plain above the Falls, which were originally designed for hotels, and in the evening time, when the women and children were leaning over the balconies watching the men as they played at ball and other games upon the grass before the door, they often presented a little picture of cheerfulness and animation which made it quite a pleasure to pass that way.

At any garrisoned point where the line of demarcation between one country and another is so very narrow as at Niagara, desertion from the ranks can scarcely fail to be of frequent occurrence; and it may be reasonably supposed that, when the soldiers entertain the wildest and maddest hopes of the fortune and independence that await them on the other side, the impulse to play traitor, which such a place suggests to dishonest minds, is not weakened. But it very rarely happens that the men who do desert are happy and contented afterward; and many instances have been known in which they have confessed their grievous disappointment, and their earnest desire to return to their old service, if they could but be assured of pardon, or of lenient treatment. Many of their comrades, notwithstanding, do the like from time to time; and instances of loss of life, in the effort to cross the river with this object, are far from being uncommon. Several men were drowned in the attempt to swim across not long ago; and one, who had the madness to trust himself upon a table as a raft, was swept down to the whirlpool, where his mangled body eddied round and round some days.

I am inclined to think that the noise of the Falls is very much exaggerated; and this will appear the more probable when the depth of the great basin, in which the water is received, is taken into account. At no time during our stay here was the wind at all high or boisterous, but we never heard them three miles off, even at the very quiet time of sunset, though we often tried.

Queenston, at which place the steamboats start for Toronto (or, I should rather say, at which place they call, for their wharf is at Lewiston, on the opposite shore), is situated in a delicious valley, through which the Niagara river, in colour a very deep green, pursues its course. It is approached by a road that takes its winding way among the heights by which the town is sheltered; and, seen from this point, is extremely beautiful and picturesque. On the most conspicuous of these heights stood a monument erected by the provincial legislature in memory of General Brock, who was slain in a battle with the American forces, after having won the victory. Some vagabond, supposed to be a fellow of the name of Lett, who is now, or who lately was in prison as a felon, blew up this monument two years ago, and it is now a melancholy ruin, with a long fragment of iron railing hanging dejectedly from its top, and waving to and fro like a wild ivy branch or broken vine stem. It is of much higher importance than it may seem that this statue should be repaired at the public cost, as it ought to have been long ago. Firstly, because it is beneath the dignity of England to allow a memorial raised in honour of one of her defenders to remain in this condition on the very spot where he died. Secondly, because the sight of it in its present state, and the recollection of the unpunished outrage which brought it to this pass, is not very likely to soothe down border feelings among English subjects here, or compose their border quarrels and dislikes.

I was standing on the wharf at this place, watching the passengers embarking in a steamboat, which preceded that whose coming we awaited, and participating in the anxiety with which a sergeant's wife was collecting her few goods together—keeping one distracted eye hard upon the porters, who were hurrying them on board, and the other on a hoopless washing-tub, for which, as being the most utterly worthless of all her movables, she seemed to entertain particular affection—when three or four soldiers with a recruit came up, and went on board.

The recruit was a likely young fellow enough, strongly built and well made, but by no means sober; indeed he had all the air of a man who had been more or less drunk for some days. He carried a small bundle over his shoulder, slung at the end of a walking-stick, and had a short pipe in his mouth. He was as dusty and dirty as recruits usually are, and his shoes betokened that he had travelled on foot some distance; but he was in a very jocose state, and shook hands with this soldier, and clapped that one on the back, and talked and laughed continually, like a roaring idle dog as he was.

The soldiers rather laughed at this blade than with him; seeming to say, as they stood straightening their canes in their hands, and looking cooly at him over their glazed stocks, "Go on, my boy, while you may! you'll know better by-and-by;" when suddenly the novice, who had been backing towards the gangway in his noisy merriment, fell overboard before their eyes, and splashed heavily down into the river between the vessel and the dock.

I never saw such a good thing as the change that came over these soldiers in an instant. Almost before the man was down, their professional manner, their stiffness and constraint, were gone, and they were filled with the most violent energy. In less time than is required to tell it, they had him out again, feet first, with the tails of his coat flapping over his eyes, everything about him hanging the wrong way, and the water streaming off at every thread in his threadbare dress. But the moment they set

him upright, and found that he was none the worse, they were soldiers again, looking over their glazed stocks more composedly than ever.

The half-sobered recruit glanced round for a moment, as if his first impulse were to express some gratitude for his preservation; but seeing them with this air of total unconcern, and having his wet pipe presented to him, with an oath, by the soldier who had been by far the most anxious of the party, he stuck it in his mouth, thrust his hands into his moist pockets, and without even shaking the water off his clothes, walked on board whistling; not to say as if nothing had happened, but as if he had meant to do it, and it had been a perfect success.

Our steamboat came up directly this had left the whrrf, and soon bore us to the mouth of the Niagara, where the stars and stripes of America fluttter on one side, and the Union Jack of England on the other; and so narrow is the space between them that the sentinels in either fort can often hear the watchword of the other country given. Thence we emerged on Lake Ontario, an inland sea, and by half past 6 o'clock were at Toronto.

The country round this town being very flat, is bare of scenic interest; but the town itself is full of life and motion, bustle, bussiness, and improvement. The streets are well paved, and lighted with gas; the houses are large and good; the shops excellent. Many of them have a display of goods in their windows, such as may be seen in thriving county towns in England; and there are some which would do no discredit to the metropolis itself. There is a good stone prison here; and there are, besides, a handsome church, a court-house, public offices, many commodious private residences, and a government observatory for noting and recording the magnetic variations. In the College of Upper Canada, which is one of the public establishments of the city, a sound education in every department of polite learning can be had, at a very moderate expense, the annual charge for the instruction of each pupil not exceeding nine pounds sterling. It has pretty good endowments in the way of land, and is a valuable and useful institution.

The first stone of a new college had been laid but a few days before, by the Governor General. It will be a handsome, spacious edifice, approached by a long avenue, which is already planted and made available as a public walk. The town is well adapted for wholesome exercise at all seasons, for the footways in the thoroughfares which lie beyond the principal street, are planked like floors, and kept in very good and clean repair.

It is matter of deep regret that political differences should have run high in this place, and led to most discreditable and disgraceful results. It is not long since guns were discharged from a window in this town at the successful candidates in an election, and the coachman of one of them was actually shot in the body, though not dangerously wounded. But one man was killed on the same occasion; and from the very window whence he received his death, the very flag which shielded his murderer (not only in the commission o' his crime, but from its consequences), w . lisplayed again on the occasion of the g . remony performed by the governor general, to which I have just adverted. Of all the colours in the rainbow, there is but one which could be so employed; I need not say that flag was orange.

The time of leaving Toronto for Kingston, is noon. By 8 o'clock next morning the traveller is at the end of his journey, which is performed by steamboat upon Lake Ontario, calling at Port Hope and Coburg, the latter a cheerful thriving little town. Vast quantities of flour form the chief item in the freight of these vessels. We had no fewer than one thousand and eighty barrels on board between Coburg and Kingston.

The latter place, which is now the seat of government in Canada, is a very poor town, rendered still poorer in the appearance of its market-place by the ravages of a recent fire. Indeed, it may be said of Kingston, that one half of it appears to be burned down, and the other half not to be built up The Government House is neither elegant nor commodious, yet it is almost the only house of any importance in the neighbourhood.

There is an admirable jail here, well and wisely governed, and excellently regulated in every respect. The men were employed as shoemakers, ropemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, carpenters, and stonecutters, and in building a new prison, which was pretty far advanced towards completion. Tho female prisoners were occupied in needlework. Among them was a beautiful girl of twenty, who had been there nearly three years. She acted as bearer of secret despatches for the self-styled Patriots on Navy Island, during the Canadian insurrection, sometimes dressing as a girl, and carrying them in her stays—sometimes attiring herself as a boy, and secreting them in the lining of her hat. In the latter character she always rode as a boy would, which was nothing to her, for she could govern any horse that any man could ride, and could drive four-in-hand with the best whip in those parts. Setting forth on one of her patriotic missions, she appropriated to herself the first horse she could lay her hands on; and this offence had brought her where I saw her. She had quite a lovely face, though, as the reader may suppose from this sketch of her history, there was a lurking devil in her bright eye, which looked out pretty sharply from between her prison bars.

There is a bomb-proof fort here of great strength, which occupies a bold position, and is capable, doubtless, of doing good service; though the town is much too close upon the frontier to be long held, I should imagine, for its present purpose in troubled times. There is also a small navy-yard, where a couple of government steamboats were building, and getting on vigorously.

We left Kingston for Montreal on the tenth of May, at half past nine in the morning and proceeded in a steamboat down the St. Lawrence River. The beauty of this noble stream at almost any point, but especially in the commencement of this journey, when it winds its way among the thousand islands, can hardly be imagined. The number and constant succession of these islands, all green and richly wooded—their fluctuating sizes, some so large that for half an hour together one among them will appear as the opposite bank of the river, and some so small that they are mere dimples on its broad

bosom; their infinite variety of shapes, and the numberless combinations of beautiful forms which the trees growing on them present, all form a picture fraught with uncommon interest and pleasure.

In the afternoon we shot down some rapids, where the river boiled and bubbled strangely, and where the force and headlong violence of the current were tremendous. At seven o'clock we reached Dickenson's Landing, whence travellers proceed for two or three hours by stage-coach, the navigation of the river being rendered so dangerous and difficult in the interval, by rapids, that steamboats do not make the passage The number and length of those *portages*, over which the roads are bad and the travelling slow, render the way between the towns of Montreal and Kingston somewhat tedious.

Our course lay over a wide, unenclosed tract of country at a little distance from the river side, whence the bright warning lights on the dangerous parts of the St. Lawrence shone vividly. The night was dark and raw, and the way dreary enough. It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the wharf where the next steamboat lay, and went on board and to bed.

She lay there all night, and started as soon as it was day. The morning was ushered in by a violent thunder-storm, and was very wet, but gradually improved and brightened up. Going on deck after breakfast, I was amazed to see, floating down with the stream, a most gigantic raft, with some thirty or forty wooden houses upon it, and at least as many flag masts, so that it looked like a nautical street. I saw many of these rafts afterward, but never one so large. All the timber, or "lumber," as it is called in America, which is brought down the St. Lawrence, is floated down in this manner. When the raft reaches its destination it is broken up, the materials are sold, and the boatmen return for more.

At eight we landed again, and travelled by a stage-coach for four hours, through a pleasant and well-cultivated country, perfectly French in every respect: in the appearance of the cottages, the air, language, and dress of the peasantry—the sign-boards on the shops and taverns, and the Virgin's shrines and crosses by the wayside. Nearly every common labourer and boy, though he had no shoes to his feet, wore round his waist a sash of some bright colour, generally red; and the women who were working in the fields and gardens, and doing all kinds of husbandry, wore, one and all, great flat straw hats with most capacious brims. There were Catholic priests and sisters of charity in the village streets, and images of the Saviour at the corners of cross roads and in other public places.

At noon we went on board another steamboat, and reached the village of Lachine, nine miles from Montreal, by three o'clock. There we left the river, and went on by land.

Montreal is pleasantly situated on the margin of the St. Lawrence, and is backed by some bold heights, about which there are charming rides and drives. The streets are generally narrow and irregular, as in most French towns of any age; but in the more modern parts of the city they are wide and airy. They display a great variety of very good shops, and both in the town and suburbs there are many excellent private dwellings. The granite quays are remarkable for their beauty, solidity, and extent.

There is a very large Catholic cathedral here, recently erected, with two tall spires, of which one is yet unfinished. In the open space in front of this edifice stands a solitary, grim-looking, square brick tower, which has a quaint and remarkable appearance, and which the wiseacres of the place have consequently determined to pull down immediately. The Government House is very superior to that at Kingston, and the town is full of life and bustle. In one of the suburbs is a plank road—not footpath—five or six miles long, and a famous road it is too. All the rides in the vicinity were made doubly interesting by the bursting out of spring, which is here so rapid, that it is but a day's leap from barren winter to the blooming youth of summer.

The steamboats to Quebec perform the journey in the night: that is to say, they leave Montreal at six in the evening, and arrive in Quebec at six next morning. We made this excursion during our stay in Montreal (which exceeded a fortnight), and were charmed by its interest and beauty.

The impression made upon the visiter by this Gibraltar of America—its giddy heights—its citadel suspended, as it were, in the air—its picturesque steep streets and frowning gateways, and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn—is at once unique and lasting. It is a place not to be forgotten or mixed up in the mind with other places, or altered for a moment in the crowd of scenes a traveller can recall. Apart from the realities of this most picturesque city, there are associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest. The dangerous precipice along whose rocky front Wolfe and his brave companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where he received his mortal wound; the fortress, so chivalrously defended by Montcalm; and his soldier's grave, dug for him while yet alive, by the bursting of a shell, are not the least among them, or among the gallant incidents of history. That is a noble monument too, and worthy of two great nations, which perpetuates the memory of both brave generals, and on which their names are jointly written.

The city is rich in public institutions and in Catholic churches and charities; but it is mainly in the prospect from the site of the Old Government House, and from the Citadel, that its surprising beauty lies. The exquisite expanse of country, rich in field and forest, mountain-height and water, which lies stretched out before the view, with miles of Canadian villages, glancing in long whites treaks, like veins, along the landscape; the motley crowd of gables, roofs, and chimney tops in the old hilly:town immediately at hand; the beautiful St. Lawrence sparkling and flashing in the sunlight; and the tiny ships below the rock from which you gaze, whose distant rigging looks like spiders' webs against the light, while casks and barrels on their decks dwindle into toys, and busy mariners become so many puppets: all this, framed by a sunken window in the fortress and looked at from the shadowed room within, forms one of the brightest and most enchanting pictures that the eye can rest upon.

In the spring of the year vast numbers of emigrants who have newly arrived from England or

from Ireland, pass between Quebec and Montreal, on their way to the back woods and new settlements of Canada. If it be an entertaining lounge (as I very often found it) to take a morning stroll upon the quay at Montreal, and see them grouped in hundreds on the public wharfs, about their chests and boxes, it is matter of deep interest to be their fellow-passenger on one of these steamboats, and, mingling with the concourse, see and hear them unobserved.

The vessel in which we returned from Quebec to Montreal was crowded with them, and at night they spread their beds between decks (those who had beds, at least,) and slept so close and thick about our cabin door, that the passage to and fro was quite blocked up. They were nearly all English—from Gloucestershire the greater part, and had had a long winter passage out; but it was wonderful to see how clean the children had been kept, and how untiring in their love and self-denial all the poor parents were.

Cant as we may, and as we shall to the end of all things, it is very much harder for the poor to be virtuous than it is for the rich; and the good that is in them shines the brighter for it. In many a noble mansion lives a man, the best of husbands and of fathers, whose private worth in both capacities is justly lauded to the skies. But bring him here, upon this crowded deck. Strip from his fair young wife her silken dress and jewels, unbind her braided hair, stamp early wrinkles on her brow, pinch her pale cheek with care and much privation, array her faded form in coarsely patched attire, let there be nothing but his love to set her forth or deck her out, and you shall put it to the proof indeed. So change his station in the world that he shall see in those young things who climb about his knee not records of his wealth and name, but little wrestlers with him for his daily bread, so many poachers on his scanty meal, so many units to divide his every sum of comfort, and farther to reduce its small amount. In lieu of the endearments of childhood in its sweetest aspect, heap upon him all its pains and wants, its sicknesses and ills, its fretfulness, caprice, and querulous endurance; let its prattle be not of engaging infant fancies, but of cold, and thirst, and hunger; and if his fatherly affection outlive all this, and he be patient, watchful, tender, careful of his children's lives and mindful always of their joys and sorrows—then send him back to parliament, and pulpit, and to quarter sessions, and when he hears fine talk of the depravity of those who live from hand to mouth, and labour hard to do it, let him speak up, as one who knows, and tell those holders forth that they, by parallel with such a class, should be high angels in their daily lives, and lay but humble siege to Heaven at last.

Which of us shall say what he would be, if such realities, with small relief or change all through his days, were his! Looking round upon these people; far from home, houseless, indigent, wandering, weary with travel and hard living; and seeing how patiently they nursed and tended their young children; how they consulted ever their wants first, then half supplied their own; what gentle ministers of hope and faith the women were; how the men profited by their example; and how very, very seldom even a moment's petulance or harsh complaint broke out among them; I felt a stronger love and honour of my kind come glowing on my heart, and wished to God there had been many Atheists in the better part of human nature there, to read with me this simple lesson in the book of Life.

We left Montreal for New York again, on the thirtieth of May; crossing to La Prairie, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, in a steamboat; we then took the railroad to St. John's, which is on the brink of Lake Champlain. Our last greeting in Canada was from the English officers in the pleasant barracks at that place (a class of gentlemen who had made every hour of our visit memorable by their hospitality and friendship); and with "Rule Britannia" sounding in our ears, soon left it far behind.

But Canada has held, and always will retain a foremost place in my remembrance. Few Englishmen are prepared to find it what it is. Advancing quietly; old differences settling down, and being fast forgotten; public feeling and private enterprise alike in a sound and wholesome state, nothing of flush or fever in its system, but health and vigour throbbing in its steady pulse: it is full of hope and promise. To me—who had been accustomed to think of it as something left behind in the strides of advancing society, as something neglected and forgotten, slumbering and wasting in its sleep—the demand for labour and the rates of wages; the busy quays of Montreal; the vessels taking in their cargoes, and discharging them; the amount of shipping in the different ports; the commerce, roads, and public works, all made to last; the respectability and character of the public journals; and the amount of rational comfort and happiness which honest industry may earn; were very great surprises. The steamboats on the lakes, in their conveniences, cleanliness, and safety; in the gentlemanly character and bearing of their captains: and in the politeness and perfect comfort of their social regulations; are unsurpassed even by the famous Scotch vessels, deservedly so much esteemed at home. The inns are usually bad; because the custom of boarding at hotels is not so general here as in the States, and the British officers, who form a large portion of the society of every town, live chiefly at the regimental messes; but in every other respect, the traveller in Canada will find as good provision for his comfort as in any place I know.

There is one American boat—the vessel which carried us on Lake Champlain, from St. John's to Whitehall—which I praise very highly, but no more than it deserves, when I say that it is superior even to that in which we went from Queenston to Toronto, or to that in which we travelled from the latter place to Kingston, or I have no doubt I may add, to any other in the world. This steamboat, which is called the Burlington, is a perfectly exquisite achievement of neatness, elegance, and order. The decks are drawing-rooms; the cabins are boudoirs, choicely furnished and adorned with prints, pictures, and musical instruments; every nook and corner in the vessel is a perfect curiosity of graceful comfort and beautiful contrivance. Captain Sherman, her commander, to whose ingenuity and excellent taste these results are solely attributable, has bravely and worthily distinguished

himself on more than one trying occasion; not least among them, in having the moral courage to carry British troops, at a time (during the Canadian rebellion) when no other conveyance was open to them. He and his vessel are held in universal respect, both by his own countrymen and ours; and no man ever enjoyed the popular esteem, who, in his sphere of action, won and wore it better than this gentleman.

By means of this floating palace we were soon in the United States again, and called that evening at Burlington; a pretty town, where we lay an hour or so. We reached Whitehall, where we were to disembark, at six next morning; and might have done so earlier, but that these steamboats lie by for some hours in the night, in consequence of the lake becoming very narrow at that part of the journey, and difficult of navigation in the dark. Its width is so contracted at one point, indeed, that they are obliged to warp round by means of a rope.

After breakfasting at Whitehall, we took the stage-coach for Albany: a large and busy town, where we arrived between five and six o'clock that afternoon, after a very hot day's journey, for we were now in the height of summer again. At seven we started for New-York on board a great North River steamboat, which was so crowded with passengers that the upper deck was like the box lobby of a theatre between the pieces, and the lower one like Tottenham Court Road on a Saturday night. But we slept soundly, notwithstanding, and soon after five o'clock next morning, reached New-York.

Tarrying here only that day and night to recruit after our late fatigues, we started off once more upon our last journey in America. We had yet five days to spare before embarking for England, and I had a great desire to see "the Shaker Village," which is peopled by a religious sect from whom it takes its name.

To this end we went up the North River again, as far as the town of Hudson, and there hired an extra to carry us to Lebanon, thirty miles distant: and of course another and a different Lebanon from that village where I slept on the night of the prairie trip.

The country through which the road meandered was rich and beautiful; the weather very fine; and for many miles the Caatskill Mountains, where Rip Van Winkle and the ghastly Dutchmen played at ninepins one memorable gusty afternoon, towered in the blue distance like stately clouds. At one point, as we ascended a steep hill, athwart whose base a railroad, yet constructing, took its course, we came upon an Irish colony. With means at hand of building decent cabins, it was wonderful to see how clumsy, rough, and wretched, its hovels were. The best were poor protection from the weather; the worst let in the wind and rain through wide breaches in the roofs of sodden grass, and in the walls of mud; some had neither door nor window; some had nearly fallen down, and were imperfectly propped up by stakes and poles, all were ruinous and filthy. Hideously ugly old women and very buxom young ones, pigs, dogs, men, children, babies, pots, kettles, dunghills, vile refuse, rank straw, and standing water, all wallowing together in an inseparable heap, composed the furniture of every dark and dirty hut.

Between nine and ten o'clock at night we arrived at Lebanon: which is renowned for its warm baths, and for a great hotel, well adapted, I have no doubt, to the gregarious taste of those seekers after health or pleasure who repair here, but inexpressibly comfortless to me. We were shown into an immense apartment, lighted by two dim candles, called the drawing-room, from which there was a descent by a flight of steps to another vast desert called the dining-room: our bed-chambers were among certain long rows of little whitewashed cells, which opened from either side of a dreary passage; and were so like rooms in a prison that I half expected to be locked up when I went to bed, and listened involuntarily for the turning of the key on the outside. There need be baths somewhere in the neighbourhood, for the other washing arrangements were on as limited a scale as I ever saw, even in America: indeed, these bed-rooms were so very bare of even such common luxuries as chairs, that I should say they were not provided with enough of anything, but that I bethink myself of our having been most bountifully bitten all night.

The house is very pleasantly situated, however, and we had a good breakfast. That done, we went to visit our place of destination, which was some two miles off, and the way to which was soon indicated by a finger-post, whereon was painted "To the Shaker Village."

As we rode along we passed a party of Shakers, who were at work upon the road; who wore the broadest of all broad-brimmed hats; and were in all visible respects such very wooden men, that I felt about as much sympathy for them, and as much interest in them, as if they had been so many figure-heads of ships. Presently we came to the beginning of the village, and alighting at the door of the house where the Shaker manufactures are sold, and which is the head-quarters of the elders, requested permission to see the Shaker worship.

Pending the conveyance of this request to some person in authority, we walked into a grim room, where several grim hats were hanging on grim pegs, and the time was grimly told by a grim clock, which uttered evey tick with a kind of struggle, as if it broke the grim silence reluctantly, and under protest. Ranged against the wall were six or eight stiff, high-backed chairs, and they partook so strongly of the general grimness, that one would much rather have sat on the floor than incurred the smallest obligation to any of them.

Presently there stalked into this apartment a grim old Shaker, with eyes as hard, and dull, and cold, as the great round metal buttons on his coat and waistcoat: a sort of calm goblin. Being informed of our desire, he produced a newspaper wherin the body of elders, whereof he was a member, had advertised but a few days before, that in consequence of certain unseemly interruptions which their worship had received from strangers, their chapel was closed to the public for the space of one year.

As nothing was to be urged in opposition to this reasonable arrangement, we requested leave to make some trifling purchases of Shaker goods, which was grimly conceded. We accordingly repaired to a store in the same house and on the opposite side of the passage, where

the stock was presided over by something alive in a russet case, which the elder said was a woman; and which I suppose *was* a woman, though I should not have suspected it.

On the opposite side of the road was their place of worship: a cool, clean edifice of wood, with large windows and green blinds: like a spacious summer-house. As there was no getting into this place, and nothing was to be done but walk up and down, and look at it and the other buildings in the village (which were chiefly of wood, painted a dark red like English barns, and composed of many stories like English factories), I have nothing to communicate to the reader, beyond the scanty results I gleaned the while our purchases were making. These people are called Shakers from their peculiar form of adoration, which consists of a dance, performed by the men and women of all ages, who arrange themselves for that purpose in opposite parties: the men first divesting themselves of their hats and coats, which they gravely hang against the wall before they begin; and tying a riband round their shirt sleeves, as though they were going to be bled. They accompany themselves with a droning, humming noise, and dance until they are quite exhausted, alternately advancing and retiring in a preposterous sort of trot. The effect is said to be unspeakably absurd: and if I may judge from a print of this ceremony which I have in my possession, and which I am informed by those who have visited the chapel, is perfectly accurate, it must be infinitely grotesque.

They are governed by a woman, and her rule is understood to be absolute, though she has the assistance of a council of elders. She lives, it is said, in strict seclusion, in certain rooms above the chapel, and is never shown to profane eyes. If she at all resembled the lady who presided over the store, it is a great charity to keep her as close as possible, and I cannot too strongly express my perfect concurrence in this benevolent proceeding.

All the possessions and revenues of the settlement are thrown into a common stock, which is managed by the elders. As they have made converts among people who were well to do in the world, and are frugal and thrifty, it is understood that this fund prospers: the more especially as they have made large purchases of land. Nor is this at Lebanon the only Shaker settlement: there are, I think, at least, three others.

They are good farmers, and all their produce is eagerly purchased and highly esteemed. "Shaker seeds," "Shaker herbs," and "Shaker distilled waters," are commonly announced for sale in the shops of towns and cities. They are good breeders of cattle, and are kind and merciful to the brute creation. Consequently, Shaker beasts seldom fail to find a ready market.

They eat and drink together, after the Spartan model, at a great public table. There is no union of the sexes; and every Shaker, male and female, is devoted to a life of celibacy. Rumour has been busy upon this theme, but here again I must refer to the lady of the store, and say, that if many of the sister Shakers resemble her, I treat all such slander as bearing on its face the strongest marks of wild improbability. But that they take as proselytes, persons so young that they cannot know their own minds, and cannot possess much strength of resolution in this or any other respect, I can assert from my own observation of the extreme juvenility of certain youthful Shakers whom I saw at work among the party on the road.

They are said to be good drivers of bargains, but to be honest and just in their transactions, and even in horse-dealing to resist those thievish tendencies which would seem, for some undiscovered reason, to be almost inseparable from that branch of traffic. In all matters they hold their own course quietly, live in their gloomy, silent commonwealth, and show little desire to interfere with other people.

This is well enough, but nevertheless I cannot, I confess, incline towards the Shakers; view them with much favour, or extend towards them any very lenient construction. I so abhor, and from my soul detest that bad spirit, no matter by what class or sect it may be entertained, which would strip life of its healthful graces, rob youth of its innocent pleasures, pluck from maturity and age their pleasant ornaments, and make existence but a narrow path towards the grave: that odious spirit which, if it could have had full scope and sway upon the earth, must have blasted and made barren the imaginations of the greatest men, and left them, in their power of raising up enduring images before their fellow creatures yet unborn, no better than the beasts: that, in these very broad-brimmed hats and very sombre coats—in stiff-necked, solemn-visaged piety, in short, no matter what its garb, whether it have cropped hair as in a Shaker village, or long nails as in a Hindoo temple—I recognise the worst among the enemies of Heaven and Earth, who turn the water at the marriage feasts of this poor world not into wine, but gall. And if there must be people vowed to crush the harmless fancies and the love of innocent delights and gayeties, which are a part of human nature: as much a part of it as any other love or hope that is our common portion: let them, for me, stand openly revealed among the ribald and licentious; the very idiots know that *they* are not on the Immortal road, and will despise them, and avoid them readily.

Leaving the Shaker village with a hearty dislike of the old Shakers, and a hearty pity for the young ones: tempered by the strong probability of their running away as they grow older and wiser, which they not uncommonly do: we returned to Lebanon, and so to Hudson, by the way we had come upon the previous day. There, we took steamboat down the North River towards New-York, but stopped, some four hours' journey short of it, at West Point, where we remained that night, and all next day, and next night too.

In this beautiful place: the fairest among the fair and lovely Highlands of the North River: shut in by deep green heights and ruined forts, and looking down upon the distant town of Newburgh, along a glittering path of sunlit water, with here and there a skiff, whose white sail often bends on some new tack as sudden flaws of wind come down upon her from the gullies in the hills: hemmed in, besides, all round with memories of Washington, and events of the revolutionary war: is the Military School of America.

It could not stand on more appropriate ground, and any ground more beautiful can hardly be. The course of education is severe, but well-devised, and manly. Through June, July, and August, the young men encamp upon the spacious plain whereon the college stands; and all the year their military exercises are performed there daily. The term of study at this institution, which the State requires from all cadets, is four years; but whether it be from the rigid nature of the discipline, or the national impatience of restraint, or both causes combined, not more than half the number who begin their studies here, ever remain to finish them.

The number of cadets being about equal to that of the members of Congress, one is sent here from every Congressional district: its member influencing the selection. Commissions in the service are distributed on the same principle. The dwellings of the various professors are beautifully situated; and there is a most excellent hotel for strangers, though it has the two drawbacks of being a total abstinence house (wines and spirits being forbidden to the students), and of serving the public meals at rather uncomfortable hours: to wit, breakfast at seven, dinner at one, and supper at sunset.

The beauty and freshness of this calm retreat, in the very dawn and greenness of summer—it was then the beginning of June—were exquisite indeed. Leaving it upon the sixth, and returning to New-York, to embark for England on the succeeding day, I was glad to think that among the last memorable beauties which had glided past us, and softened in the bright perspective, were those whose pictures, traced by no common hand, are fresh in most men's minds: not easily to grow old, or fade beneath the dust of Time: The Caatskill Mountains, Sleepy Hollow, and the Tappaan Zee.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PASSAGE HOME.

I NEVER had so much interest before, and very likely I shall never have so much interest again, in the state of the wind, as on the long-looked-for morning of Tuesday, the seventh of June. Some nautical authority had told me a day or two previous, "anything with west in it, will do;" so when I darted out of bed at daylight, and throwing up the window, was saluted by a lively breeze from the northwest which had sprung up in the night, it came upon me so freshly, rustling with so many happy associations, that I conceived upon the spot a special regard for all airs blowing from that quarter of the compass, which I shall cherish, I dare say, until my own wind has breathed its last frail puff, and withdrawn itself forever from the mortal calendar.

The pilot had not been slow to take advantage of this favourable weather, and the ship which yesterday had lain in such a crowded dock that she might have retired from trade for good and all, for any chance she seemed to have of going to sea, was now full sixteen miles away. A gallant sight she was, when we, fast gaining on her in a steamboat, saw her in the distance riding at anchor: her tall masts pointing up in graceful lines against the sky, and every rope and spar expressed in delicate and thread-like outline: gallant, too, when we, being all aboard, the anchor came up to the sturdy chorus "Cheerily, men, oh cheerily!" and she followed proudly in the towing steamboat's wake: but bravest and most gallant of all, when the tow-rope being cast adrift, the canvass fluttered from her masts, and, spreading her white wings, she soared away upon her free and solitary course.

In the after-cabin we were only fifteen passengers in all, and the greater part were from Canada, where some of us had known each other. The night was rough and squally, so were the next two days, but they flew by quickly, and we were soon as cheerful and as snug a party, with an honest, manly-hearted captain at our head, as ever came to the resolution of being mutually agreeable, on land or water.

We breakfasted at eight, lunched at twelve, dined at three, and took our tea at half past seven. We had abundance of amusements, and dinner was not the least among them: firstly, for its own sake; secondly, because of its extraordinary length: its duration, inclusive of all the long pauses between the courses, being seldom less than two hours and a half; which was a subject of never-failing entertainment. By way of beguiling the tediousness of these banquets, a select association was formed at the lower end of the table, below the mast, to whose distinguished president modesty forbids me to make any farther allusion, which, being a very hilarious and jovial institution, was (prejudice apart) in high favour with the rest of the community, and particularly with a black steward, who lived for three weeks in a broad grin at the marvellous humour of these incorporated worthies.

Then we had chess for those who played it, whist, cribbage, books, backgammon, and shovel-board. In all weathers, fair or foul, calm or windy, we were every one on deck, walking up and down in pairs, lying in the boats, leaning over the side, or chatting in a lazy group together. We had no lack of music, for one played the accordion, another the violin, and another (who usually began at six o'clock A.M.) the key-bugle; the combined effect of which instruments, when they all played different tunes, in different parts of the ship, at the same time, and within hearing of each other, as they sometimes did (everybody being intensely satisfied with his own performance), was sublimely hideous.

When all these means of entertainment failed, a sail would heave in sight; looming, perhaps, the very spirit of a ship, in the misty distance, or passing us so close that through our glasses we could see the people on her decks, and easily make out her name, and whither she was bound. For hours together we could watch the dolphins and porpoises as they rolled, and leaped, and dived around the vessel; or those small creatures ever on the wing, the Mother Carey's chickens, which had borne us company from New-York Bay, and for a whole fortnight fluttered about the vessel's stern. For some days we had a dead calm, or very light winds, during which the crew amused themselves with

fishing, and hooked an unlucky dolphin, who expired in all his rainbow colours, on the deck: an event of such importance in our barren calendar, that afterward we dated from the dolphin, and made the day on which he died an era.

Besides all this, when we were five or six days out, there began to be much talk of icebergs, of which wandering islands an unusual number had been seen by vessels that had come into New-York a day or two before we left that port, and of whose dangerous neighbourhood we were warned by the sudden coldness of the weather, and the sinking of the mercury in the barometer. While these tokens lasted, a double look-out was kept, and many dismal tales were whispered, after dark, of ships that had struck upon the ice and gone down in the night; but the wind obliging us to hold a southward course, we saw none of them, and the weather soon grew bright and warm again.

The observation every day at noon, and the subsequent working of the vessel's course, was, as may be supposed, a feature in our lives of paramount importance; nor were there wanting (as there never are) sagacious doubters of the captain's calculations, who, so soon as his back was turned, would, in the absence of compasses, measure the chart with bits of string, and ends of pocket-handkerchiefs, and points of snuffers, and clearly prove him to be wrong by an odd thousand miles or so. It was very edifying to see these unbelievers shake their heads and frown, and hear them hold forth strongly upon navigation: not that they knew anything about it, but that they always mistrusted the captain in calm weather, or when the wind was adverse. Indeed, the mercury itself is not so variable as this class of passengers, whom you will see, when the ship is going nobly through the water, quite pale with admiration, swearing that the captain beats all captains ever known, and even hinting at subscriptions for a piece of plate: and who, next morning, when the breeze has lulled, and all the sails hang useless in the idle air, shake their despondent heads again, and say, with screwed-up lips, they hope that captain is a sailor, but they shrewdly doubt him; that they do.

It even became an occupation in the calm to wonder when the wind *would* spring up in the favourable quarter, where, it was clearly shown by all the rules and precedents, it ought to have sprung up long ago. The first mate, who whistled for it zealously, was much respected for his perseverance, and was regarded even by the unbelievers as a first-rate sailor. Many gloomy looks would he cast upward through the cabin skylights at the flapping sails while dinner was in progress; and some, growing bold in ruefulness, predicted that we should land about the middle of July. There are always on board ship, a Sanguine One, and a Despondent One. The latter character carried it hollow at this period of the voyage, and triumphed over the Sanguine One at every meal, by inquiring where he supposed the Great Western (which left New-York a week after us) was *now*; and where he supposed the "Cunard" steam-packet was *now*; and what he thought of sailing vessels as compared with steamships *now*; and so beset his life with pestilent attacks of that kind, that he too was obliged to affect despondency for very peace and quietude.

These were additions to the list of entertaining incidents, but there was still another source of interest. We carried in the steerage nearly a hundred passengers; a little world of poverty; and as we came to know individuals among them by sight, from looking down upon the deck where they took the air in the daytime, and cooked their food, and very often ate it too, we became curious to know their histories, and with what expectations they had gone out to America, and on what errands they were going home, and what their circumstances were. The information we got on these heads from the carpenter, who had charge of these people, was often of the strangest kind. Some of them had been in America but three days, some but three months, and some had gone out in the last voyage of that very ship in which they were now returning home. Others had sold their clothes to raise the passage-money, and had hardly rags to cover them; others had no food, and lived upon the charity of the rest; and one man, it was discovered nearly at the end of the voyage, not before—for he kept his secret close, and did not court compassion—had had no sustenance whatever but the bones and scraps of fat he took from the plates used in the after-cabin dinner when they were put out to be washed.

The whole system of shipping and conveying these unfortunate persons is one that stands in need of thorough revision. If any class deserve to be protected and assisted by the government, it is that class who are banished from their native land in search of the bare means of subsistence. All that could be done for these poor people by the great compassion and humanity of the captain and officers was done, but they require much more. The law is bound, at least upon the English side, to see that too many of them are not put on board one ship; and that their accommodations are decent; not demoralizing and profligate. It is bound, too, in common humanity, to declare that no man shall be taken on board without his stock of provisions being previously inspected by some proper officer, and pronounced moderately sufficient for his support upon the voyage. It is bound to provide, or to require that there be provided a medical attendant; whereas in these ships there are none, though sickness of adults and deaths of children on the passage are matters of the very commonest occurrence. Above all, it is the duty of any government, be it monarchy or republic, to interpose and put an end to that system by which a firm of traders in emigrants purchase of the owners the whole 'tween-decks of a ship, and send on board as many wretched people as they can lay hold of, on any terms they can get, without the smallest reference to the conveniences of the steerage, the number of berths, the slightest separation of the sexes, or anything but their own immediate profit. Nor is even this the worst of the vicious system; for certain crimping agents of these houses, who have a per centage on all the passengers they inveigle, are constantly travelling about those districts where poverty and discontent are rife, and tempting the credulous into more misery by holding out monstrous inducements to emigration which never can be realized.

The history of every family we had on board was pretty much the same. After hoarding up, and borrowing, and begging, and selling everything to pay the passage, they had gone out to New-York, expecting to find its streets paved with gold, and had found them paved with very hard and very real stones. Enterprise was dull; labourers were not wanted; jobs of work were to be got, but the payment was not. They were coming back, even poorer than they went. One of them was carrying an open letter from a young English artisan, who had been in New-York a fortnight, to a friend near Manchester, whom he strongly urged to follow him. One of the officers brought it to me as a curiosity. "This is the country, Jem," said the writer. "I like America. There is no despotism here; that's the great thing. Employment of all sorts is going a-begging, and wages are capital. You have only to choose a trade, Jem, and be it. I haven't made a choice of one yet, but I shall soon. *At present I haven't quite made up my mind whether to be a carpenter—or a tailor.*"

There was yet another kind of passenger, and but one more, who, in the calm and the light winds, was a constant theme of conversation and observation among us. This was an English sailor, a smart, thorough-built English man-of-war's-man from his hat to his shoes, who was serving in the American navy, and, having got leave of absence, was on his way home to see his friends. When he presented himself to take and pay for his passage, it had been suggested to him that, being an able seaman, he might as well work it and save the money; but this piece of advice he very indignantly rejected, saying, "He'd be damned but for once he'd go aboard ship as a gentleman." Accordingly, they took his money, but he no sooner came aboard than he stowed his kit in the forecastle, arranged to mess with the crew, and the very first time the hands were turned up went aloft like a cat, before anybody. And all through the passage there he was, first at the braces, outermost on the yards, perpetually lending a hand everywhere, but always with a sober dignity in his manner, and a sober grin on his face, which plainly said, "I do it as a gentleman. For my own pleasure, mind you!"

At length, and at last, the promised wind came up in right good earnest, and away we went before it, with every stitch of canvass set, slashing through the water nobly. There was a grandeur in the motion of the splendid ship, as, overshadowed by her mass of sails, she rode at a furious pace upon the waves, which filled one with an indescribable sense of pride and exultation. As she plunged into a foaming valley, how I loved to see the green waves, bordered deep with white, come rushing on astern, to buoy her upward at their pleasure, and curl about her as she stooped again, but always own her for their haughty mistress still! On, on we flew, with changing lights upon the water, being now in the blessed region of fleecy skies; a bright sun lighting us by day, and a bright moon by night; the vane pointing directly homeward, alike the truthful index to the favouring wind and to our cheerful hearts; until at sunrise, one fair Monday morning—the twenty-seventh of June, I shall not easily forget the day—there lay before us old Cape Clear, God bless it, showing, in the mist of early morning, like a cloud; the brightest and most welcome cloud, to us, that ever hid the face of Heaven's fallen sister—Home.

Dim speck as it was in the wide prospect, it made the sunrise a more cheerful sight, and gave to it that sort of human interest which it seems to want at sea. There, as elsewhere, the return of day is inseparable from some sense of renewed hope and gladness; but the light shining on the weary waste of water, and showing it in all its vast extent of loneliness, presents a solemn spectacle, which even night, veiling it in darkness and uncertainty, does not surpass. The rising of the moon is more in keeping with the solitary ocean; and has an air of melancholy grandeur, which, in its soft and gentle influence, seems to comfort while it saddens. I recollect when I was a very young child having a fancy that the reflection of the moon in water was a path to Heaven, trodden by the spirits of good people on their way to God: and this old feeling often came over me again when I watched it on a tranquil night at sea.

The wind was very light on this same Monday morning, but it was still in the right quarter, and so, by slow degrees, we left Cape Clear behind, and sailed along, within sight of the coast of Ireland. And how merry we all were, and how loyal to the George Washington, and how full of mutual congratulations, and how venturesome in predicting the exact hour at which we should arrive at Liverpool, may be easily imagined and readily understood. Also, how heartily we drank the captain's health that day at dinner; and how restless we became about packing up; and how two or three of the most sanguine spirits rejected the idea of going to bed at all that night as something it was not worth while to do so near the shore, but went nevertheless, and slept soundly; and how to be so near our journey's end was like a pleasant dream, from which one feared to wake.

The friendly breeze freshened again next day, and on we went once more before it gallantly: descrying now and then an English ship going homeward under shortened sail, while we, with every inch of canvass crowded on, dashed gayly past, and left her far behind. Towards evening, the weather turned hazy, with a drizzling rain; and soon became so thick, that we sailed, as it were, in a cloud. Still we swept onward like a phantom ship, and many an eager eye glanced up to where the look-out on the mast kept watch for Holyhead.

At length his long-expected cry was heard, and at the same moment there shone out from the haze and mist ahead a gleaming light, which presently was gone, and soon returned, and soon was gone again. Whenever it came back, the eyes of all on board brightened, and sparkled like itself: and there we all stood, watching this revolving light upon the rock at Holyhead, and praising it for its brightness and its friendly warning, and lauding it, in short, above all other signal lights that ever were displayed, until it once more glimmered faintly in the distance far behind us.

Then it was time to fire a gun for a pilot; and almost before its smoke had cleared away, a little boat with a light at her masthead came bearing down upon us, through the darkness,

swiftly. And presently, our sails being backed, she ran alongside; and the hoarse pilot, wrapped and muffled in peacoats and shawls to the very bridge of his weather ploughed-up nose, stood bodily among us on the deck. And I think if that pilot had wanted to borrow fifty pounds for an indefinite period on no security, we should have engaged to lend it to him among us before his boat had dropped astern, or (which is the same thing) before every scrap of news in the paper he brrought with him had become the common property of all on board.

We turned in pretty late that night, and turned out pretty soon next morning. By six o'clock we clustered on the deck, prepared to go ashore; and looked upon the spires, and roofs, and smoke of Liverpool. By eight we all sat down in one of its hotels, to eat and drink together for the last time. And by nine we had shaken hands all round, and broken up our social company forever.

The country, by the railroad, seemed, as we rattled through it, like a luxuriant garden. The beauty of the fields (so small they looked!), the hedge-rows, and the trees; the pretty cottages, the beds of flowers, the old churchyards, the antique houses, and every well-known object: the exquisite delights of that one journey, crowding in the short compass of a summer's day the joy of many years, and winding up with Home and all that makes it dear: no tongue can tell, or pen of mine describe.

CHAPTER XVII.

SLAVERY.

THE upholders of slavery in America—of the atrocities of which system, I shall not write one word for which I have not ample proof and warrant—may be divided into three great classes.

The first, are those more moderate and rational owners of human cattle, who have come into the possession of them as so many coins in their trading capital, but who admit the frightful nature of the Institution in the abstract, and perceive the dangers to society with which it is fraught, dangers which, however distant they may be, or howsoever tardy in their coming on, are as certain to fall upon its guilty head, as is the Day of Judgment.

The second, consists of all those owners, breeders, users, buyers, and sellers of slaves, who will, until the bloody chapter has a bloody end, own, breed, use, buy, and sell them at all hazards; who doggedly deny the horrors of the system, in the teeth of such a mass of evidence as never was brought to bear on any other subject, and to which the experience of every day contributes its immense amount; who would at this or any other moment, gladly involve America in a war, civil or foreign, provided that it had, for its sole end and object the assertion of their right to perpetuate slavery, and to whip, and work, and torture slaves, unquestioned by any human authority, and unassailed by any human power; who, when they speak of Freedom, mean the Freedom to oppress their kind, and to be savage, merciless, and cruel; and of whom every man on his own ground, in republican America, is a more exacting, and a sterner and less responsible despot, than the Caliph Haroun *al Raschid in his angry* robe of scarlet.

The third, and not the least numerous or influential, is composed of all that delicate gentility which cannot bear a superior, and cannot brook an equal: of that class whose Republicanism means, "I will not tolerate a man above me; and of those below, none must approach too near;" whose pride, in a land where voluntary servitude is shunned as a disgrace, must be ministered to by slaves; and whose inalienable rights can only have their growth in negro wrongs.

It has been sometimes urged that, in the unavailing efforts which have been made to advance the cause of Human Freedom in the republic of America (strange cause for history to treat of!), sufficient regard has not been had to the existence of the first class of persons; and it has been contended that they are hardly used, in being confounded with the second. This is, no doubt, the case; noble instances of pecuniary and personal sacrifice have already had their growth among them; and it is much to be regretted that the gulf between them and the advocates of emancipation should have been widened and deepened by any means: the rather, as there are, beyond dispute, among these slave-owners, many kind masters who are tender in the exercise of their unnatural power. Still it is to be feared that this injustice is inseparable from the state of things with which humanity and truth are called upon to deal. Slavery is not a whit the more endurable because some hearts are to be found which can partially resist its hardening influences; nor can the indignant tide of honest wrath stand still, because in its onward course it overwhelms a few who are comparatively innocent, among a host of guilty.

The ground most commonly taken by these better men among the advocates of slavery, is this: "It is a bad system; and for myself I would willingly get rid of it, if I could; most willingly. But it is not so bad, as you in England take it to be. You are deceived by the representations of the emancipationists. The greater part of my slaves are much attached to me. You will say that I do not allow them to be severely treated; but I will put it to you whether you believe that it can be a general practice to treat them inhumanly, when it would impair their value, and would be obviously against the interests of their masters."

Is it the interest of any man to steal, to game, to waste his health and mental faculties by drunkenness, to lie, forswear himself, indulge hatred, seek desperate revenge, or do murder? No. All these are roads to ruin. And why, then, do men tread them? Because such inclinations are among the vicious qualities of mankind. Blot out, ye friends of slavery, from the catalogue of human passions, brutal lust, cruelty, and the abuse of irresponsible power (of all earthly temptations the most difficult to be resisted), and when ye have done so, and not before, we will inquire whether it be the interest of a master to lash and maim the slaves, over whose lives and limbs he has an absolute control.

But again: this class, together with that last one I have named, the miserable aristocracy spawned of a false republic, lift up their voices and exclaim, "Public opinion is all sufficient to prevent such cruelty as you denounce." Public opinion! Why, public opinion in the slave States *is* slavery, is it not? Public opinion in the slave States has delivered the slaves over to the gentle mercies of their masters. Public opin-

ion has made the laws, and denied them legislative protection. Public opinion has knotted the lash, heated the branding-iron, loaded the rifle, and shielded the murderer. Public opinion threatens the abolitionist with death, if he venture to the South; and drags him with a rope about his middle, in a broad unblushing noon, through the first city in the East. Public opinion has, within a few years, burned a slave alive at a slow fire in the city of St. Louis; and public opinion has to this day maintained upon the bench that estimable judge who charged the jury, impanelled there to try his murderers, that their most horrid deed was an act of public opinion, and being so, must not be punished by the laws the public sentiment had made. Public opinion hailed this doctrine with a howl of wild applause, and set the prisoners free, to walk the city, men of mark, and influence, and station, as they had been before.

Public opinion! what class of men have an immense preponderance over the rest of the community, in their power of representing public opinion in the legislature? The slave owners. They send from their twelve States, one hundred members, while the fourteen free States, with a free population nearly double, return but a hundred and forty-two. Before whom do the presidential candidates bow down the most humbly, on whom do they fawn the most fondly, and for whose tastes do they cater the most assiduously in their servile protestations? The slave owners always.

Public opinion! hear the public opinion of the free South, as expressed by its own members in the House of Representatives at Washington "I have a great respect for the chair," quoth North Carolina, "I have a great respect for the chair as an officer of the house, and a great respect for him personally; nothing but that respect prevents me from rushing to the table and tearing that petition which has just been presented for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, to pieces." "I warn the abolitionists," says South Carolina, "ignorant, infuriated barbarians as they are, that if chance shall throw any of them into our hands, he may expect a felon's death." "Let an abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina," cries a third, mild Carolina's colleague, "and if we can catch him we will try him, and notwithstanding the interference of all the governments on earth, including the federal government, we will HANG him."

Public opinion has made this law: it has declared that in Washington, in that city which takes its name from the father of American liberty, any justice of the peace may bind with fetters any negro passing down the street and thrust him into jail; no offence on the black man's part is necessary. The justice says, "I choose to think this man a runaway;" and locks him up. Public opinion impowers the man of law when this is done to advertise the negro in the newspapers, warning his owner to come and claim him, or he will be sold to pay the jail fees. But supposing he is a free black, and has no owner, it may naturally be presumed that he is set at liberty. No; HE IS SOLD TO RECOMPENSE HIS JAILER. This has been done again, and again, and again. He has no means of proving his freedom; has no adviser, messenger, or assistance of any sort or kind; no investigation into his case is made, or inquiry instituted. He, a free man, who may have served for years, and bought his liberty, is thrown into jail on no process, for no crime, and on no pretence of crime, and is sold to pay the jail fees. This seems incredible, even of America, but it is the law.

Public opinion is deferred in such cases as the following, which is headed in the newspapers

"*Interesting Law Case.*

"An interesting case is now on trial in the Supreme Court, arising out of the following facts: a gentleman residing in Maryland had allowed an aged pair of his slaves substantial though not legal freedom for several years. While thus living a daughter was born to them, who grew up in the same liberty until she married a free negro, and went with him to reside in Pennsylvania. They had several children, and lived unmolested until the original owner died, when his heir attempted to regain them; but the magistrate before whom they were brought, decided that he had no jurisdiction in the case. *The owner seized the woman and children in the night, and carried them to Maryland.*"

"Cash for negroes," "cash for negroes," "cash for negroes," is the heading of advertisements in great capitals down the long columns of the crowded journals. Woodcuts of a runaway negro with manacled hands, crouching beneath a bluff pursuer in top boots, who, having caught him, grasps him by the throat, agreeably diversify the pleasant text. The leading article protests against "that abominable and hellish doctrine of abolition, which is repugnant alike to every law of God and Nature." The delicate mamma, who smiles her acquiescence in this sprightly writing as she reads the paper in her cool piazza, quiets her youngest child who clings about her skirts, by promising the boy "a whip to beat the little niggers with."—But the negroes, little and big, are protected by public opinion.

Let us try this public opinion by another test, which is important in three points of view: first, as showing how desperately timid of the public opinion slave owners are, in their delicate descriptions of fugitive slaves in widely-circulated newspapers; secondly, as showing how perfectly contented the slaves are, and how very seldom they run away; thirdly, as exhibiting their entire freedom from scar, or blemish, or any mark of cruel infliction, as their pictures are drawn, not by lying abolitionists, but by their own truthful masters.

The following are a few specimens of the advertisements in the public papers. It is only four years since the oldest among them appeared, and others of the same nature continue to be published every day in shoals.

"Ran away negress Caroline. Had on a collar with one prong turned down."

"Ran away, a black woman, Betsy. Had an iron bar on her right leg."

"Ran away, the negro Manuel, much marked with irons."

"Ran away, the negress Fanny. Had on an iron band about her neck."

"Ran away, a negro boy about twelve years old. Had round his neck a chain dog-collar with 'De Lampert' engraved on it."

"Ran away, the negro Hown. Has a ring of iron on his left foot. Also Grise, *his wife*, having a ring and chain on the left leg."

"Ran away, a negro boy, named James. Said boy was ironed when he left me."

"Committed to jail, a man who calls his name

John. He has a clog of iron on his right foot which will weigh four or five pounds."

"Detained at the police jail, the negro wench Myra. Has several marks of LASHING, and has irons on her feet."

"Ran away, a negro woman and two children; a few days before she went off I burned her with a hot iron on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M."

"Ran away, a negro man named Henry; his left eye out, some scars from a dirk on and under his left arm, and much scarred with the whip."

"One hundred dollars reward, for a negro fellow, Pompey, 40 years old. He is branded on the left jaw."

"Committed to jail, a negro man. Has no toes on the left foot."

"Ran away, a negro woman named Rachel. Has lost all her toes except the large one."

"Ran away, Sam. He was shot a short time since through the hand, and has several shots in his left arm and side."

"Ran away, my negro man Dennis. Said negro has been shot in the left arm between the shoulder and elbow, which has paralyzed the left hand."

"Ran away, my negro man named Simon. He has been shot badly in his back and right arm."

"Ran away, a negro named Arthur. Has a considerable scar across his breast and each arm, made by a knife; loves to talk much of the goodness of God."

"Twenty-five dollars reward for my man Isaac. He has a scar on his forehead, caused by a blow; and one on his back, made by a shot from a pistol."

"Ran away, negro girl called Mary. Has a small scar over her eye, a good many teeth missing, the letter A is branded on her cheek and forehead."

"Ran away, negro Ben. Has a scar on his right hand; his thunb and forefinger being injured by being shot last fall. A part of the bone came out. He has also one or two large scars on his back and hips."

"Detained at the jail, a mulatto, named Tom. Has a scar on the right cheek, and appears to have been burned with powder on the face."

"Ran away, a negro man named Ned. Three of his fingers are drawn into the palm of his hand by a cut. Has a scar on the back of his neck, nearly half round, done by a knife."

"Was committed to jail, a negro man. Says his name is Josiah. His back very much scarred by the whip; and branded on the thigh and hips in three or four places thus (J M). The rim of his right ear has been bit or cut off."

"Fifty dollars reward, for my fellow Edward. He has a scar on the corner of his mouth, two cuts on and under his arm, and the letter E on his arm."

"Ran away, negro boy Ellie. Has a scar on one of his arms from the bite of a dog."

"Ran away, from the plantation of James Surgette, the following negroes: Randal, has one ear cropped; Bob, has lost one eye; Kentucky Tom, has one jaw broken."

"Ran away, Anthony. One of his ears cut off, and his left hand cut with an axe."

"Fifty dollars reward for the negro Jim Blake. Has a piece cut out of each ear, and the middle finger of the left hand cut off to the second joint."

"Ran away, a negro woman named Maria. Has a scar on one side of her cheek, by a cut. Some scars on her back,"

"Ran away, the mulatto wench Mary. Has a cut on the left arm, a scar on the left shoulder, and two upper teeth missing."

I should say, perhaps, in explanation of this latter piece of description, that among the other blessings which public opinion secures to the negroes, is the common practice of violently punching out their teeth. To make them wear iron collars by day and night, and to worry them with dogs, are practices almost too ordinary to deserve mention.

"Ran away, my man Fountain. Has holes in his ears, a scar on the right side of his forehead, has been shot in the hind parts of his legs, and is marked on the back with the whip."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars reward for my negro man Jim. He is much marked with shot in his right thigh. The shot entered on the outside, half way between the hip and knee joints."

"Brought to jail, John. Left ear cropped."

"Taken up, a negro man. Is very much scarred about the face and body, and has the left ear bit off."

"Ran away, a black girl, named Mary. Has a scar on her cheek, and the end of one of her toes cut off."

"Ran away, my mulatto woman, Judy. She has had her right arm broken."

"Ran away, my negro man, Levi. His left hand has been burned, and I think the end of his forefinger is off."

"Ran away, a negro man, NAMED WASHINGTON. Has lost a part of his middle finger, and the end of his little finger."

"Twenty-five dollars reward for my man John. The tip of his nose is bit off."

"Twenty-five dollars reward for the negro slave, Sally. Walks *as though* crippled in the back."

"Ran away, Joe Dennis. Has a small notch in one of his ears."

"Ran away, negro boy, Jack. Has a small crop out of his left ear."

"Ran away, a negro man, named Ivory. Has a small piece cut out of the top of each ear."

While upon the subject of ears, I may observe that a distinguished abolitionist in New-York once received a negro's ear, which had been cut off close to the head, in a general post letter. It was forwarded by the free and independent gentleman who had caused it to be amputated, with a polite request that he would place the specimen in his "collection."

I could enlarge this catalogue with broken arms and broken legs, and gashed flesh, and missing teeth, and lacerated backs, and bites of dogs, and brands of red-hot irons innumerable; but as my readers will be sufficiently sickened and repelled already, I will turn to another branch of the subject.

These advertisements, of which a similar collection might be made for every year, and month, and week, and day; and which are coolly read in families as things of course, and as a part of the current news and small-talk; will serve to show how very much the slaves profit by public opinion, and how tender it is in their behalf. But it may be worth while to inquire how the slave owners, and the class of society, to which great numbers of them belong, defer to public opinion in their conduct, not to their slaves, but to each other; how they are accustomed to restrain their passions; what their bearing is among them-

selves; whether they are fierce or gentle; whether their social customs be brutal, sanguinary, and violent, or bear the impress of civilization and refinement.

That we may have no partial evidence from abolitionists in this inquiry, either, I will once more turn to their own newspapers, and I will confine myself, this time, to a selection from paragraphs which appeared from day to day, during my visit to America, and which refer to occurrences happening while I was there. The italics in these extracts, as in the foregoing, are my own.

These cases did not all occur, it will be seen, in territory actually belonging to legalized Slave States, though most, and those the very worst among them did, as their counterparts constantly do; but the position of the scenes of action in reference to places immediately at hand, where slavery is the law; and the strong resemblance between that class of outrages and the rest; lead to the just presumption that the character of the parties concerned was formed in slave districts, and brutalized by slave customs.

"*Horrible Tragedy.*

"By a slip from *The Southport Telegraph*, Wisconsin, we learn that the Hon. Charles C. P. Arndt, Member of the Council for Brown county, was shot dead *on the floor of the Council chamber*, by James R. Vinyard, Member from Grant county. *The affair* grew out of a nomination for Sheriff of Grant county. Mr. E. S. Baker was nominated and supported by Mr. Arndt. This nomination was opposed by Vinyard, who wanted the appointment to vest in his own brother. In the course of debate, the deceased made some statements which Vinyard pronounced false, and made use of violent and insulting language, dealing largely in personalities, to which Mr. A. made no reply. After the adjournment, Mr. A. stepped up to Vinyard, and requested him to retract, which he refused to do, repeating the offensive words. Mr. Arndt then made a blow at Vinyard, who stepped back a pace, drew a pistol, and shot him dead.

"The issue appears to have been provoked on the part of Vinyard, who was determined at all hazards to defeat the appointment of Baker, and who, himself defeated, turned his ire and revenge upon the unfortunate Arndt."

"*The Wisconsin Tragedy.*

"Public indignation runs high in the territory of Wisconsin, in relation to the murder of C. C. P. Arndt, in the Legislative Hall of the Territory. Meetings have been held in different counties of Wisconsin, denouncing *the practice of secretly bearing arms in the Legislative chambers of the country.* We have seen the account of the expulsion of James R. Vinyard, the perpetrator of the bloody deed, and are amazed to hear, that, after this expulsion by those who saw Vinyard kill Mr. Arndt in the presence of his aged father, who was on a visit to see his son, little dreaming that he was to witness his murder, *Judge Dunn has discharged Vinyard on bail.* The Miners' Free Press speaks *in terms of merited rebuke* at the outrage upon the feelings of the people of Wisconsin. Vinyard was within arm's length of Mr. Arndt, when he took such deadly aim at him, that he never spoke. Vinyard might at pleasure, being so near, have only wounded him, but he chose to kill him."

"*Murder.*

"By a letter in a St. Louis paper of the 14th, we notice a terrible outrage at Burlington, Iowa. A Mr. Bridgman having had a difficulty with a citizen of the place, Mr. Ross; a brother-in-law of the latter provided himself with one of Colt's revolving pistols, met Mr. B. in the street, *and discharged the contents of five of the barrels at him; each shot taking effect.* Mr. B., though horribly wounded, and dying, returned the fire, and killed Ross on the spot."

"*Terrible Death of Robert Potter.*

"From the 'Caddo Gazette' of the 12th inst., we learn the frightful death of Colonel Robert Potter.... He was beset in his house by an enemy, named Rose. He sprang from his couch, seized his gun, and, in his night clothes, rushed from the house. For about two hundred yards his speed seemed to defy his pursuers; but, getting entangled in a thicket, he was captured. Rose told him *that he intended to act a generous part*, and give him a chance for his life. He then told Potter he might run, and he should not be interrupted till he reached a certain distance. Potter started at the word of command, and before a gun was fired he had reached the lake. His first impulse was to jump in the water and dive for it, which he did. Rose was close behind him, and formed his men on the bank ready to shoot him as he rose. In a few seconds he came up to breathe; and scarce had his head reached the surface of the water when it was completely riddled with the shot of their guns, and he sunk, to rise no more!"

"*Murder in Arkansas.*

"We understand *that a severe rencounter came off* a few days since in the Seneca Nation, between Mr. Loose, the sub-agent of the mixed band of the Senecas, Quapaw, and Shawnees, and Mr. James Gillespie, of the mercantile firm of Thomas G. Allison and Co., of Maysville, Benton, County Ark, in which the latter was slain with a bowie-knife. Some difficulty had for some time existed between the parties. It is said that Major Gillespie brought on the attack with a cane. A severe conflict ensued, during which two pistols were fired by Gillespie and one by Loose. Loose then stabbed Gillespie with one of those never, falling weapons a bowie-knife. The death of Major G. is much regretted, as he was a liberal-minded and energetic man. Since the above was in type, we have learned that Major Allison has stated to some of our citizens in town that Mr. Loose gave the first blow. We forbear to give any particulars, as *the matter will be the subject of judicial investigation.*"

"*Foul Deed.*

"The steamer Thames, just from Missouri River, brought us a handbill, offering a reward of 500 dollars for the person who assassinated Lilburn W. Baggs, late Governor of this State, at Independence, on the night of the 6th inst. Governor Baggs, it is stated in a written memorandum, was not dead, but mortally wounded.

"Since the above was written we received a note from the clerk of the Thames, giving the following particulars. Gov. Baggs was shot by some villain on Friday, 6th inst., in the evening, while sitting in a room in his own house in Independence. His son, a boy, hearing a report, ran into the room, and found the governor sitting in his chair, with his jaw fallen down, and

his head leaning back; on discovering the injury done his father, he gave the alarm. Foot tracks were found in the garden below the window, and a pistol picked up supposed to have been overloaded, and thrown from the hand of the scoundrel who fired it. Three buck shots, of a heavy load, took effect; one going through his mouth, one into the brain, and another probably in or near the brain: all going into the back part of the neck and head. The governor was still alive on the morning of the 7th; but no hopes for his recovery by his friends, and but slight hopes from his physicians.

"A man was suspected, and the sheriff most probably has possession of him by this time.

"The pistol was one of a pair stolen some days previous from a baker in Independence, and the legal authorities have the description of the other."

"*Rencounter.*

"An unfortunate *affair* took place on Friday evening in Chatres Street, in which one of our most respectable citizens received a dangerous wound, from a poignard in the abdomen. From the Bee (New Orleans) of yesterday, we learn the following particulars. It appears that an article was published in the French side of the paper on Monday last, containing some strictures on the Artillery Battalion for firing their guns on Sunday morning, in answer to those from the Ontario and Woodbury, and thereby much alarm was caused to the families of those persons who were out all night preserving the peace of the city. Major C. Gally, Commander of the battalion resenting this, called at the office and demanded the author's name; that of M. P. Arpin was given to him, who was absent at the time. Some angry words then passed with one of the proprietors, and a challenge followed; the friends of both parties tried to arrange the affair, but failed to do so. On Friday evening, about seven o'clock, Major Gally met Mr. P. Arpin in Chatres Street, and accosted him. 'Are you Mr. Arpin?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then I have to tell you that you are a —'" (applying an appropriate epithet.)

"'I shall remind you of your words, sir.'

"'But I have said I would break my cane on your shoulders.'

"'I know it, but I have not yet received the blow.'

"At these words, Major Gally, having a cane in his hands, struck Mr. Arpin across the face, and the latter drew a poignard from his pocket and stabbed Major Gally in the abdomen.

"Fears are entertained that the wound will be mortal. *We understand that Mr. Arpin has given security for his appearance at the Criminal Court to answer the charge.*"

"*Affray in Mississippi.*

"On the 27th ult., in an affray near Carthage, Leake county, Mississippi, between James Cottingham and John Wilburn, the latter was shot by the former, and so horribly wounded, that there was no hope of his recovery. On the 2d instant, there was an affray at Carthage between A. C. Sharkey and George Goff, in which the latter was shot, and thought mortally wounded. Sharkey delivered himself up to the authorities, *but changed his mind and escaped!*"

"*Personal Encounter.*

"An encounter took place in Sparta, a few days since, between the barkeeper of a hotel, and a man named Bury. It appears that Bury had become somewhat noisy, *and that the barkeeper, determined to preserve order, had threatened to shoot Bury*, whereupon Bury drew a pistol and shot the barkeeper down. He was not dead at the last accounts, but slight hopes were entertained of his recovery."

"*Duel.*

"The clerk of the steamboat *Tribune* informs us that another duel was fought on Tuesday last, by Mr. Robbins, a bank officer in Vicksburg, and Mr. Fall, the editor of the Vicksbug Sentinel. According to the arrangement, the parties had six pistols each, which, after the word 'Fire!' *they were to discharge as fast as they pleased.* Fall fired two pistols without effect. Mr. Robbins' first shot took effect in Fall's thigh, who fell, and was unable to continue the combat."

"*Affray in Clarke County.*

"An *unfortunate affray* occurred in Clarke County (Mo.) near Waterloo, on Tuesday the 19th ult., which originated in settling the partnership concerns of Messrs. M'Kane and M'Allister, who had been engaged in the business of distilling, and resulted in the death of the latter, who was shot down by Mr. M'Kane, because of his attempting to take possession of seven barrels of whiskey, the property of M'Kane, which had been knocked off to M'Allister at a sheriff's rale at one dollar per barrel. M'Kane immediately fled, *and at the latest dates had not been taken.*

"*This unfortunate affray* caused considerable excitement in the neighbourhood, as both the parties were men with large families depending upon them and stood well in the community."

I will quote but one more paragraph, which, by reason of its monstrous absurdity, may be a relief to these atrocious deeds.

"*Affair of Honour.*

"We have just heard the particulars of a meeting which took place on Six Mile Island, on Tuesday, between two young bloods of our city: Samuel Thurston, *aged fifteen*, and William Hine, *aged thirteen* years. They were attended by young gentleman of the same age. The weapons used on the occasion, were a couple of Dickson's best rifles; the distance, thirty yards. They took one fire, without any damage being sustained by either party, except the ball of Thurston's gun passing through the crown of Hine's hat. *Through the intercession of the Board of Honour*, the challenge was withdrawn, and the difference amicably adjusted."

If the reader will picture to himself the kind of Board of Honour which amicably adjusted the difference between these two little boys, who in any other part of the world would have been amicably adjusted on two porters' backs and soundly flogged with birchen rods, he will be possessed, no doubt, with as strong a sense of its ludicrous character, as that which sets me laughing whenever its image rises up before me.

Now, I appeal to every human mind, imbued with the commonest of common sense, and the commonest of common humanity; to all dispassionate, reasoning creatures, of any shade of opinion; and ask, with these revolting evidences of

the state of society which exists in and about the slave districts of America before them, can they have a doubt of the real condition of the slave, or can they for a moment make a compromise between the institution or any of its flagrant fearful features, and their own just consciences? Will they say of any tale of cruelty and horror, however aggravated in degree, that it is improbable, when they can turn to the public prints, and, running, read such signs as these, laid before them by the men who rule the slaves: in their own acts and under their own hands?

Do we not know that the worst deformity and ugliness of slavery are at once the cause and the effect of the reckless license taken by these free-born outlaws? Do we not know that the man who has been born and bred among its wrongs; who has seen in his childhood husbands obliged at the word of command to flog their wives; women indecently compelled to hold up their own garments that men might lay the heavier stripes upon their legs, driven and harried by brutal overseers in their time of travail, and becoming mothers on the field of toil, under the very lash itself; who has read in youth, and seen his virgin sisters read, descriptions of runaway men and women, and their disfigured persons, which could not be published elsewhere, of so much stock upon a farm, or at a show of beasts—do we not know that that man, whenever his wrath is kindled up, will be a brutal savage? Do we not know that as he is a coward in his domestic life, stalking among his shrinking men and women slaves armed with his heavy whip, so he will be a coward out of doors, and carrying cowards' weapons hidden in his breast, will shoot men down and stab them when he quarrels? And if our reason did not teach us this and much beyond; if we were such idiots as to close our eyes to that fine mode of training which rears up such men; should we not know that they who among their equals stab and pistol in the legislative hall, and in the counting-house, and on the market-place, and in all the elsewhere peaceful pursuits of life, must be to their dependants, even though they were free servants, so many merciless and unrelenting tyrants?

What! shall we declaim against the ignorant peasantry of Ireland, and mince the matter when these American taskmasters are in question? Shall we cry shame on the brutality of those who ham-string cattle: and spare the lights of Freedom upon earth who notch the ears of men and women, cut pleasant posies in the shrinking flesh, learn to write with pens of red-hot iron on the human face, rack their poetic fancies for liveries of mutilation which their slaves shall wear for life and carry to the grave, break living limbs as did the soldiery who mocked and slew the Saviour of the world, and set defenceless creatures for targets! Shall we whimper over legends of the tortures practised on each other by the pagan Indians, and smile upon the cruelties of Christian men! Shall we, so long as these things last, exult above the scattered remnants of that stately race, and triumph in the white enjoyment of their broad possessions? Rather, for me, restore the forest and the Indian village; in lieu of stars and stripes, let some poor feather flutter in the breeze; replace the streets and squares by wigwams; and though the death-song of a hundred haughty warriors fill the air, it will be music to the shriek of one unhappy slave.

On one theme, which is commonly before our eyes, and in respect of which our national character is changing fast, let the plain Truth be spoken, and let us not, like dastards, beat about the bush by hinting at the Spaniard and the fierce Italian. When knives are drawn by Englishmen in conflict, let it be said and known: "We owe this change to Republican Slavery. These are the weapons of Freedom. With sharp points and edges such as these, Liberty in America doth hew and hack her slaves; or, failing that pursuit, her sons devote them to a better use, and turn them on each other."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

THERE are many passages in this book, where I have been at some pains to resist the temptation of troubling my readers with my own deductions and conclusions; preferring that they should judge for themselves, from such premises as I have laid before them. My only object in the outset, was, to carry them with me faithfully wheresoever I went, and that task I have discharged.

But I may be pardoned, if on such a theme as the general character of the American people, and the general character of their social system, as presented to a stranger's eyes, I desire to express my own opinions in a few words, before I bring the volume to a close.

They are, by nature, frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree, which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends. I never was so won upon, as by this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so readily and pleasuarbly, as to them; never can make again, in half a year, so many friends for whom I seem to entertain the regard of half a life.

These qualities are natural, I implicitly believe, to the whole people. That they are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass; and that there are influences at work which endanger them still more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration; is a truth that ought to be told.

It is an essential part of every national character to pique itself mightily upon its faults, and to deduce tokens of its virtue or its wisdom from their very exaggeration. One great blemish in the popular mind of America, and the prolific parent of an innumerable brood of evils, is Universal Distrust. Yet, the American citizen plumes himself upon this spirit, even when he is sufficiently dispassionate to perceive the ruin it works; and will often adduce it, in spite of his own reason, as an instance of the great sagacity and acuteness of the people, and their superior shrewdness and independence.

"You carry," says the stranger, "this jealousy and distrust into every transaction of public life. By repelling worthy men from your legislative assemblies, it has bred up a class of candidates for the suffrage, who, in their every act, disgrace your Institutions and your people's choice. It has rendered you so fickle, and so

given to change, that your inconstancy has passed into a proverb, for you no sooner set up an idol firmly, than you are sure to pull it down and dash it into fragments; and this, because directly you reward a benefactor, or a public servant, you distrust him, merely because he *is* rewarded; and immediately apply yourselves to find out, either that you have been too bountiful in your acknowledgements, or he remiss in his deserts. Any man who attains a high place among you, from the President downward, may date his downfall from that moment; for any printed lie that any notorious villain pens, although it militate directly against the character and conduct of a life, appeals at once to your distrust, and is believed. You will strain at a gnat in the way of trustfulness and confidence, however fairly won and well deserved; but you will swallow a whole caravan of camels, if they be laden with unworthy doubts and mean suspicions. Is this well, think you, or likely to elevate the character of the governors or the governed among you?"

The answer is invariably the same: "There's freedom of opinion here, you know Every man thinks for himself, and we are not to be easily overreached. That's how our people come to be suspicious."

Another prominent feature is the love of "smart" dealing, which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust; many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter—though it has not been without its retributive operation, for this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit, and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century. The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not guaged by its or his observance of the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by," but are considered with reference to their smartness. I recollect, on both occasions of our passing that ill-fated Cairo on the Mississippi, remarking on the bad effects such gross deceits must have when they exploded, in generating a want of confidence abroad, and discouraging foreign investment; but I was given to understand that this was a very smart scheme by which a deal of money had been made; and that its smartest feature was, that they forgot these things abroad in a very short time, and speculated again as freely as ever. The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: "Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So-and-so should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens! He is a public nuisance, is he not?" "Yes, sir," "A convicted liar?" "Yes, sir." "He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?" "Yes, sir." "And he is utterly dishonourable, debased, and profligate?" "Yes, sir." "In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?" "Well, sir, he is a smart man."

In like manner, all kinds of deficient and impolitic usages are referred to the national love of trade; though, oddly enough, it would be a weighty charge against a foreigner, that he regarded the Americans as a trading people. The love of trade is assigned as a reason for that comfortless custom, so very prevalent in country towns, of married persons living in hotels, having no fireside of their own, and seldom meeting from early morning until late at night, but at the hasty public meals. The love of trade is a reason why the literature of America is to remain forever unprotected: "For we are a trading people, and don't care for poetry," though we *do*, by-the-way, profess to be very proud of our poets; while healthful amusements, cheerful means of recreation, and wholesome fancies, must fade before the stern utilitarian joys of trade.

These three characteristice are strongly presented at every turn full in the stranger's view. But the foul growth of America has a more tangled root than this, and it strikes its fibres deep in its licentious Press.

Schools may be erected east, west, north, and south; pupils be taught, and masters reared, by scores upon scores of thousands; colleges may thrive, churches may be crammed, temperance may be diffused, and advancing knowledge in all other forms walk through the land with giant strides; but, while the newspaper press of America is in, or near, its present abject state, high moral improvement in that country is hopeless. Year by year it must and will go back; year by year the tone of public feeling must sink lower down; year by year the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; and, year by year, the memory of the Great Fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more in the bad life of their degenerate child.

Among the herd of journals which are published in the States, there are some, the reader scarcely need be told, of character and credit. From personal intercourse with accomplished gentlemen connected with publications of this class I have derived both pleasure and profit. But the name of these is Few, and of the others Legion; and the influence of the good is powerless to counteract the mortal poison of the bad.

Among the gentry of America; among the well-informed and moderate; in the learned professions; at the bar and on the bench, there is, as there can be, but one opinion in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals. It is sometimes contended—I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such a disgrace—that their influence is not so great as a visiter would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying that there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstance tends directly to the opposite conclusion.

When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks, and when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honour is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and

base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon and crush it openly, in the sight of all men; then, I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in everp appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works, be plainly visible in the Republic.

To those who are accustomed to the leading English Journals, or to the respectable journals of the Continent of Europe; to those who are accustomed to anything else in print and paper; it would be impossible, without an amount of extract for which I have neither space nor inclination, to convey an adequate idea of this frightful engine in America. But if any man desire confirmation of my statement on this head, let him repair to any place in this city of London where scattered numbers of these publications are to be found; and there let him form his own opinion.*

It would be well, there can be no doubt, for the American people as a whole, if they loved the Real less, and the Ideal somewhat more. It would be well, if there were greater encouragement to lightness of heart and gayety, and a wider cultivation of what is beautiful, without being eminently and directly useful. But then, I think the general remonstrance, "we are a new country," which is so often advanced as an excuse for defects which are quite unjustifiable, as being, of right, only the slow growth of an old one, may be very reasonably urged; and I yet hope to hear of there being some other national amusement in the United States, besides newspaper politics.

They certainly are not a humorous people, and their temperament always impressed me as being of a dull and gloomy character. In shrewdness of remark, and a certain cast-iron quaintness, the Yankees, or people of New-England, unquestionably take the lead; as they do in most other evidences of intelligence. But in travelling about, out of the large cities; as I have remarked in former parts of this volume; I was quite oppressed by the prevailing seriousness and melancholy air af business: which was so general and unvarying, that at every new town I came to, I seemed to meet the very same people whom I had left behind me, at the last. Such defects as are perceptibly in the national manners, seem, to me, to be referable, in a great degree, to this cause: which has generated a dull, sullen persistence in coarse usages, and rejected the graces of life as undeserving of attention. There is no doubt that Washington, who was always most scrupulous and exact on points of ceremony, perceived the tendency towards this mistake, even in his time; and did his utmost to correct it.

I cannot hold with other writers on these subjects that the prevalence of various forms of dissent in America, is in any way attributable to the non-existence there, of an established church: indeed, I think the temper of the people, if it admitted of such an Institution being founded among them, would lead them to desert it, as a matter of course, merely because it was established. But, supposing it to exist, I doubt its probable efficacy in summoning the wandering sheep to one great fold, simply because of the immense amount of dissent which prevails at home: and because I do not find in America any one form of religion with which we in Europe, or even in England, are unacquainted. Dissenters resort thither in great numbers, as other people do, simply because it is a land of resort: and great settlements of them are founded, because ground can be purchased, and towns and villages reared, where there were none of the human creation before. But even the Shakers emigrated from England: our country is not unknown to Mr. Joseph Smith, the opostle of Mormonism, or to his benighted disciples: I have heheld religious scenes myself in some of our populous towns which can hardly be surpassed by an American camp-meeting; and I am not aware that any instance of superstitious imposture on the one hand, and superstitious credulity on the other, has had its origin in the United States, which we cannot more than parallel by the precedents of Mrs. Southcote, Mary Tofts, the rabbit-breeder, or even Mr. Thom of Canterbury: which latter case arose, some time after the dark ages had passed away.

The Republican Institutions of America undoubtedly lead the people to assert their self-respect and their equality; but a traveller is bound to bear those Institutions in his mind, and not hastily to resent the near approach of a class of strangers, who, at home, would keep aloof. This characteristic, when it was tinotureed with no foolish pride, and stopped short of no honest service, never offended me: and I very seldom, if ever, experienced its rude or unbecoming display. Once or twice it was comically developed, as in the following case: but this was an amusing incident, and not the rule nor near it.

I wanted a pair of boots at a certain town, for I had none to travel in, but those with the memorable cork soles, which were much too hot for the fiery decks of a steamboat. I therefore sent a message to an artist in boots, importing, with my compliments, that I should be happy to see him, if he would do me the polite favour to call. He very kindly returned for answer that he would "look round" at six o'clock that evening.

I was lying on the sofa, with a book and a wineglass, at about that time, when the door opened, and a gentleman in a stiff cravat, within a year or two on either side of thirty, entered, in his hat and gloves; walked up to the looking-glass; arranged his hair; took off his gloves; slowly produced a measure from the uttermost depths of his coat-pocket; and requested me, in a languid tone, to "unfix" my

* Or, let him refer to an able, and perfectly truthful article, in *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, published in the present month of October; to which my attention has been attracted, since these sheets have been passing through the press. He will find some specimens there, by no means remarkable to any man who has been in America, but sufficiently striking to one who has not.

straps. I complied, but looked with some curiosity at his hat, which was still upon his head. It might have been that, or it might have been the heat—but he took it off. Then he sat himself down on a chair opposite to me; rested an arm on each knee; and, leaning forward very much, took from the ground, by a great effort, the specimen of metropolitan workmanship which I had just pulled off—whistling, pleasantly, as he did so. He turned it over and over; surveyed it with a contempt no language can express; and inquired if I wished him to fix me a boot like *that*? I courteously replied, that provided the boots were large enough, I would leave the rest to him; that if convenient and practicable, I should not object to their bearing some resemblance to the model then before him; but that I would be entirely guided by, and would beg to leave the whole subject to his judgment and discretion. "You an't partickler about this scoop in the heel, I suppose then?" says he: "we don't foller that, here." I repeated my last observation. He looked at himself in the glass again; went closer to it to dash a grain or two of dust out of the corner of his eye; and settled his cravat. All this time, my leg and foot were in the air. "Nearly ready, sir?" I inquired. "Well, pretty nigh," he said; "keep steady." I kept as steady as I could, both in foot and face; and having by this time got the dust out, and found his pencil-case, he measured me, and made the necessary notes. When he had finished, he fell into his old attitude, and taking up the boot again, mused for some time. "And this," he said, at last, "is an English boot, is it? This is a London boot, oh?" "That, sir," I replied, "is a London boot." He mused over it again, after the manner of Hamlet with Yorick's scull; nodded his head, as who should say "I pity the institutions that led to the production of this boot!" rose; put up his pencil, notes, and paper—glancing at himself in the glass, all the time—put on his hat, drew on his gloves very slowly, and finally walked out. When he had been gone about a minute, the door reopened, and his hat and his head reappeared. He looked round the room, and at the boot again, which was still lying on the floor; appeared thoughtful for a minute; and then said, "Well, good arternoon." "Good afternoon, sir," said I; and that was the end of the interview.

There is but one other head on which I wish to offer a remark: and that has reference to the public health. In so vast a country, where there are thousands of millions of acres of land yet unsettled and uncleared, and on every rood of which, vegetable decomposition is annually taking place; where there are so many great rivers, and such opposite varieties of climate; there cannot fail to be a great amount of sickness at certain seasons. But I may venture to say, after conversing with many members of the medical profession in America, that I am not singular in the opinion that much of the disease which does prevail, might be avoided, if a few common precautions were observed. Greater means of personal cleanliness are indispensable to this end; the custom of hastily swallowing large quantities of animal food, three times a day, and rushing back to sedentary pursuits after each meal, must be changed; the gentler sex must go more wisely clad, and take more healthy exercise; and in the latter clause, the males must be included also. Above all, in public institutions, and throughout the whole of every town and city, the system of ventilation, and drainage, and removal of impurities, requires to be thoroughly revised. There is no local legislature in America which may not study Mr. Chadwick's excellent Report upon the Sanitary condition of our Labouring Classes, with immense advantage.

I HAVE now arrived at the close of this book. I have little reason to believe, from certain warnings I have had since I returned to England, that it will be tenderly or favourably received by the American people; and as I have written the truth in relation to the mass of those who form their judgment and express their opinions, it will be seen that I have no desire to court, by any adventitious means, the popular applause.

It is enough for me to know, that what I have set down in these pages, cannot cost me a single friend on the other side of the Atlantic, who is, in anything, deserving of the name. For the rest, I put my trust implicitly in the spirit in which they have been conceived and penned, and I can bide my time.

I have made no reference to my reception, nor have I suffered it to influence me in what I have written; for, in either case, I should have offered but a sorry acknowledgment, compared with that I bear within my breast, towards those partial readers of my former books across the water, who met me with an open hand, and not with one that closed upon an iron muzzle.

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CHANGE

FOR THE

AMERICAN NOTES:

of Charles Dickens

IN

LETTERS

FROM LONDON TO NEW-YORK.

BY

AN AMERICAN LADY.

"Look here upon this picture and on *this*."

NEW-YORK:

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PREFACE.

FLANDERS an English historian has called the battle-field of Europe, while the United States of America seem to be particularly regarded by the English as a chosen land, on which author-errants may vent their humours. Nearly all these travelled writers profess a wish to cultivate and improve the good understanding which should prevail between the child and parent countries, and they then, with some honourable exceptions, proceed to show (strange means to such an end) how rude and perverse is the overgrown baby America, disregardful of parental admonitions, and perseverant with ridiculous obstinacy in thinking, speaking, and acting for herself. It pleases these travellers to declare, on their return to England, that they regard the United States with kindly feelings and gay good-humour. It may well be so; so much of their evil-humour has been packed up, forced into manuscript to appear in print, that it was exhausted in the process: their declarations are as the hum of the insect —their books, its sting.

However varied the pursuits or vocations of these journeyers—soldiers, sailors, bazar-keepers, actresses, lecturers, philosophers, gentlemen at large, or authors by profession—very few present one of the attributes of Hamlet, who tells us he "lacked gall:" they write as if only a course of blisters could benefit the constitution of America—Sangrado's treatment was wiser, for *he* did not add irritation to nausea.

He who runs, we have proverbial authority to believe, may read, whenever the characters are legible enough; some of these gentlemen have shown that he who runs may *write*, when the theme is merely the character of America.

British travellers, perhaps, their transatlantic voyage accomplished, have a foreign, a from-home sort of feeling; and thinking of foreign parts, find the United States like a Greater Britain, are dissatisfied that it is not as their Britain; the difference in manners, pronunciation, and phraseology they gravely and sagely censure, precisely as they would provincialisms in their own country, impertinent departures from the London standard; but America, like France or Germany, is surely entitled to establish a standard of her own.

Were Dutch instead of English the language of the United States, the works of English travellers would be incalculably better—would display more sense and less sneer; for another language would reconcile to these nearsighted observers another state of things, while previous study would be necessary. What is necessary now? Long suffering in sea-sickness sprightfully described, considerable railwaying—or, as it is sometimes called, *railing*—horror of tobacco, awe at Niagara, and, lo! an English work upon the United States of North America.

It is hoped the following familiar letters may show how several of these authors have erred; and that they will, moreover, be found to present a fair, just, and unexaggerated character of the English as they are.

That the work will produce any impression upon the English themselves, the authoress has not for a moment contemplated; for when it is told of themselves, they are a people singularly unmoved by—the Truth.

July, 1843.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1843, by
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LETTERS

FROM

AN AMERICAN LADY.

LETTER I.

Recovery from Illness.—Taxes in England.—Custom-house.—Strangeness a Foreigner feels there.—The Thames.—General Merits of Mr. Dickens.—Particular Exception.—American Notes.

MRS. ——— TO MISS ——, NEW-YORK.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—How wearisome is a slow recovery from illness in the heart of a mighty city, and that when you are widowed and alone; how loudly do clattering carriages and countless noises tell of boisterous and unsympathizing health without, and what a petty unit one feels within! Do you not think it is this sensation of unaided loneliness that makes so many of our sex (I may admit it to you) feel or consider spinsterhood and wretchedness inseparable? Better social penury than solitary enjoyment; better "the poor creature small beer," with the flavour of a family about it, than imperial Tokay sipped from an unmated glass—"self-love and social" in this sense bear out the poet's axiom, and are, indeed, "the same."

My former letters were so very domestic and personal, that they might have been written from Boston as well as from London. I promised when I had leisure—and my illness gave me ample leisure to read, as it does now to write—I promised to tell you of London, and how it differed from New-York; and of its people, and its ways, and its Boz—the last who has treated of America, though very far from the least. I prescribe to myself a course of letters to you—to home, with its old familiar faces, as better than the hieroglyphic scribblings of my kind and skilful physician Dr. C. Here is dose—I trust not doze—the first. My stay in this country (may all good angels be praised!) must be nearly completed, for so is the business which could not be transacted with less than my personal attendance. How important I ought to feel. I was transatlantically wanted! Heigho! But I can bear witness to "the law's delay," as well as to its uncertainty. I am now, however, to tell all I have seen and thought. Patiently and perseveringly have my eyes and my memory paid the many taxes imposed upon them: in New-York I might claim some little merit for this; but hardly in London, where taxes are too common to claim praise for payment, however punctual or distressing—where heaven's light is apportioned through taxed windows, and earth's dust on taxed roads—the blood royal and the smuggler bold seem the only parties claiming any right of exemption.

I told you previously how I suffered during that series of storms, our voyage. Thank God, we found "the good ship tight and free." How I survived I know not; deplorably indeed did I "suffer a sea change," but not like Ferdinand's father,

"Into something rich and strange;"

and when I arrived at the Custom-house, which abuts upon the noble River Thames (to speak after the manner of Englishmen), my sea-sickness was superseded by a nausea and disgust of a perfectly terrestrial nature. Mr. Dickens extols the arrangements of the Custom-house at Boston, and points it out as an example to his own country. Well he may! My earliest impression upon touching land was that civility and the customs of England were incompatible. Such system in their surliness; it must have cost great pains to *force* it to its present perfection, and severe drilling to maintain it there—to prevent its degenerating into ordinary humanity. I complained, truly enough, I am sure, that I was suffering from exhaustion, and especially needed one small packet without delay, as it contained medicine. I was told to wait. I inquired how long, and the officer paused and told me—to wait!

Our Republican ears have been somewhat startled to hear of even Dr. Johnson murmuring that he was compelled to wait in the antechamber of a lord. If a foreigner visit England to court the great, to dance untiring attendance upon the wealthy, the Custom-house affords him fine probationary practice.

I wonder what the gentlemen who sit at the receipt of customs are in their own homes. Do they "wear sweet smiles and look erect on heaven," and break soft bread like other men; or do they stick with official-like pertinacity to *crusts*? Do they marry out of their own people? What are their amusements, their pursuits, their dreams? More especially, are they humanized o' Sundays? A history of the domestic habits of a customs' officer could not but be curious.

Mr. Mortimer told me they *meant* to be civil—this moroseness was only in their manner—"pretty Fanny's way." Coarseness is a bully's way, and who regards *his* intentions? Neither are the British very ready to excuse what they call rudeness among us, no matter how it is meant. If these people really do intend good manners, what a contribution must they daily offer to a pavement which I need not particularize! In very few of the public departments of this country, as far as I have seen, can you find perfect civility—the nearest approach is but an absence of incivility—an avoidance of actual rudeness—individual instances prove nothing.

I have not yet got over my feeling of the small-

ness of the river. I have even seen "old Father Thames advance his reverend head," and flood the streets along his banks, and have smiled to think this was the father of English rivers! Could these vaunting cockneys see the father of American rivers, what a puny offspring would their Thames appear—a mere boy-river—a thing for painted barges and tiny steamers and show-bridges, having the honours of a tide and a Lord-mayor's conservancy some few miles above London, and widening to a respectable wateriness only as it nears the sea. You have often accused me of a grievous want of nationality. Do I not give you a proper specimen here how "we Americans" can vaunt—sometimes?

Like you, dear Julia, I was all impatience to peruse the work of the most popular of English writers on America. It was not difficult to foretel that the publicity of his movements—the newspaper proclamations that Mr. Dickens honoured the poor distant republic with his presence—must have prevented his gazing through an unmisted eye-glass. I hope it is not unfair to presume that he may aid his vision by artificial means, for as most of his young countrymen are, or affect to be nearsighted, why not he? "Assume a virtue if you have it not," said the hapless prince who was "wise in vain;" and to be nearsighted in their views must be esteemed a virtue among Englishmen, or why should so many of the young and the healthy refuse to look at things with their own eyes?

The Americans were prepared for Mr. Dickens, and society was under some restraint; it could not be otherwise. What would be the behaviour of any circle in any part of the three kingdoms (why don't they call them *queendoms* now?) if they were avized that a chiel was

> "Amang them takin' *notes*,
> And faith, he'd prent it,"

and *notes*, too, for *general circulation*? Keener optics than even those of Boz would be futile to discern the reality through the haze of make-believe.

Do not suppose that I am slow to acknowledge the great merits of Boz—the lion *par excellence* of his day. I have not to be informed of his originality—of his opening and working a new vein in his land's literature. One feels better after reading his books—better after the humour of his Wellers—the amenity of his Pickwick (how he ripens from an essayist upon tittlebats into the kindly gentleman); one's heart warms to poor Oliver Twist; one's indignation rises against Ralph Nickleby; one's disgust at the Squeerses, and one's gorge at Pecksniff. But (these buts!) if he be creative as a novelist, he is most meager as a traveller; our country was beyond his powers, and, indeed, is beyond the four months' power of any man. "In America," says Dr. Johnson—truly, I doubt not, for it was in 1762—"there is little to be observed except natural curiosities." Very opposite seems to be Mr. Dickens's conclusion, for of the great face of nature he says hardly anything. The noblest rivers in the world rolled for him unregarded by, or at least unparagraphed. In the Mississippi he beholds but a muddy stream flowing through a woody wilderness; his mind's eye catches no prescient glimpse of the cities that in the fulness of time will adorn its banks; he alludes not to the "all hail, hereafter!" He is diffuse upon prisons and madhouses, for they were immediately within his ken; brief when he tells of senates, laws, religions, literature, or science; things that have *prospective* influences, and are not merely of the moment. He is at home among the vulgarisms and provincialisms we have derived, almost entirely, from the old country; he is not at home in our colleges and schools. He says little upon great things, and much upon little things; looks not through parts to the whole, but regards trifling parts for their own trifling sake. He notices the small rust-spots on the bright steel, but says little of the excellence—the temper of the blade. So completely is this the case, that one might apply to him a similitude of Goldsmith, and instead of "an eagle," speak of a *lion* "catching flies"—some of them may prove moschetoes. He ought most assuredly to have published his work as by Samuel Weller, Jun.—it would then have been admirably in keeping.

But enough of Mr. Dickens for the present. I really must methodise the plan of my letters, and let you see I write *of* London as well as *from* it. Some one has applied a line of Pope to an ingenious piece of vegetable intricacy at Hampton Court, "a mighty *maze*, but not without a *plan*." I think the line is very applicable to the Modern Babylon, and I must think of it, and write more "by the card" and the plan, and less after the manner of the maze; but in truth, I know not where to begin; I am distracted just as strangers are at the very-much-omnibused White Horse Cellar (I can see it from my windows in Piccadilly) by the conflicting shouts of the coachmen and conductors and amateur-conductors of the host of vehicles—"Richmond, sir?" "Kew, ma'am?" "Hammersmith?" "Brentford?" "Twit'nam?" "Bow?" "Mile-end?" "City, City?" "Bank, Bank, Bank?" Of which of these places or themes shall I epistolise first? Well, they are all before me where to choose. Adieu for a while. What untiring fingers and unsleeping eyes the young lady journalists of Richardson or Miss Burney must have had! I envy them, and wish I could be with you again without being rocked "in cradle of the rude imperious surge" of that great, great sea. Ever, dearest Julia, etc., etc.

LETTER II.

French Fashions in New-York and London.—Dress of Queen Victoria.—Beauty of English and American Ladies.—Well-preserved Beauty in England.—Opera-ballets and Red-Indian Dances.—Regent-street.—Rudeness to Ladies.—Contrast to American Manners.—Solar Notes.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—Madame D. has just sent home my new bonnet—it is perfection. Depend upon it, the French are the only people who thoroughly understand the science of dress, that is, ladies' dress, and science as distinguished from quackery; the leaders of the modes in Paris have graduated in a college of good taste. I do not scruple to assert that in the French fashions we are in advance of the ladies of London. I do not know whether this be or be not owing to a certain class here setting or attempting to set a fashion of their own (fair usurpers in the domains of lace, riband, and satin), but I

am satisfied it is so. I have heard English ladies, and not unfrequently, pronounce their fair young queen's shawl or bonnet unfashionable; so you see fashion is not strictly monarchical, nor does she play such fantastic tricks in Queen Victoria's court as elsewhere. I have seen her majesty realize the description of a fair lady of old,

"And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
Draperied her form with curious felicity!"

You inquire if the British ladies are prettier than those in a younger world, and truly, Miss Julia, it is a very comprehensive question. Into how many heads ought I to divide it? How much paper, postage, and time, ought to be expended in a due response? It requires no eye-glass to perceive that many, very many, beautiful women brighten the circles of London society; but—but—how shall I tell it? I will shelter myself, I think, under a noun of number; *but*—a host of travellers concur in paying homage to the superiority of the female loveliness of America. Is it for me to gainsay them all? Do you New-York ladies feel at all propitiated that Boz (a very handsome man himself) describes you as "singularly beautiful?" and so you are. Neither does Boz aver, as others (rude critics that they are!) have done before him, that American beauty soon fades.

"If all that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest,"

you, my love, will look quite old at twenty-five. I do not think any particular style of beauty predominates here more than with us: blondes and brunettes are not unfrequently seen in the same family, just as we had different-tinted roses on the same stem in that dear garden by the Hudson. I know two sisters who both wear the hair *à la reine*, but with this difference: that the fair brow of one is shaded with auburn, the other with raven, both of the softest, silkiest texture. The English ladies certainly resemble some kinds of old lace—they wear well—passing well. Very beautiful are very many ladies of—now imagine any envious term of years you think should, or rather will, fling beauty into the sere and yellow leaf, into the gray and falling hair. We need not inquire what sums are paid to the ingenious artists (really *art*-ists) who supply the complexional roses of both York and Lancaster; we need not more than allude to closetings with modistes; and as to a perruquier—oh, name not his name. Let us rest satisfied with the pleasing effect, nor pry too closely into the cause—

"'Twere to consider too curiously to consider thus."

The most remarkable display of beauty is perhaps to be seen at the Opera House, Her Majesty's Theatre; it is really tiered with loveliness, with unadorned as well as jewelled beauty. The queen, who is said to be a proficient in music, as well as to be very fond of it, frequently attends. I may tell you afterward of operas and theatres, but I must make one remark here; that my first beholding a ballet convinced me how extremes meet. The dances of our red Indians, the delight of savage man, saving that their dances are *always* modest, are not far removed from the wild graces, the flexibility of limb and gesture of the Ellslers and the Ceritos; and gentlemen and old gentlemen, quoted as among the most civilized, nay, polished, of Europe's sons, regard these agile *danseuses* as creatures of rare merit. It may be that grace is in all their *steps*; but commend me to the untaught motion of the child of the forest. Some one said of some great orator (Demosthenes, was it not?), that his speeches smelt of the lamp; and so, literally and figuratively, do the movements of these tolerably well paid operatic professors.

The Opera House occupies the corner of the Haymarket and Pall Mall: it is a very large, handsome structure, and shopped in its colonnades and arcades. A little beyond the top of the Haymarket (where everything is sold *but* hay) is Regent-street, a long, spacious, and rather winding street, the architectural boast of Western London; very fine in parts, and very startling too, but all stucco, stucco, stucco! What a city would London have been, had it been neighboured by quarries of freestone and marble. A little higher than the part where Piccadilly intersects it, commences the Quadrant of Regent-street—this is a covered colonnade—"from storms a shelter, and from heat a shade;" the supporting pillars are placed at regular intervals at the edge of a wide trottoir; the effect is the same as that produced by the successive awnings in Broadway; the appearance much finer. The architecture of Regent-street is not illiberally confined to any style or sect. Mr. Nash, the architect, was no professional bigot; his ideal of excellence was the taste of George the Fourth, and he might have had a far worse guide.

"Never once," says Mr. Dickens of America, "did I see a woman exposed to the slightest act of rudeness, incivility, or even inattention." I cannot echo this praise of England. Some one has said that half the mistakes in the world arise from "taking for granted." I made the mistake of taking for granted that forbearance, to say the least, where ladies were concerned, would be as common in the streets of London as in any American city. I was soon undeceived; for when I first walked along Regent-street, and some of the streets adjoining it, I was annoyed beyond a pen's telling, by glance after glance *poked* under my bonnet. I felt wearied, worried, and afraid—that vague kind of fear so wretchedly depressing—a lady does not know what it is exactly she has to apprehend, and so dreads everything. When afterward I complained, Mr. Mortimer accounted for the persecution I suffered by saying these inquisitive persons were not gentlemen—gentlemen must be scarce in those parts, then. This happened, too, when I was new to London and its rudeness, and when my principal feeling in the mighty maze was bewilderment—a dependance upon others, and even upon strangers, sufficiently galling.

It was long before I liked to venture abroad, even a street or two off, unescorted, and when I had hired by the month a plain two-horse chariot and coachman (plain also), which here they call, and not inaptly, *a job*, and was conveyed any distance, I felt an ignorance of my whereabout that would have done honour to an infant; "east or west, where'er I turned," were the endless streets, and squares, and places, and rows, and terraces! I did at last obtain a tolerable knowledge of localities; but really my ignorance for a month or two was as dense as that of Mr. Dickens of the Western States he

was about to visit. "He looked" (unsophisticated Boz) "for two evenings at the setting sun," but apparently derived no ray of intelligence from the gorgeous luminary; for he—and I fear he is ungallant enough to include Mrs. Dickens—he, or rather "we, had as well defined an idea of the country before us as if we had been going to travel into the very centre of that planet." Geographical knowledge must be at a low ebb in England, when an accomplished author makes such an admission; perhaps books or maps are scarce, or dear. I honour Mr. Dickens for his candour, and trust if ever he should travel in that "planet," as he somewhat curiously calls the sun of our system, his Solar will be better than his American notes. His countrymen already possess Solar oil—I see it announced in some of the shop windows—and this is perhaps the first step to Solar intercourse, the breaking ground sun-ward. I must inquire if they import this oil direct, or by way of Mercury and Venus. The last word brings your image so sweetly before me, that I will let my thoughts flee across the Atlantic, and give my fingers pause. Ever, etc.

LETTER III.

Executions.—New-York and London.—Daniel Good.—Executions popular with the Many in England.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—A hundred thousand thanks for your welcome letter. How hallowed is even domestic chit-chat when affection wafts it a few thousand miles! Trifles passing through the ordeal of a transatlantic post are never light as air: they are aggrandized; they are—But don't let me grow sententious.

And so that unhappy man, who some eleven years ago was one of our uncle A's clerks, has forfeited his life to his country's laws. Alas! alas! and yet I do not marvel; for no meanness is too little, no crime too enormous for a resolute miser to be guilty of when lucre lures him on; his heart seems cased in triple gold, and the stings of conscience cannot penetrate through the armour of Mammon; but dear me, how sententious again—I think it must be that the subject makes one write in a manner different from one's ordinary way.

Your account reminds me of an execution here, one morning last summer. I left my bed at an early hour, for pain and lassitude made me long for change, merely because it was change. When I looked out into the street, I saw no inconsiderable number of persons hastening eastward. I rang to inquire the reason of this unwonted commotion at such an hour. It was some time before my bell was answered, "Please, ma'am," at last said the eager handmaiden, "Good's a-going to be hanged."

And men—ay, Julia, and women too, crowded to the sight until the choked-up street refused admittance to thousands. They boast of their civilization—these Englishmen—and the most attractive spectacle to the mass is a felon's death! Justice in England should have a halter added to her effigy: an execution here is a pageant, a show, a cheap and popular excitement—genuine agony, to be enjoyed gratuitously—real convulsions. Oh! hanging's your effective, your only tragedy.

In twenty years or less, I do believe our American custom in inflicting the dreadful penalty of death will prevail in England, that is, if capital punishment be not altogether abolished. The criminal here hardens his heart for the last part he has to perform in public. Numbers, of whose guilt there could be no doubt, have died asseverating their innocence. Good did. And why! Because every one of these men (callous as they might be) shrank from facing the crowd as a murderer confessed, and hoped for their sympathy if he perseveringly declared his innocence; and he did so declare it, and his last breath was—a lie!

The sufferer knows that he has been the darling topic of a great portion of the public press for many days. The misdeeds of his whole life have been canvassed, and ladies have visited him in his condemned cell; some to present him flowers, some to pray with him, some to procure his autograph for an album, or, if he cannot write, an inky mark from the hand that perpetrated a murder, or a lock from the head that planned it; and he has listened, or struggled to listen, to a last sermon in the prison chapel; and magistrates' ladies and privileged visiters have knelt with him to hear the blessed Word of the ever-living God, and gaze upon the white lips on which would soon be the clamminess of death. Despite his fears, he feels that he is the hero of the scene; that he divides these strangers' regards with the service of the Church, and he studies less to prepare to die than to encounter their curious and searching eyes.

I do not mean to say that this individual case has been characterized by all these things. I tell you what has been, and what it is to be hoped may never be again. In New-York, where the criminal suffers within the walls of the prison, the law enjoining the presence of a certain number of citizens and official characters, the public are shut out; but through the very heart of the city goes the rumour that the law has taken life as a punishment for crime. The most hardened offender feels awed—appalled; he may pause in his mad career, for his imagination pictures the death-scene in colours that terrify his inmost soul—fear is sublime in its exaggerations.

But here, he sees it! The hooting or sympathetic rabble banish reflection. The struggle to obtain a good place calls forth his bodily energies; he has something to contend and clamour for; and he hears ribald jokes at the very gallows' foot—and what a fine thing it is to die hard, and how Newgate Calendars—but, lo! the victim. All eyes are directed towards him. The sight of his fellows prevents his thoughts dwelling on his God. He espies comrades in the crowd, and remembers their combined, skilful, and successful rapine in other days, and their unholy orgies afterward; his lips mechanically repeat words of prayer, and his heart is in past scenes of low delight—and so he dies.

The body hangs a certain time, and women say "how shocking," and men "how queer" he looks; and boys shout out, "Did you ever?" "What a Guy!" "Does his mother know he's out?" and casts are taken from his scull, and his carcass is buried within the prison walls, and his deeds recorded in cheap pamphlets for the edification of ingenuous youth.

This man—Daniel Good, a gentleman's servant—murdered a woman, concealed the body, which he had dismembered, in his master's stable, and was proceeding to burn it piecemeal when the discovery took place. If any master-fiend in this country strikes out originality of crime, it is soon imitated. One Greenacre was the first dismemberer, at least in men's memories, and Good was his disciple. Burk and Hare (villains unparalleled), some years ago in Edinburgh, killed helpless and homeless wretches to sell their bodies for dissection to the surgeons; and a man called Bishop, with two other ruffians, introduced the crime into London—worse than horrible!

Until the reign of the present sovereign, and (I believe) her two predecessors, executions were so common throughout the land, that the English code was stigmatized as the bloodiest in Europe. Do not think this hanging spectacle may be over-coloured. I was told the particulars by English gentlemen, by one especially who is a most acute observer, and has an undying curiosity to see everything or anything. I believe the case is rather understated than otherwise.

The criminal trials here, all admit, present the perfection of justice—cool, impartial, yet indulgent. In petty offences police-magistrates are said generally to take into consideration the station in life of the accused. That is a grave misdemeanor and an imprisonment in the poor man, which is a frolic and a fine in the lordling; but 'tis the old story—

> That in the captain's but a choleric word
> Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

And now let me answer the inquiries in your letters. * * * * *

Ever, etc.

LETTER IV.

English and American Characteristics.—First and second-class Railway Carriages.—Stage-coaches.—Might be useful as Places of Punishment.—Great Western Railway.—Windsor Castle.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I dare say you would be surprised to learn—I was—that "the most obliging, considerate, and gentlemanly person Mr. Dickens ever had to deal with" (strong language) was an innkeeper at Harrisburg. I pretend not to be a judge of what men consider gentlemanly bearing in their intercourse one with another, but I know the Americans are accused of being deficient in that respect. Sooth to say, I care so little about the matter, that I will not enter upon this vexed question. Most assuredly no one can deny the deference, the tone of good manners *towards our sex*, not only prevalent, but universal in America.

I am told the English *mean* (more good intentions—more masses of pavement) to testify as respectful a regard as the Americans; if it be so, certainly their way of doing it is full of oddness and originality. Better the Yankee inquisitiveness, of which travellers complain, than utter and contemptuous silence; better "an imbodied inquiry," an animated note of interrogation with the twist in the mind, than the surly masculine selfishness I have so often met with here. I am inclined to think Englishmen consider this repulsiveness a becoming, and even national attribute—a sort of birthright. Esau's example has not been followed; this personal property is rarely disposed of, but is handed down intact from father to son. The English appear to regard the "*petits soins*," the attention ladies are taught to expect in society as a tax upon their time and speech, and like a tax they pay it—that is, grudgingly, or not at all if they can help it. When do you see gratuitous politeness extended to age—*when to poverty?*

Some time ago I promised to accompany Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths to Windsor; an accident prevented Mr. G. accompanying us, and we ventured to go without him. We travelled by the Great Western Railway (a line from London to Bristol), one of the stations of which is Slough, a mile or two from Windsor. Ladies and gentlemen perforce occupy the same carriages; nor are the best seats, or any seats, reserved for the more delicate sex. On the contrary, a pleasure-tourist to Windsor, which is only one or two and twenty miles from London, will as soon as possible appropriate a seat which pleases him, put on it a rough, coarse outercoat (fit emblem!), to intimate his right of possession, and esteem himself ill-used if requested to yield it to a lady. Should you arrive (as was our case) only a minute or two before the time of starting, you must climb and push your way to your place over gentlemen's knees as well as you can, and sit down, feeling you are one crimson, and with an idle hope that your fellow-passengers' imprudent starings may not be continued the *whole* way.

This was in the best and most expensive carriage—the first class one; the second class is uncushioned and unpartitioned, and studiously uncomfortable, to compel travellers, I suppose—and railways are now a monopoly—to use the first and better remunerating class. These second-class carriages are even open at the sides, and every passenger, male or female, robust or sickly, is exposed to the inclemency of the weather; and how the wind does rush through a railway-carriage, as if angry at the almost windlike rapidity with which man, when steam is his ally, can dart along the earth! If those carriages had been known to ancient Rome, they would have been dedicated to Æolus, for they are sacred to all the winds of heaven. An English stage-coach, with its splendid appointments, its fleet horses, its rubicund coachman and superfluous "guard," must be a most wretched way of travelling; I mean for those who travel on its hard, uncovered, unprotected top. I wonder culprits were never taken a wet wintry journey of two or three hundred miles as a punishment—transportation in a small way. Our own stage-coaches *swinging* over the mountains and corduroy roads, with their "nine inside," are infinitely preferable in point of comfort to "that bad eminence," the top of an English stage-coach; at any rate, when the quicksilver lurks about the freezing point. A French Diligence is greatly superior. As only the poorer classes are subjected to those annoyances in England, it is considered a thing of no moment; very well as it is; otherwise it would soon be remedied. No smoking is allowed in any of the carriages—there are no feathery showers, such as Boz tells of. The English rarely open their

mouths for any purpose but to eat and drink while they travel. I found this the case, not only in this short trip, but in my journey to the North, and elsewhere; they are as fond of taciturnity as the Americans are of tobacco; and, for my single self, I cannot see the good of either. Many an American will sit "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy" with his weed, but he never forgets the attentions due to the other sex; while an Englishman sits "wrapped in dismal thinkings," forgetful or neglectful of everything but himself.

> "And with each breath he draws, he seems t' inhale
> Gloom thrice distill'd;"

but he dispenses with the potent weed. I care not to dwell upon this subject; but it really appears that the main discovery which clever men have crossed the Atlantic to make, and which ladies have carefully recorded in their diaries, is, that the Americans—I must use the vernacular—spit. Were I asked a national characteristic of Englishmen, I should say they—sulk.

The railway is a splendid achievement, perhaps as faultless as any railway yet in existence. Several omnibuses were waiting at Slough to convey the railway deposite to Windsor; there was a rush to secure places; we did not court a rude crush, so held back, and every place was filled (young men principally), and we two unhappy ladies were left behind, having the option to walk or wait; so we did walk.

A short distance from Eton, which adjoins Windsor, the Thames dividing them, we met a very sedate-looking sergeant in some horse regiment; Mrs. Griffiths ventured to ask him if he could point out to us Runnymede; he answered with perfect civility, and pleaded profound ignorance. We next accosted a young lady with a pretty and really intelligent-looking face, under a very pretty bonnet; she was esquired by a smart youth, apparently all vanity and watch chains, and evidently the lady's suiter—he was too attentive to be anything else—both smilingly assured us that some one had been hoaxing us, or the young gentleman, who was a scholar, the damsel blushingly said, must have known! We abandoned the inquiry in despair, and might have been induced to consider Magna Charta a romance or a dead letter, or I know not what, had we not actually seen the Great Charter in the British Museum, and had not the locality of Runnymede been afterward pointed out to us from the top of the Round Tower at Windsor. I never had to inquire more than once in the United States for any spot hallowed by a glorious deed. But Windsor Castle—it is a fitting residence for the great head of a great people. I cannot write architecturally; and if I could, I suppose you, Julia, are like other young ladies—you would leave the description unread or unregarded; so look at your engraving of the regal residence.

A portion of the Castle, the state rooms, are shown to visiters. Their smallness struck both Mrs. Griffiths and myself. The pictures and mirrors are the great attractions; some of the tapestries are very fine, and the Vandykes are perfect. I would fain have lingered to gaze upon the features of the first Charles Stuart; sadly mournful, as if the king foreboded his doom. You remember Cromwell's soliloquy before a portrait of his ill-fated monarch: "That Flemish painter, that Antonio Vandyke, what a power he has! Steel may mutilate, warriors may waste and destroy, still the king stands uninjured by time; and our grandchildren, while they read his history, may look on his image, and compare the melancholy features with the woful tale. It was a stern necessity; it was an awful deed!"

Scott was one of the few men to whom the world might truly have rendered the Eastern salutation, "May you live a thousand years!"

The associations connected with Windsor are the great charm: here the Plantagenets rested from their wars: here mused the strong-willed Tudor, the Seventh Harry (the Louis Philippe of that day), how to amass wealth for his strangely-charactered son to dissipate:

> "This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
> The next, a fountain spouting through his heir."

And in these rooms communed Mary with her stern prelates, and Elizabeth with her grave councillors or handsome favourites; here the sage Lord Burleigh shook his reverend head in earnest, and here Sir Christopher Hatton—I dare say it was so—at any rate, one may assume that

> "Full oft within these spacious walls,
> When he had fifty winters o'er him,
> My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls:
> The seal and maces danced before him;"

and these rooms echoed the pedantry of "the wisest fool in Christendom," and the revelry of his black-browed grandson; nor is "the sagest of usurpers," with his Ironsides around him, to be forgotten. After all, there must have been something loveable about those Stuarts; so strongly were their adherents attached to them, that even neglect and ingratitude could not alienate them. I heard a learned Irish lawyer say that the Stuarts were *gentlemen;* a title to which none of their successors could fairly lay claim, until—I forget which of the Georges he said.

Of course we had to pay for seeing Windsor Castle. The public are shown round in groups; nor queen's houses, nor houses dedicated to Him before whom monarchs are but dust, are to be seen for nothing in England; but a more liberal spirit is at work. Hampton Court Palace is open to the public; and no fee is paid at the National Gallery or the British Museum.

We saw Prince Albert set forth on horseback. I consider him eminently handsome, and every one speaks of his amiability. A gentleman near us pronounced him the most fortunate youth in existence. "Yes," added a minor-theatre-looking personage, "and he is now, thanks to us, richer than all his tribe." In England, the first of virtues is wealth. The Americans may struggle as much or more to attain it, but its mere possession is less worshipped with us than in Great Britain.

The view from the Terrace of Windsor Castle is most beautiful—perfectly English: lawns and woods, and mansions—the highest cultivation; everything telling of long-established wealth and peace. We visited the Virginia Waters; fine, really fine fish-ponds, but they are called lakes. The Chapel (St. George's) is shown on payment of the fees: it is very fine. The banners of the Knights of the Garter are hung there, and at the altar is some very fine

iron-tracery work by Quintin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp. A monument to the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George the Fourth, is in St. George's. The soul of the princess is represented rushing upward to heaven from the dead body—but a soul in marble looks so very *material*.

The Park is noble and spacious, but we asked in vain for Herne's Oak. At Eton is the College founded by Henry the Sixth; great numbers of the children of the nobles and gentry of the country are educated there; fine-looking lads they are, and not particularly shy.

We returned as we came. The railway seems to be converting Windsor (I mean the town) into a London suburb. Ever, etc.

LETTER V.

Untold Wealth of London.—Death of Poverty.—London Boys.—Drapery Establishments.—Gin Palaces.—Colloquy.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I know no task more difficult than that you have imposed upon me—to give you a notion of the streets of London, and of the crowds that fill them, and of the shops, etc., etc. You always *were* liberal in your commissions to your friends. "Can't you describe," said old Jacob Tonson to one of his authors, "what's just under your eyes?" "No," was the reply. "And why?" "Because it *is* just under my eyes, and I look over it." I leave the application to you.

The handsome shops are much the same in the large cities here as in America; no doubt there is more pretension, and a greater display of wealth in the London shops—a display fully equal to what one might expect in the richest city in the world. Untold is London's wealth, and indescribable its poverty. In a young country like ours, where nearly every man may daily labour for his daily bread, we cannot see the debasing abjectness of the poverty existing here—a poverty that depresses the mind of man to so grievous a depth that he has energy left for nothing but to starve.

The squalor and wretchedness in the Five Points at New-York are no doubt bitter bad; but I am well assured the suffering there is but in the first degree of comparison, while it is superlative in St. Giles's, Bethnal Green, and numbers of courts and alleys in London, "where nameless want retires to die."

It is easy and common to declaim against the viciousness of the poor; the self-complacent moralist deplores it as he writes his quarterly check to pay his wine-merchant; the rich man hugs himself that *he* is guilty of no petty larceny, and shudders at the hungry stealer of a loaf. Englishmen will tolerate anything but poverty, and yet they unlock not their hoards to aid their brethren: they hold forth no helping hand, but dilate on the laziness of a man to whom employment is refused, and who dares prefer begging to famishing. Hunger makes a dog a thief; and it may well make a poor man reckless—for what worse than hunger, cold, and contumely, can he suffer in the prison, the hulks, or the antipodes? I have heard English gentlemen, whose yearly income-tax would be plethoric wealth to hundreds of thousands, regret that the poor were irreclaimable, and there an end!

> "God cannot love," says Blount, with tearless eyes,
> "The wretch he starves," and piously denies,
> But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
> Admits, and leaves them—"Providence's care."

But a truce to this sad theme. "The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day" invites us into the streets. You and I have laughed and been annoyed at the provoking precocity and self-possession of the boys in New-York; but they are openly, uniformly bold: the London-bred boy (I speak, of course, of the labouring classes in both countries) is as precocious, but far more wily and covert; he expends no merriment—proffers no query that a cross person might answer with a crabstick—he must be safe in his sauciness. The streets are the errand boys' proper theatre. I will give you a few instances I have heard of, to show you that our native city can claim no monopoly in puerile impudence.

A philosophical Frenchman who has travelled much in Turkey and Persia, but who is by no means Mohammedan in his ablutions, gravely inquired of Mrs. N—— why, as he walked down Parliament-street, he was asked by seven different urchins, "How he was off for soap?"

An African prince could rarely walk forth from his hotel without being greeted with cries of "Sweep O!" which, until some good-natured friend undeceived him, he thought a mode of respectful salutation proper to juveniles, and returned it with a pleased grin! "Ca-a-an you tell me," asked poor stammering Mr. Douglas Smith, "whi-i-ch is Rich's co-o-oach?" "Yes, sir," said the street-boy, afflicted also, and no doubt suddenly, with an inveterate stutter: "its the to-o-op of the line, a re-e-ed coach, and the do-o-or opens *jist* where you get in." Simple Mr. Smith passed on as well satisfied as if this position of the door were peculiar to Rich's coach!

A New-England gentleman, miraculously thin, though as huge a feeder as Launcelot Gobbo, used to be annoyed incessantly by these puerile pests; the consequences, he said, at one time threatened to be serious, affecting his appetite. "No go at the butcher's!" said one boy. "Chops is riz—chops is!" screamed another. A third came close to him, and said softly, and as if in sympathy, "I say, sir, there's werry cheap oysters down that 'ere court!" All this, too, to a wealthy epicure, whose knowledge of literature is confined to cookery books, and who has visited the capitals of Europe to test their respective dishes!

The large drapery establishments here are, I suppose, unrivalled in the whole world; Indian jars, carvings, gildings, and marbles in the interior, as well as

> "——Many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
> Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
> Whole, without stooping, towering crest and all;"

lamps, gorgeous as in an Arabian Nights' Tale; the windows of costly plate-glass, sometimes the full depth of the window frame, which is gilded or of highly-polished mahogany. All without is rich, if not rare; but I dislike the servility, in place of civility, of those within—their small simpers and smaller talk.

In many of these shops (never called stores here) the attendants are dressed nearly alike: all must have white neckcloths, or something of

that kind—why not put them into livery at once? Then their pertinacity to sell is so tiresome, that I have given up visiting several shops on that account; the salesmen *will* show you new things, newer than ever was novelty before, and *such* bargains! I purchase a few pairs of gloves, and am leaving the glittering counter, heaped with rich stuffs in most admired disorder. "Something quite new in figured satins, ma'am," interposes the shopman. "I want nothing more at present." "Yes, my lady, certainly; beautiful silks, the latest fashion in Paris." "Nothing more at present; good-mor—" "Laces, your ladyship, the newest patterns," etc., etc., etc., and so on through the whole stock, if you choose to listen; they assume that if ever a lady purchase a riband, she must of necessity want a new shawl!

This teasing does not exist, I think, except among the drapers; the booksellers, jewellers, upholsterers, etc., do not proceed in like manner; one may buy a watch-key without being importuned to become the envied mistress of an unrivalled musical clock; the upholsterer who sells you a music-stool does not intimate his persuasion that it is incumbent upon you to purchase a card-table as well. Mrs. Trollope's last novel is sold without the bookseller pressing upon the purchaser the necessity of buying a French or English Dictionary. Lady Morgan seems Mrs. Trollope's model for French—her English is her own.

There is something effeminate, I think, in there being so many young men employed in these drapery magazines, among muslins, and laces, and ribands; something indelicate, too, if I could detail to you all the articles they sell, and recommend to ladies.

The places next in splendour to the drapers are the gin stores. Although spirituous liquors are so much cheaper with us, I believe the places where they are sold are as numerous in London; over the door is generally a huge lamp; a sign to the customers, and the slaves of the lamp are very, very many in London. The gas is in a wreath, or disposed in some fanciful way or other; they are called gin-palaces; the casks containing the spirits are painted, and labeled "Old Tom," "The Rose of Life," "Butter Gin," "Cream o' the Valley," Mountain Dew," etc., etc. Cockneys so dearly love the rural, that they must thus libel roses and dews—they must drink pastorally!

I can easily conceive the policy which has caused the proprietors of these places to make them so superb: the gorgeous fittings are the poor man's while he is among them; they give him a brief importance; he can command the temporary enjoyment of luxuries, and loves to command it.

Methinks I see you, O very arch Julia, open your eyes and then your mouth—your eyes with wonder, that I describe these things with the familiarity of an eyewitness, and your mouth with laughter, that my curiosity (how often have you twitted me with it, mischievous that you are) had carried me such extraordinary lengths, that it had carried me into a retail bar! But my introduction to the internal worship of this great spirit—this too-powerful spirit of strong drink, was accidental. The other evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wilderton and I were obliged to take shelter in one in Oxford-street, to avoid an overdriven and maddened ox. I am not a temperance devotee; but the contemplation of these painted sepulchres, where the hopes of the poor man are so often buried, is enough to teetotalise me; to stagger my belief in the song, Barry Cornwall's I believe,

> "Bad are the times,
> And bad the rhymes,
> That scorn old wine."

And mine, you know, is a very disinterested creed, as I rarely taste wine.

Three poor women of the working class entered this gin-palace while we waited. "Please miss," said one to the smartly ringed and ringleted barmaid, "a quarten of the right sort, and a three-out." The spirit was supplied, and gulped approvingly. "Money never was so dull," said the paymistress of the trio; "I can get none, and have been forced to put my bed up my uncle's flue." The hearers were expressing their commiseration of this state of finances, when a drunken butcher rushed into the place, and we thought it better to face the furious brute than the imbruted man, and so left.

I requested Mr. Wilderton to translate me the poor woman's speech into English: "It is English," laughed he. "Translate it into American, then." "The three-out glass," he explained, "is one that contains a third of the measure purchased, so that the quarter of a pint fills out three glasses; the uncle's flue, which you seem to think is some chimney in which the untidy woman had concealed her bed, is the pawnbroker's warehouse—the poor call the pawnbroker their uncle." God pity them, thought I, if they have no better kinsman.

British travellers are ingenious in detecting and collecting Americanisms; they are in nineteen cases out of twenty "genuine as imported," and they are imported from the old country. I suppose we have "my uncle" and his "flue" in America by this time.

The innkeepers here also advertise their cheap wines "genuine as imported;" they avoid a direct falsehood by never stating *whence* they have imported them.

Ever, etc.

LETTER VI.

"Craft" of Book-making.—Charity and Leather Breeches.—St. Paul's as a Theatre.—Charity Dinner.—Workhouse.—Newgate.—Felons who are "Coleur de Rose."

My dearest Julia—Mr. Dickens has devoted thirty-five pages to an account of a blind and deaf and dumb girl, Laura Bridgman, and thirteen to Oliver Caswell, a boy almost similarly afflicted. The cases are undoubtedly well worthy of record, interesting alike to the metaphysician and philanthropist, and admirably told, while the institution itself is of the noblest in the world; and to praise the superintendent, Dr. Howe, would be only to echo the general voice of America, and echoes are sometimes wearisome; but one is driven to remark the peculiarity of a work that devotes forty-eight pages to these cases, and not so many lines to important *national* subjects.

Did you ever hear of a *craft* called book-making? A writer undertakes to enlighten the world on a certain subject, but his stock of light

falls short, and he is fain to supply its place with any indistinct glimmering, in order to complete his task somehow or other; he even plants a sorry twinkling taper in an out-office, and hopes it may pass for an illumination of the whole premises! To drop metaphor—when an author, whose works are sure to sell, has to write a book in a given time, and with a mind unoppressed with information on the weightier matters of his theme, he introduces a few episodes, as necessary to illustrate his subject as a painted flag is to navigate a man-of-war; and thus helped, the printer has matter enough, and the public are satisfied that the volumes have a guinea-sized look with them. It may be true that little information is conveyed to the reader—but what then? Was not the book written by the famous Quizzicus? Does not the name of the author atone for the deficiencies of the volumes? they, like rank in the Scottish song, are

"But the guinea's stamp:
The man's the gowd for a' that."

The answer Hamlet gave the courtier should be these writers' motto:

"What shall we say, my lord?"
"Anything, but to the purpose."

Until I had been some time in England, I did not know what abundant reason an American had to be proud of the institutions of his country. I have been listened to with surprise when I have told of *free* establishments, such as the Latin Grammar School at Boston, where the son of a working mechanic once obtained Franklin's medal, the next competitor being the son of the President of the United States (I find, *par parenthese*, "John Tyler" included in an English almanac in a list of the *sovereigns of Europe*). In Great Britain the children of the poor sometimes rise to eminence, but the road is not smoothed to them as with us—so rugged is it often found, that many an ardent spirit has fretted its o'er-informed tenement of clay unto the death in vain struggles to reach the goal. Then as to education—but of that hereafter.

Mr. Dickens is quite right in intimating that "charity and leather breeches are inseparable companions" in this country. Charity may not be "hideous in a garb like this," but it tells of the hatefulness of caste; the inmates of the charitable institutions in Great Britain are made to feel that they are Pariahs—the bread they eat is full of the bitterness of dependance; the child of the wealthy shopkeeper has a fertile source of amusement in the grotesque attire of the poor charity-boy, whether it be distinguished as Mr. Dickens has described it, or by large buttons, or by its coarseness, or merely because it is the dress least adapted to the climate. The charity-girls (so they are always called) wear generally a dark stuff frock, a white apron, and a white cap, sometimes with an attempt at a frill to it; the children every Sunday are paraded to and from church; they occupy places set apart for them—and the vest of many a purse-proud citizen in the sacred walls swells with pride at this ostensible proof of his philanthropy. Were it not for the scena—the effect—the children might have died untaught and on unclean straw, for anything he cared about them; but there they are, and there is his name printed at full length in the list of subscribers, that the world may know how he feels for the poor. And after his plenteous dinner on Sundays (far beyond Sir Balaam's, even with the added pudding), he expatiates to his family on the excellence of a feeling heart and a judicious subscription, denies his servants leave to go forth and breath fresh air, falls asleep in his easy chair, and dreams he is another Howard; for having visited St. Paul's, he knows there was a Howard, because he has seen his statue, and has learned that Howard also was a philanthropist.

As I have mentioned St. Paul's, and am on the subject of charities, I may as well tell you that in St. Paul's Cathedral, every May, are two Musical Festivals, the profits of which go to charities in aid of the sons of the clergy (of course the destitute clergy), and of the parochial schools. The interior of the cathedral is stalled and galleried; the music is surpassingly fine; the ladies exquisitely beautiful in their newest spring fashions, and the object praiseworthy; but why not have the performance in a theatre? The introductory service is so little cared for, that were there only that, there would only be a pewful of congregation; so I think they might "sound the loud timbrel" more appropriately in a playhouse, for it is boxed and galleried ready, and is built for purposes of pageantry and parade. The cathedral would not then be desecrated with so much profane carpentry and upholstery; nor need Divine service be suspended for a fortnight, that the workman's hammer may not sound responsive to the clergyman's prayer. Money, no doubt, is thus made in the house of God; but of old the money-changers were driven from the Temple—the English put such odd constructions on Holy Writ.

The friends and supporters of many of the London charities eat an annual dinner together, and gravely advertise it, as for the benefit of the charity! There are the patrons, and the presidents, and the vice-presidents, and I know not what functionaries beside. Many are the speeches; great is the laudation; you would believe, to listen to them, that the company formed a constellation of all the virtues—a galaxy of perfectibilities. I was once present at a scene of this kind: Mrs. ——, the banker's lady, persuaded me to accompany her, promising me an intellectual treat! A few ladies were admitted by sufferance into a small gallery in the large room in the City of London Tavern—I knew little of London then, or I would have declined this offer.

The dinner tickets were a guinea each; a civic dignitary was in the chair, and there was a sprinkling of members of Parliament; a man of excellent lungs stood near the chairman, to give out the toasts and direct the cheering, to play first shout—"Take the time from me, gentlemen!" he kept saying: "Hip, hip, hu-u-rah!" Clattered the windows and danced the glasses; and I asked my conductress if it would not have been better if the two or three hundred guineas expended in the banquet had gone to augment the funds of the charity, and these vehemently-yelling gentlemen had dined quietly at home? I received no answer.

I had not been long in the gallery before I became convinced how fallaciously the poet wrote,

"Brisk as the wit it gives, the gay Champagne;"

for it gave these substantial citizens no wit whatever. I expected an animated comedy—it was a dull farce. There were some professional singers present—they let themselves out at so much per head per night. Some of the songs were said to be comic—they were all commonplace; the more suitable, I suppose, to the occasion, being easily understood.

There can be no reasonable, or indeed possible, objection why two or three hundred fellow-citizens should not dine together in public, if it so please them—but why can it not be done unless in the name of a charity? How these Pharisaic Christians (if I may so speak) must laugh at the simple ones, the *soft* ones (I believe that is the word) who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame;" the good *they* do is blazoned to the world; there must be no stealth about their charities; and as for blushes—such persons may redden, they never blush. The report of their doings in the public journals are, with these men, the very moral of the tale.

Robespierre described himself as "l'esclave de la liberté;" and I know one American, *at least*, whom the designation suits (the Frenchman should have said "le tyran," not "l'esclave"). Your thriving Englishman is the slave to aristocratic distinctions; and sometimes at these charity dinners he is nodded to by "his Grace;" perhaps "my Lord" condescends to take wine with him, and he at once sees the excellence of having a class privileged because rocked in coroneted cradles, and learns to despise the simplicity of a republic. I believe, however, that the real aristocracy in their select circles amuse themselves no little at the expense of those *bourgeois gentilhommes*—as supple where rank is concerned, if not as simple, as Mons. Jourdain, when that worthy worshipper of the Great believed that he was marrying his daughter to the son of the Grand Turk.

From the charity-school to the workhouse is no violent digression. You are familiar enough with English matters to know of what description are the houses that "hold the parish poor." A great change has taken place in the discipline of those establishments. I hope Crabbe's account is of an altogether bygone thing. These places were called workhouses, I presume, because in a great many of them no work was ever done—a system of nomenclature not uncommon in England.

I went through the female wards of one of the large metropolitan workhouses (St. Pancras). There is little to describe. Perfect cleanliness and order prevailed throughout; the diet is no doubt better than many a poor man can place before his family—boiled meat three days a week; but over all there is such an appearance of *constraint*. The girls said they were happy, because the question was asked before one of the matrons of the institution, and so they knew it must be answered. I think we were told there were above a thousand souls, men, women, and children, in the St. Pancras Workhouse—the population of a small town!

I have looked through Newgate, too—massive Newgate. Barnaby Rudge has made us familiar with the riots of 1780, when a no-Popery mob (it should be called a "no-religion" one) burned this, his majesty's jail, and set free his prisoners. I do not remember having read a detailed historical account of these fires, robberies, and depredations. Is it not Johnson who tells how as he passed along the street where Newgate stands—the Old Bailey—he saw the people plundering the Sessions House deliberately and undisturbed? "Such," says he, "is the cowardice of a commercial place." He might have added—in England. Mr. and Mrs. N. had obtained orders to be shown over Newgate, and I accompanied them. The prison is, I doubt not, like prisons with us, only differing in its discipline. "In an American state prison," says Mr. Dickens, "I found it difficult at first to persuade myself I was really in a jail." This is a difficulty which does not exist in England.

A woman who looked like a jaileress conducted us over the female wards. We might question the prisoners if we pleased, but did not follow Mr. Dickens's example. I have no fondness for the biography, least of all for the autobiography, of thieves and pickpockets. A rosy and somewhat jocular turnkey was our guide over the other parts. The little boys fell into line at the turnkey's bidding, "as if," Mr. N. said, "they were playing at soldiers." There they stood to be questioned, and any little shame left drilled out of them. Mr. N. did ask a few questions of some mere children, sent to Newgate to await their trials for stealing pence and such like. "Well, and what are you in for?" "Robbing the till, sir." "And you?" "Prigging a wipe" (which, being interpreted, is stealing a pocket-handkerchief). "This very little fellow," said the turnkey, "is in for stealing seven cigars." "Only six," coolly said the lad, in correction. "And you?" "Please, sir, I was sent on an errand with a bob, and lost myself, and was taken bad, and forced to spend it in grub and heavy" (meat and beer: a bob is evidently some coin).

The officers, by loopholes ingeniously contrived in the walls, can see over the whole prison, themselves unseen the while. We were shown the chapel, where the condemned sermons are preached; also casts from the heads of the most eminent murderers, and very heavy irons worn by Messrs. Sheppard and Turpin, much-admired housebreakers and highwaymen of old, and, according to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, men of gentlemanly demeanour, considerable acquirements, and no little amiability. A dramatized Jack Sheppard was, a few seasons back, the delight of numerous audiences in the London theatres; the mirror was held up to thievery, which was rapturously applauded, and Jack was highly popular. The air of one of the songs was heard in every corner of every street, on hand-organs, and fiddles, and hurdy-gurdies, and all manner of music. The burden is, "Nix my dolly pals, fake away!" What it means I cannot even guess. How properly may the British criticise our peculiarities of expression; their own "well of English" being undefiled with the dirtiness of vulgarity or blackguardism.

Ever, etc.

LETTER VII.

A London Stroll.—Mr. Dickens's good Fortune in Pigs.—London Streets and Peculiarities.—St. Paul's.—Hardness of Allegory in the Marble Monuments.—Religio Loci.—Bank of England.—Rich and Rude.—Gold and Opium.—The Tower.—Harlequinade of Streets.—Thames Tunnel.—Presumptuous Undertaking.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I am right glad you have been so gay in New-York, and going to be so again; "but leave the gay, the festive scene," and rove with me—certainly not "through forest green," but amid London sights.

Mr. Dickens, with two policemen, his guides and guardians, made a pilgrimage into the Five Points at New-York, and has the merit of discovering that there were poverty, and vice, and fever, and a dancing negro, in the purlieus of a great city. On Sunday nights I trust that even in the Five Points there are no dancings; in London, in or near a horrid place called Field Lane, where no lady can possibly venture, I am well assured there are. London boasts of its police, as well as of the observance of the Lord's Day.

Another thing Mr. Dickens was fortunate in meeting in America—pigs. One would think from the two pages and a half he gives to the subject, that pigs were proper to Broadway! We have them again at Louisville—two pages of pigs, and encounter them, moreover, as we travel with him from Columbus to Sandusky, and from New-York to Lebanon. One might really think that he was describing Ireland, where the pig, as that amiable gourmand, Mr. ——, said of his gout, is "a sad necessity of life."

But the carriage with my friendly cicerones is waiting at the door of my lodgings, and rapidly it rolls along Piccadilly, and down the Haymarket, and past a statue with a pig-tail, erected in honour of George the Third (the sculptor must have owed his majesty a grudge), and past the much-quizzed National Gallery, and the unfinished monument to Nelson, which rises as slowly as they say merit does; and the equestrian statue of King Charles at Charing Cross, beginning to look little, as kings will sometimes, amid the buildings now surrounding him; and the Duke of Northumberland's house with a stone lion at the top; and here is the Strand with its smooth wooden pavement, so pleasantly un-noisy. Things are reversed in London now: the houses used to be wooden and the streets stone; now the houses are brick and the streets timber. And ever and anon are stoppages and long gatherings of vehicles until way is made; and huge coal-wagons, with their four, five, or six heavy horses, sleek and shapeless, emerging from the lanes and alleys that lead from the wharves by the river side—the river running in a line with the Strand; and to the left is Exeter Hall, famed for oratory of much dross and some gold; and to the right Somerset House, full of government offices, where, from ten to four, a great many clerks laboriously transact public business, and write letters to their private friends, and read the papers, and discuss the state of parties, political or convivial, and the merits of their respective luncheons; and we pass two fine churches, St. Mary's and St. Clement's Danes; and here is Temple Bar, a heavy stone arch, the boundary line of London and Westminster, where the heads of traitors (as the conquerors always called them) were exposed on spikes of old; exploded customs of a more barbarous age: no heads are exposed now, that is, without their bodies; no felon is hung in chains as a terror to evil doers, which it was not; spectacles these, "like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below" (would not "above" be more correct, of a missing star?). And along Fleet-street—to the right, is the Temple, the Knights Templars having given place (vast change!) to a body of lawyers; the corslet has yielded to the gown, the helmet to the wig! And up Ludgate Hill, famous for its shops, and into St. Paul's Churchyard, and, lo! the noble Cathedral. We were just behind the gratuitous hours, 9 to 11 A.M. and 3 to 4 P.M., so we paid our twopences and entered. It is the most august of Christian temples which I have seen in any country—remember I have not been in Italy—but the interior, even with its pillars and monuments, looks—oh! so cold. The monuments are chiefly to naval and military heroes (is it right to monumentalize deeds of blood in the house of peace?), and I cannot but think there are far too many Britannias, and Fames, Victories, and lions. A lady had need be well versed in allegory to understand what she sees; I confess I was puzzled; but still the religion of the place impresses itself upon one's feelings, standing in the midst of Wren's glorious work, with far-resounding aisles and memorials to the unforgotten dead around, what *can* one feel but an elevation of soul, a forgetfulness of the soil and stain of the world? We did not visit the Whispering Gallery, nor the Ball, nor other places shown separately, and to be separately paid for. It seems so strange that the British should have to *buy* the right of entering these buildings. If it be proper that they should be entered at all by the merely curious, it must be as proper that they should be open to the decent poor man who cannot spare twopence, as to the irreligious rich one, who is hardly conscious so small a sum exists, open to Lazarus as to Dives.

In writing to an American lady (and *such* a lady), it is no necessary to be so precise as it would be to a native of another country; I mean in descriptions. It is not necessary to say that St. Paul's is Grecian, and Westminster Abbey Gothic, and so on. Community of language and descent gives the American to understand very brief hints relative to the old country. As to statistics, I hate them worse than Dr. Beattie did the shrill voice of Chanticleer. I think they are as unsuitable to a lady's letter as a pen behind her ear would be to a ball-dress. Expect no accounts of revenues and emoluments from me; how this church is most lavishly endowed, and this not endowed at all; the one in all probability being ancient, when Englishmen did endow their churches, the other modern, when they don't.

Among the Canons Residentiary of St. Paul's is the wittiest man in England, as I, at least, account the Rev. Sydney Smith, also the learned classic, Dr. Tate. The Deanery is generally given to enrich some poor, or, rather, some poorer Bishopric. There is service daily in the Cathedral; but I need hardly detail all this to

one, herself a member of the Episcopal Church of America.

From St. Paul's we proceeded down Cheapside (perhaps the busiest thoroughfare in London), and the Guildhall terminates a short street to the left; in its large hall are a few monuments, and the hideous figures of Gog and Magog; the election and Corporation meetings are held here; the eloquence heard in the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council is not considered of a high order; and at the foot of Cheapside stands the Mansion House, the official abode of the Lord-mayor—it is squab and square, as beseems a civic mansion. It had been cleaned and scraped not very long before, and looks, not clean, but pretending cleanliness. I ought to have told you how dingy nearly all the public buildings in London are. St. Paul's, in some parts of its exterior, being one soot. A little beyond the Mansion House is the Bank of England. We walked in, and through, and about a great many offices, no guide or introduction being necessary. Sovereigns were flung about as indifferently as if they were pebbles; indeed, they are as valueless to the clerks and assistants, being none of theirs. The Bank of England deals in moneys of all kinds, as other traders deal in their respective wares. A guard of soldiers is constantly in the Bank, and at every turn you meet a porter or some one in the Bank livery — for nearly all the public bodies here must have their servants in livery. Aristocracy, especially in its vanities and vices, is aped even unto the twentieth remove. I exchanged a £20 note for sovereigns, having to write my name and address on its front; a pompous-looking personage in spectacles, and sitting with others in a sort of cage, looked over a long list of something or other, then tore a piece off the note, and after I was answered in monosyllables, and stared at as if I was suspected of having stolen the paper, the sovereigns were flung towards me; some of them, by-the-way, were returned to me afterward, being light weight.

If the mind is directed heavenward in St. Paul's, Mammon asserts his full right here—for here is the Stock Exchange on one side, and the new Royal Exchange, in course of erection, on the other; here are the devout, unscrupulous, untiring worshippers of their one god, whose name is Gold! Here are the originators of countless schemes, the speculators in everything and every place—miners in Mexico and Peru, land-agents in Australia, fishers in the far Pacific, growers of tropical produce, exporters of opium. If a sign-board with a distich were necessary to indicate their calling, as used to be the case in many parts once, I would recommend to the highly *respectable* merchants—the dealers in wholesale opium—a line or two from Signor Romeo, tolerably applicable, when Mantua is transposed into China, and a single word changed. Any little novelty in the way of a death's head would serve for a sign—here's the distich:

> "And if a man did need a poison now
> Whose sale is certain death in China,
> Here lives a caitiff-wretch will sell it him."

The blank verse does rather halt for it, *n'importe*. A needy druggist is accounted an infamous fellow, and will be punished, if he sell a desperate wretch a vial of laudanum; but it is by no means accounted infamous—infamous! how can an English merchant with an immense capital do anything infamous?—it is only mercantile, to sell opium for poisoning purposes by the ship-load: there is an aristocracy, you see, even in crime, and the English so love all kinds of aristocracy; to poison an individual is Newgate and the gallows—to poison a distant province is a right and a privilege which WAR must vindicate.

After the Bank, the question was where to go next. As we were so far eastward, it was expedient to visit an eastern shrine. The Tower was suggested, and the Thames Tunnel. Most people here and many in America are familiar with the list of show things in the Tower; *your* book-wisdom, I will praise it highly, is almost equal to your beauty, so I need not describe the fine collection of armour, and will spare you the sparkle of the crown jewels, and the horror of the Spanish thumb-screws. The loss of more than 100,000 stand of arms by the late fire was taken as coolly by the people as if they had been popguns. I could say much, but perhaps nothing new, about the Tower, as it was and as it is, fortress, palace, prison, show-box. I could dilate upon Anne Boleyn and Jane Grey, and the victims of the "forty-five," and the traitor's gate. An *old* country has much to interest.

We had just time and daylight for the Thames Tunnel. Boston reminded Boz of a pantomime (the Bostonians will feel flattered), Harlequin and Columbine lodging at a very small clockmaker's. I never knew before that Harlequin or Columbine lodged anywhere, being very go-a-head personages, and always abroad. But the rapid changes in London reminded me of the transformations in a pantomime, and this struck me forcibly as we went to the Tunnel, as well as on many other excursions: a handsome street is suddenly replaced by a squalid lane; a trim, new square, neighboured by a nondescript patch, neither field, brick-kiln, nor waste ground; a flaunting tavern alongside a burial-ground (truly from grave to gay); and these changes are so incessant as to be hardly noticed.

A shilling each was paid to see the Tunnel—it is now opened as a thoroughfare for foot passengers, at a toll of a penny. We descended huge stairs, amid the clatter of vast machinery, and in an indistinct light, which flung a melodramatic horror over the scene; down, and down, and down, and at last we stand within the Tunnel. Really, it is marvellous: a long covered way of solid stone, arched something like the cloisters in old abbeys (you have a painting of one at Fountains' Abbey in Yorkshire), with the walls inclining slantwise, the better, I suppose, to resist the incumbent weight of water; a long line of gas-lamps lights it; and so you walk from Surrey to Middlesex under the river! There was a sound of rushing waters, from what source I hardly know, and we stood in the middle and coolly talked of an American liner, or some vessel from the uttermost ends of the earth, passing, at that very moment perhaps, over our heads! A box was placed to receive the contributions of the charitable towards the support of those maimed during the progress of the work. Several lives were lost by the irruption of the river more than once; and now that the work is complete, it is

considered more as a show-place than of practical utility. As a remunerating commercial speculation or investment, it is among the worst England or America know. Mr. N. even pronounced it "a bubble;" improperly, I afterward learned, for no one can accuse the originators of anything but fair dealing; the Iron Duke himself is said to be a considerable shareholder. Mr. N. must have been wrong, therefore, though he quoted Banquo to back him:

"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And this is of them."

Whether the Tunnel be subject to the spirit of earth or water is matter of debate. You walk on what seems *terra firma*, but is beneath the deep water; the Gnomes of the interior earth are perhaps the ruling spirits. I trust they will be friendly to man.

I am told that several very scrupulous persons condemned the work as too presumptuous, too audacious for man to *undertake*. If it be proper to build or swing a bridge over a stream, why not to dig a way underneath it? I never heard that these gentlemen objected to cross a bridge, unless, perhaps, a toll one; but you are wearied—and so am I.

Adieu; ever, etc.

LETTER VIII.

English Ignorance about America.—Un-reading but practical Men.—Impartiality of English Ignorance.—Disregard of Antiquities or sacred Places.—A Fire.—Pastoral Incendiarism.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—Truly one ought to have a temper as imperturbable as Franklin's (which I need hardly tell you I have not) to hear patiently the absurd remarks the British make upon the United States. I could not have believed such ignorance existed: it must be that well-informed men are generally less common in this country than at home. Here are hundreds of thousands, with ample means and leisure, whose reading is confined to the newspapers; but let me correct the broad assertion, I ought to have said to certain portions of certain newspapers. Yet one of this class will deliver his judgment upon America in a manner which shows he considers that what *he* says is decisive; there is, or should be, no appeal: he has spoken.

Self-conceit is more meat and drink to these Englishmen than "to see a clown" was to Touchstone; they have a vague notion about America, and Indians, and General Washington, and there being neither king nor lords, and the storming of Quebec, and the burning of the Caroline, and the loss of the President! But as to the vast resources of our country, the nature of her laws and institutions, of her cities rising amid primeval forests, of the capabilities of her rivers and bays, of the love of freedom in her children (which love, men say, is the parent of all the best virtues that can adorn a state)—of these things they know nothing.

Talk to one of these persons about the cotton grown in the Southern States, and he will immediately speak of Manchester, where he has a cousin worth a hundred thousand pounds (not dollars, mind), a manufacturer driving a roaring trade (roaring enough, if the clatter of a thousand wheels can effect it); mention one of those matchless prairies in the Far West (a noble sight, though Boz *was* disappointed), and my gentleman, as soon as he is made to understand what a prairie is, turns the conversation to Salisbury Plain, or the moors of Scotland!

These gentry generally are, or have been, connected with commercial pursuits, and plume themselves that they are not reading, but *practical* men. I admit they are impartial in their ignorance, knowing as little of the past history of their own country as of the present state of ours; they believe, for they have seen the post that commemorates it, that a battle was fought long ago at Barnet; that Richard the Third was as hunchbacked as Punch, and was slain by the Earl of Richmond's own hand, for they have seen the play; that Oliver Cromwell cannonaded most of the castles and abbeys in England, leaving them in ruins, which are to be seen to this day; they have even been shown or told of the ridges where his artillery was planted; their faith in the ballad of Chevy Chace being a true history, and that Widdrington fought on his stumps, is never to be shaken, for they were taught parts of it when boys; to descend to later times and more familiar characters—if Burns or Sheridan are mentioned, they are oracular on the devotion to the wine-cup manifested by both, and more than hint at their own superiority! That the Scottish bard and the Irish orator were boon-companions, is nearly all these Sir Oracles know about them: such men love to dilate on the infirmities of genius as far as their knowledge of them extends, for

"Folly loves the martyrdom of fame."

I once heard a man of this stamp say it was well known that Junius was a lord-mayor of London. I was not at all surprised at the statement, but I was, that the gentleman knew there had been a Junius at all!

In the learned professions, undoubtedly, are very many men of vast literary attainments, and, what is more, they make no display; but this very forbearance encourages the ignorant man to prate of his ignorance.

Another discreditable feeling is rife in England generally, perhaps, but most assuredly and especially London: the irreverence for places that have been the scenes of great events, or for houses, the abodes of men who have left an undying name. Had Shakspeare's house been in London instead of Stratford, it might long since have been pulled down to give place to some petty improvement; the conqueror of old

"Bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground."

But the callousness of the Englishman bids spare no place.

London has the appearance of anything rather than an *old* city—it looks modern enough for an American one; there are not many places to call forth veneration, or awaken historical associations of a remote era; Westminster Abbey and Hall, the Tower, Lambeth Palace, St. Saviour's Church in Southwark, the Temple Church, must be nearly all. Part of this is no doubt owing to the Great Fire in 1666, but the

more to later innovations. I am aware that it is sometimes impossible to preserve the relics of other ages, but the English do not care whether they are preserved or not. Whether a house was occupied by John Milton or John Doe, is to them a matter of perfect indifference. A far better feeling prevails in Scotland; which the English laugh at, and impute to the inhabitants of Northern Britain as a fault, calling it *nationality!* Had these people dwelt in Rome for the last three centuries, how they would "have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride!" What havoc they would have carried as they let slip the dogs of improvement! Wo to the Coliseum's might! Wo to the Arches and the Temples! The Lunatic Asylums in every country in Europe would have been crowded with antiquaries driven mad. The world may rejoice the modern Romans are not as the English.

Do not suppose these continually-occurring improvements have made London at all approach the character Boz gives Philadelphia, "distractingly regular;" but it is sufficiently so for every purpose of convenience or even beauty.

Fires, alas! give us too many opportunities to build new buildings in New-York. They are far less frequent in London. In the winter, when I was on a visit at Mr. D.'s, we were aroused by the alarm of fire early one morning; it was on the opposite side of the street. How the crowd enjoyed it; how they speculated on the probability of the next house, and the next, adding to the blaze! When the flames illumined the street, the upturned countenances showed horribly grim. I saw one old crone, as snow began to fall, put up her umbrella for shelter, that she might enjoy the sight *comfortably*; the wind conveyed some of the hot ashes to the expanded gingham and ignited it; the hapless woman seemed to think it a hard fortune that she must be exposed to *one* of the antagonist elements. The firemen succeeded in getting the fire under, but not until it had destroyed two houses; these men form a brigade, wear a suitable dress, and act under the orders of superintendents; their activity was worthy of all praise, and on many accounts I think such a body would be valuable in New-York, however well it may sound that help is given in a public calamity of so fearful a nature by the exertions of the citizens, and not of hirelings.

Mr. Dickens says that sometimes fires are "not wholly accidental in New-York;" his countrymen, also, can speculate in arson, and we have had nothing at home so horrible as the incendiary fires in the rural districts of England. The agricultural population is often pronounced the healthiest in Great Britain, but these fires show a sad demoralization among them. Many an honest farmer has retired to rest, and had his slumbers broken, not by "the cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn," but by the red glare of his burning corn-ricks. Cowper bewailed the decay of rural virtues and manners in his day—what would he have said now! The hinds even called science to their aid, and corn and hay-stacks have been ignited by chemical appliances—most horrible!

I cannot but marvel at the apathy with which all these symptoms are regarded; men seem to think far more of the punishment of the criminal than the prevention of the crime. The wealthy Londoner reads of blazing farmyards, of shrieking horses dragged from their stalls, and cattle so scorched that in mercy they were killed; but as the danger is not at his very door, he cares as little about it as if it had been a part of the "Foreign intelligence" in his newspaper. His self-conceit encases him like armour, rendering him invulnerable to all attacks of pity; he cannot conceive any one daring enough to injure *his* property, so coolly stirs his fire, wondering if the farmer fellow will be ruined, or which of the ensurance offices will suffer! After-historians may note, and account for this savage novelty in crime—crime that can by no possibility profit its perpetrator, crime originated by revenge alone—pastoral revenge, too—sad and strange anomaly! I am told there are several amateurs in fires in London, who always attend, if they possibly can, to criticise the exhibitions!

Do you know, Julia, I think I have better opportunities to observe the English as they are than almost any other American? for my European education and my abode in this country have rendered me to all appearance *insular*, but my heart and aspirations are all American.

One of my solicitors, like Tom Clarke in the story, "a young fellow whose goodness of heart even the exercise of his profession had not been able to corrupt," yesterday assured me that I could not be taken for anything but an English lady. He intended it for a compliment, and his pretty (but *always* ill-dressed) wife simpered affirmatively. I admire Mr. N. in his own home, when he relaxes from his legal toils and shines as a punster; he even jokes over his rubber at whist, and could not enjoy his wine unseasoned with a jest. An excellent maker and expounder of conundrums, towards which accomplishment he says the study of the law is conducive, it being one large puzzle! To crown all, he is a most worthy and prosperous gentleman.

Boz tells of "justice retired from business for want of customers" in America; this is not likely to occur, Mr. N. says, in England, and, indeed, they are continually creating new courts and new magistrates—new schools, in my poor mind, would be a wiser and better procedure. Cincinnati furnishes most honourable example, where "no person's child can by possibility want the means of education." Mr. Dickens should *school* his countrymen on this head: he advises the Americans to abolish slavery, let him tell the English to expel ignorance.

Adieu; ever, etc.

LETTER IX.

Westminster Abbey.—Not safe to admit the Public.—Monuments and Tombs.—Westminster Hall.—Houses of Parliament.—Members.—Monomania.—George III. and Johnson.—Bleatings in the House of Commons.—Pompey the Negro.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—Come with me to Westminster Abbey, to the tombs of the great, "venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tant de grandeur." Enter Poets' Corner, and gaze upon the first inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson!" and

here are the monuments to the great and good, here are names unsurpassed in the world's long catalogue—Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden; but I cannot go through the list. The late Dean of Westminster refused to allow the erection of Lord Byron's statue in the Abbey; a very fine statue or bust, I forget which, by Thorwaldsen, now lies, I am told, at the Custom-house. Did Christianity require this? Monuments to Matthew Prior and Thomas Shadwell *are* in Poets' Corner; in consistency they ought to be removed. Things are reversed; the successful poets of England, in modern times, gain bread enough, but the greatest of them all is refused a stone!

It would be invidious to point out the monuments of others to whom Dr. Ireland must have demurred had he been then in office. The fees of admittance to view the Abbey are now greatly reduced, but you must go round with the guide and see all by rote. I was told this morning that many contend it is impolitic to open abbeys and churches to the public, because the monuments would be mutilated or scribbled on! What, this in civilized England—this in the country that thinks it could improve our manners and tastes! Oh! tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets beyond the Atlantic! Surely it is a dream, or they do but droll. It is not the Englishman of 1843 who is spoken of—and in London! No; it is the image-hating followers of John Knox in Scotland, or the stern Puritan of Cromwell's days in *old* St. Paul's; or 'tis Paris, and the ruthless destroyers of the French Revolution, the disciples of Marat or Collot d'Herbois, "the men without a God!"

You have not to be told that there are a great many monuments erected to poets, sages, and heroes not buried in Westminster. All that could die of Shakspeare lies at Stratford-on-Avon; Milton was interred at St. Giles's Cripplegate, a church at the other extremity of London; Thomson, at Richmond; Goldsmith in the burial-ground of the Temple Church. But, to say nothing of kings or nobles, Pitt, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Grattan, and others are buried in the sacred precincts of the Abbey; and one may ponder on the wisdom, and learning, and patriotism, that sleep with those who sleep below. It were something to be allowed to muse over such graves, and to commune with one's self at will; but to be under the direction of a showman! Out on the narrow-mindedness of those in high places!

There are a very great number of monuments; and really, were it not partaking too much of levity or profaneness for a lady's pen, Pope's couplet on the worms in amber might be applied to many of the names. There is a monument to Major André, which was not erected until forty years after his death.

The Americans as well as the British may feel ennobled in Westminster, for *there* are the great names of a common ancestry; the warriors who made British valour felt; the poets and philosophers who gave undying lustre to the language long before misrule made America with unfaltering voice exclaim, "I will be free." Chaucer, and Spenser, and Barrow, and Addison, and Newton, are *ours* as well as England's.

Westminster Hall is opposite the abbey, a wide road dividing them. You enter from a spacious opening called Palace Yard; a noble hall it is; and the scene of coronation splendours. Into this hall, in the midst of the *crowning* festival, rode an armed champion, who flung down a gantlet challenging to single combat any one who denied to the fourth George the rightful sovereignty of his realms. Such denial would have been treasonable; and treason is unsparingly punished. The champion's horse was hired for the occasion; for the *job* the groom would call it, from Astley's, the mountebanks. There may be many in distant Hindostan who might well have flung down a gage in denial.

Several of the courts of law have openings into this huge hall. We entered two or three (Mr. N. was of the party): all was decorum and order; the counsellors wigged and gowned; the judges also, but differently. Nothing interesting, nor indeed intelligible to me, was under discussion, and courts are not places I care to visit. I am told, by-the-way, that many ladies of rank are fond of being present at the trials of murderers; they go for a sensation, I suppose; the opera palls in time—its murders are only simulated.

Between four and five o'clock the same evening we saw the members of the two houses of Parliament arrive; both chambers are in the precincts of Westminster hall, places temporarily fitted up since the fire. The Duke of Wellington came on horseback; he is best known as "the Duke;" and when "*the* Duke" is mentioned, no one thinks of asking *what* duke? In the same way, I am told, when "*the* Admiral" is mentioned, in many parts of what was once Spanish America, Columbus is always understood. The old Generalissimo's bearing is erect and soldierly, his hair perfectly white; I knew him at a glance; the very caricatures are like him; the few gentlemen present took off their hats, and the Duke returned the courtesy by lifting his right fore-finger to the rim of his hat; he dismounted, I thought, with some difficulty, but his groom offered no assistance. I believe the veteran warrior is unwilling to be beaten even by old age. "Aweel," said a young Scotchman near us, "he's worth seein' ony how." I was very glad I saw him so well; he is an important part of the world's history. I have frequently seen him since.

Lord Lyndhurst has a countenance of singular shrewdness. Lord Brougham walked to the house. I expected to have seen a much plainer man; but he was plainly enough dressed. O'Connell is a man of massive mould, with a strongly-featured Irish face, betokening no little humour. Sir Robert Peel is a portly gentleman, with nothing, it seemed to me, very marked in his countenance or appearance; he looked grave, and, Mr. N. said, was usually solemn and staid in his official demeanour. Pope on Walpole was quoted to prove this; but then Mr. N. is a keen partisan on the opposite side; he had lately been one of a deputation to the Premier—

> "See Sir Robert? Hum,
> And never smile for all my life to come.
> Seen him I have."

Mr. N. quoted no farther. Lord John Russell is of short stature, and has not the look of a high-souled minister of state. One of the most remarkable of those we saw was Sir Francis

Burdett; his hair is also perfectly white; his dress that of forty years ago (I never could describe gentlemen's dresses), and he looked a perfect gentleman of the old school. I could not learn the name of one extraordinary-looking member, splendid in garb, and mincing in gait; he took off his hat as he accosted some ladies waiting in a carriage hard by, and the wind "shook thousand odours" from his flowing hair. Mr. Macaulay is short and stout; his form seems as firmly built as his fame. Many were *so* young.

On the whole, the members were fine-looking men, though some were of very ordinary mien; countenances marked by nothing, except in one or two instances by the smallpox. We noted how plainly most of the peers were dressed—finery is for an inferior grade—the magic words "my Lord" would, I believe, command an Englishman's deference, if "his Lordship" thought proper to wear his own livery, shoulder-knots and all.

Mr. Dickens tells of monomania in America, in a man imprisoned for two years for stealing a copper vessel containing liquor, and at the expiration of the term, going back to the same distillers and stealing the same measure, with the same quantity of liquor! Monomania in this country knows a more horrid bent. The monarchies of France and Great Britain nurse strange spirits in their bosoms.

You need not fear for my republican orthodoxy. I am not likely to fall in love with monarchy, and cannot understand how some of these European people have been dazzled by mere contact with a monarch. I can account for it, where the sovereign is amiable, fair, and gracious, like Queen Victoria; or a mighty conqueror, with intellect on his massive brow, like Napoleon; but take, for example, Johnson's interview with George the Third. Though the Doctor did write virulent pamphlets against American independence, he is not an unpopular author among us. Well: he encounters George the Third in the palace library; the King asks a few questions about the two Universities; two controversialists—Warburton and South; two reviews—the Monthly and the Critical; and pays the lexicographer a very commonplace compliment: the King withdraws, and the Colossus of English literature forthwith pronounces him as fine a gentleman as Louis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second! The homely domestic agricultural George compared to Louis le Grand, or to the wittiest, most engaging, and most profligate of Britain's kings! Are we to understand that a fondness for boiled mutton and broad farce are the principal elements in the composition of a fine gentleman? If Johnson be right, how very wrong every one else must be.

Ladies in gallant England are not admitted to the debates in the houses of Parliament—nor is any one without a written order from a member. The very reporters attend in direct violation of one of the standing orders of the House. I asked Mr. N. why, since it is impossible to exclude reporters, this order was not rescinded. He told me it was retained as an excellent exemplification of what logicians call a *non sequitur*. I do not affect to understand this reason, and suppose Mr. N. spoke *jestingly*. Did this parliamentary knot, tied every session and untied every night, exist in an Irish parliament, if there were one, it would be cited as a proof of the blunderingness of the people.

It has been urged that were there a gallery of ladies, the speeches of the younger members would be addressed to their fair audience, rather than to the subject-matter of debate. And if they were, what would be lost? I will not say that any alteration would be an improvement; but anything that would draw an Englishman from that centralization of self, so characteristic of him, *must* be an improvement. Abstract patriotism is not of our times. Why not speak to a gallery of ladies as well as one of reporters? for to the gentlemen of the press are speeches delivered, and the orator next morning "lives o'er again the happy hour" of his declamation, with all its "hears, hears," "cheers," and "laughter."

You cannot expect me to give you a character of the present parliamentary oratory; but surely it must be admitted that there is no comparison between the rhetorical genius of the present time and of that which knew Edmund Burke and his compeers. Ah! "there were giants in those days." The English have debates now—they had eloquence then.

Of late, when the speechifying encroaches upon the morning, the members (who can wonder?) grow full weary, and give their impatience words—no, not words, but yells and imitations of dogs, birds, and sheep; there are many country gentlemen in the House whose talk is of oxen, and some, it may be, who are skilful in imitating their lowings. You remember our Negro Pompey, with his powers of mimicry. How he used to make us shudder, when he buzzed like a moscheto in the hall; how he could emulate the chirping of a whole flock of Kittydids and Kittydidn'ts, or even the melody of a froggery—

> "As plaintive lambkin now he bleats, and now
> He gently whimpers like a lowing cow."

What an acquisition he would be to the House of Commons! "The applause of listening senates to command" would induce Pompey to put forth all his powers; he would be quite *super-natural*.

The length of some of the speeches in Parliament seems to me very impolitic; he cannot be an accomplished debater who requires more than an hour to deliver his sentiments or arguments. To go into a long historical or statistical detail is a poor compliment to the intelligence of the members, who ought not to need such information. I am always tempted to conclude that a very long speech contains very *thin* matter; it must be beaten during the lengthy process into such tenuity; a few grains of oratorical gold would be better than all this gold leaf; official statements may no doubt form exceptions.

The new Houses of Parliament are in course of erection close to the river; they will form a fine object from it, as well as from Westminster Bridge. The officers and doorkeepers of the Houses of Parliament are said to surpass all other public officers in consequential bearing, jack-in-office-ism. If they do, they must be so sublime in their incivility as to be akin to prodigies.

I admire the wondrous skill of the London re-

porters; they not only give what was said, but the words come mended from their pens, a sort of typographical alchemy. I attended a meeting at Exeter Hall once, and read the report next morning with unmixed surprise. I have often heard that if all the speeches in Parliament were printed word for word, very few would read them; very few read them now, being satisfied with the clever summary in the journals. People hear how eloquent Lord P., or Lord S., or Sir R., or Mr. M. were, and are contented to take it upon trust. Lord Morpeth, who has lately returned from America, and has not written a book to repay hospitality with satire (unaccustomed forbearance!), is not in this Parliament. His sister, the Duchess of Sutherland, is one of the leading beauties of Queen Victoria's Court, although she is not now one of the household. The duke is one of the many in England enormously rich. But alas! for mortal fingers, even when writing of ladies, and courts, and parliaments, they weary as readily as if the topic was of beings of ordinary humanity. I do believe as readily as if the letter were a transcript of old family recipes, "how to make a tansy pudding," or how to dress the dish which called forth the execration of Marlow and Hastings, "a pig with prune sauce."

I feel sleepy too, for it is late, and when I have closed my letter I think nothing could keep me half an hour awake: not the best scene in Cooper's best novel; not the rich, quiet humour of our own Rip Van Winkle. How the poor chief of the Choctaw Indians mistook, when he complimented Boz on the skill with which *he* could portray the red men of the forest if he thought fit to attempt it! I hope, and indeed feel sure, Mr. Dickens will not; he would *cockneyise* them. Ever, etc.

LETTER X.

London and American Dirt.—Chairs.—Dinner Parties.—Music.—Aristocratic Literature.—Young Ladies.—Much in Manner.—Superficial Knowledge.—Clubs.—Frolics of Aristocracy.—Fire-Grates.—What a Guy!

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—I am weather-bound; that is, confined to the house by the rainy, gusty weather; the barometer here is as fluctuating as the resolutions of a flirt. There is an adhesive quality in London dirt that is peculiarly metropolitan. Constant friction and grinding work up the mud of the streets into a paste; it may be safely warranted to stick beyond sealing-wax; a few splashes as you get in or out of a carriage may be fatal to the well-being of a dress. This mud is soon removed from the streets—the scavenger-police, if I may use the word, is efficient—so that one has no opportunity of inspecting very antiquated miriness, such as that at Lowell, which, according to Boz, "might have been deposited at the subsiding of the waters after the deluge;" this old mud in the New World should be looked to by geologists; a scientific analysis of it would be valuable in an appendix to the next edition of the American Notes—the curious in dirts would be gratified.

As I am confined to the house, I may as well write of house matters. The furniture of London rooms is very similar to New-York apartments; more crowded, perhaps, while more precautions are taken to fence out cold than to mitigate heat. There are no rocking-chairs—some, I hear, at Liverpool—but every form of easy-chair that ingenuity can devise, or wealth and luxury can command; some of silk moreen, some of scented morocco leather, and with cushions, and springs, and arms, and everything to invite repose. In one of these pleasant cubicles beware what book you peruse, for if there be aught of dulness the lines soon dance before the eyes, and slumber relieves stupidity; namby-pamby poets are an unfailing soporific: one *must* nod

> "While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
> With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
> * * * * *
> If crystal streams 'with pleasing murmurs creep,'
> The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with 'sleep.'"

In dinner parties the display of napery, glass, and plate is magnificent. I have heard that plate is frequently hired for the occasion. The custom of taking wine with any of the party at dinner seems falling into desuetude; pity, for it was a kindly custom; but perhaps not pleasant to the modern Englishman: it takes him too much out of himself; it is too elaborate a courtesy for him. The English are certainly hospitable (a very large class excepted); but there is too much display in their hospitality; it is too much a thing for parade and newspaper paragraphs. The cookery seems the same as it is in the best houses with us—principally French. In some few dishes we have the advantage; the English can have no wild turkey, they have not the variety of game found in our forests; the fish is less delicious; the ices, fruits, and sweetmeats less abundant, but better in their arrangement. To be sure, I have been at parties in July, where ices were not needed; the reserve of the company was chill enough. The ladies only cared to talk to the gentlemen, while the gentlemen sighed for their clubs. Some daring spirit ventures on a repartee, which is received as if it were a personal insult to the slow-witted company. The wine in time, perhaps, expels this restraint, and conversation flows freely with the sparkling vintages of France.

The talk is, of routs, balls, and operas, much; of scandal, somewhat; of literature, a little; of music, much. It is the fashion to assume a passionate fondness for music. Years were wasted to make the pretty Helen —— musical, because her father was rich and an M. P., and her mamma gave concerts, and had an opera-box in the best part of the house, and several middle-aged peers, and eldest sons, and youthful baronets, are known to be distractingly or distractedly—I don't know which is the proper word—fond of music; poor Helen laboured painfully on, she had no ear; all the paternal wealth and maternal fashion could not procure a new one; she never played in tune; "panting *time* toiled after her in vain;" and nature in the long run had the best of it: her music-books were closed, and Helen's harp is now as silent as King David's. The young lady, as you will readily conclude from your knowledge of the family, had capacity to learn anything else; but the precious and irrevocable opportunities of youth were thus grievously wasted.

Literature, it must be admitted, is eagerly pursued by many of the aristocracy—titled poetesses, and poets, and novelists, and dramatists, and historians, are as plenty as blackberries, and often as insipid; many of the productions are light and elegant; but somehow or other they soon float out of memory, perhaps because they *are* so light; there are many illustrious exceptions, however: many who stand far in advance of "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

How much there is in manner. I have seen young ladies at a dinner-table listen with pleased and eager looks to voluble (and eligible) gentlemen, as if they were as familiar with the subject as with the mazes of the quadrille, and be as ignorant of it the while as of the Sioux dialect. Once upon a time—to begin my story with an orthodox beginning—a young lady of this well-trained class was listening to an East India officer of high rank, and timed her "Dear mes," and "Well, sirs," admirably—the East Indian, who was very prosy, thought he had a most intelligent auditress. "Well, after this strange adventure, as I entered the tent, I heard Sheer Singh, who—" "Pray," interrupted the pretty *débutante*, "did he sing well?" The charm was dispelled; the *ideal*, as Bulwer might say, merged into the *actual*. Miss —— only looked intelligence; and the mention, as she thought, of this Sheer singing threw her off her guard—she expected to hear, perhaps, that he was an Indian Rubini.

Mr. E——, of Baltimore, told me he was once conversing with Lady —— of the wonderful works of nature and art in the new and old worlds—after a discussion of Niagara, he was proceeding to speak of the Gaits of the Missouri. "Pray," said her ladyship, "are they of iron or wood?" I have been asked if New-York was built upon the plan of Old York, and if it had as fine a Minster. O, superficial knowledge, how many are thy children! Then the way in which young ladies here are taught and shown the excellence of an establishment, and of marrying well (that is, wealthily), cannot be too much condemned. By-the-by, Julia, among the many who visited at Aunt —— "pour l'amour de vos beaux yeux," did not one Irish gentleman

* * * *

Club life is a new thing in London, and is strongly characteristic of the age. The club-houses are very numerous, and among the most splendid in the metropolis. Ladies admire them not; but husbands, fathers, brothers, and wooers, *will* frequent their clubs; for there they can be undisturbed and unquestioned, and can nurse the selfishness their soul's love. Had these places existed in Thomson's day, their lazy luxury would have ensured honourable mention in the Castle of Indolence. What a poem it is! the perusal makes one so deliciously drowsily entranced. One feels half sorry that the proper hero had the best of it—the

> "Knight of muchel fame,
> Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
> The Knight of Arts, and Industry by name."

But this *is* a digression.

Every luxury is within the Clubbist's reach, and at comparatively little cost. Does a gentleman love the wild excitement, the savage glee of gambling? His club shall afford him opportunities of honourable ruin. The old gentleman can be sure of his quiet rubber at time-honoured whist. Do you remember how Judge J—— loved it, and the pains he took to initiate me into its profundities, its science, and its *tricks*? it is shorn of its beams here, cut in two, into a game called short whist. Last night, greatly to my surprise, for I really did not understand what was meant by half-crown points when I sat down, I won thirty sterling shillings! Are you not afraid for my morals? My partner was an R.A., nothing under; but how I do digress—let me back to my clubs, I mean clubs without spades, diamonds, or *hearts*. The lawyer has his club, and the actor his, and the literary man his. The army and navy have several. The principal political clubs are White's, Boodle's, Brookes's, the Carlton, and the Reform; there are others, no doubt. It is said a reverend wit, when shown the magnificent drawing-room of the Reform Club, expressed his admiration, but declared he would "rather have their *room* than their company." The coffee-house life of Steele and Addison's day, and the tavern-life of a later period, seem unknown.

I have heard it said that taken as a whole, and with most liberal exceptions, the aristocracy of the day are more decorous than they were in the days of the third George. But, on the other hand, say the advocates of the good old times, if more decorous, they are duller—what wit, what humour is there in Lord W——'s stealing Mr. Jones's knocker, or Mr. Brown's bell-handle? In Lord —— wagering he would, in a given time, exhibit so many door-plates each engraved "Smith," and each neatly and nocturnally wrenched from its proper dwelling-place? What is there in Captain —— hanging his trophies in his room, bell-pulls, door-plates, knockers, and policemen's lanterns, all duly labelled and dated? Nothing in all this but what any one could accomplish; but there *was* deep skill in Sir Francis Delaval playing the conjurer and fortune-teller in Leicester Fields, and driving half London wild with his predictions and the truths he told in his assumed character—and in Sheridan mystifying Madame de Genlis in a way to give her an incident for a romance had she so chosen—and in Wilkes's freaks and Fox's. Ah! we've no conjurors among the higher ranks nowadays—there's no humour, no finesse, no smartness in modern aristocratic frolics—the age is degenerate.

Which, Julia, do you prefer; the brandy of the old times, or the white wine of the present?

> "Dear one, choose between the two."

This seems doomed to be a digressive epistle, and the day has now become so fine that I have a good mind to make another digression—into the Park; but I set out describing the interior of a London dwelling-house. Mr. Dickens demurs to the sleeping apartments in America. *I* think them superior to those in England, for they are larger and airier, and therefore *appear* to be more scantly furnished. Mr. Dickens seems never to have recollected the difference of climate. *We* like rooms, and room to breathe in.

Pianos are common in London rooms, even in the houses of the less wealthy tradesmen; it

seems a necessary piece of furniture where it is not played upon. I have seen one "contrived a double debt to pay"—it served for a sideboard as well. The young man whom Mr. Dickens met with in one of his favourite and well-described asylums, and whose madness was love and music, might, perhaps, be regarded as sane here—the passion and the taste being very often assumed in excess, and no mania suspected.

Great taste is often displayed in the fire-grates in England, and in so uncertain and damp a climate a bright fire is often good society. Nothing but coal is burned in London; but in some parts of England they consume peat or turf, the use of which is common among the poor Irish. I agree with Mr. Dickens in his strictures on the "suffocating redhot demon of a stove" in America. There are many methods here of warming public buildings: sometimes by means of heated air, sometimes by improved stoves; but I think nothing will supersede the grate in private dwellings; the English like to have a fire to look upon, and it *is* pleasant, in a musing mood at twilight, to trace strange or familiar faces and forms, or baseless rocks and castles in the glowing cinders, while the mind in a waking dream rears its own castles in the air—more baseless still. The boarding-house life, so common in the great cities of America, is not known here, at least not in the same degree.

I forgot to tell you that our odd-looking New-Orleans friend, Mr. Walter Guy, has married a *very* rich Scotch widow, late Mrs. Mac ——; the happy pair are spending their honeymoon in London, and then mean to "locate" in Edinburgh; he has given up tobacco to please his bride. All-powerful love! The first day (in December) this gentleman was in town he had an odd adventure. Accompanied by Mr. George, who told me the tale, he went to call upon some one near Covent Garden; they left their omnibus in the Strand, and being strangers, of course lost themselves. Know that Mr. Walter is always called by his familiars *Watty Guy;* his dress on this occasion was, to say the least of it, unusual—better adapted to New-Orleans heat than London cold. I need hardly tell you that "in form and moving" he is *not* "express and admirable."

Know also that there is a custom here of carrying about effigies of Guido Fawkes (in common parlance, "Guys") every fifth of November, and burning them in commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot; the figures are so grotesque that the boys distinguish any strange-looking object as a "Guy." The effigies are formed of old clothes stuffed with straw, common painted masks for faces, and generally a short pipe in the mouth; they are swung to a seat, with long poles attached for handles, and so are borne to combustion: but to leave the plot and proceed with the story. Mr. Guy and his friend soon found themselves in a wretched court, full of dirty children, who, as soon as they espied our hero, exclaimed with one voice —and the Cockneys rarely aspirate the h after the w—"What a Guy! What a Guy!" The American stopped, sudden and astounded. His very name! Wat-ty Guy! His ears could not have deceived him. Was it possible his arrival had been announced, and that his description had so preceded him he was known to the very children in London! The pair soon gained the open street, and a juvenile sweeper of a crossing, being refused a gratuity, cried out, "Twig, Bill, what a Guy! What a Guy!" Mr. Walter threatened loudly, and as loudly rose the derisive shout, "What a Guy! What a Guy!" They passed on, and a little farther an itinerant songster, four feet high, or low, took up the shout, "What a Guy!" The patience of the American was exhausted, and he struck the little warbler prostrate in the street. Up came a policeman, and quickly gathered a crowd; I think there never was a place where a crowd gathers so rapidly, or for such trifles, or nothingnesses, as in London: however, Mr. George succeeded in effecting an adjournment to some tavern, where the matter was explained, and the injured youth gladly compromised his action for assault, a sixpence being the amount at which he assessed his damages; and so ended Mr. Walter Guy's first appearance in London, and with his name my song shall end.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XI.

Short Speech of the English.—Surprising Ignorance in England.—Apathy of the Rich.—Beau-ideal of an English Traveller in the United States.—English have little Love for their Country.—Madame Tussaud's Waxworks.—Heroes.—Murderers, wholesale and retail.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—"By-the-way," says Mr. Dickens, "whenever an Englishman would cry 'All right,' an American cries 'Go a-head,' which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries." "All right," is said by the English when they direct a coach or anything to go on; if the words are taken in their proper signification, they are only in one way applicable to an Englishman—what he does he considers "all right," but what is done to him generally "all wrong," for his self-conceit convinces him he is never sufficiently appreciated. The parish orator believes in his secret soul that his proper arena is the House of Commons; the oracle at a Mechanic's Institute, that he ought to be an oracle in a Government office. It is this feeling which makes society so much a thing of pretence. "Men should be what they seem;" but the struggle here is to seem what they think they should be.

An Englishman seldom says "all right," he is too chary of his words; he says "right." If a hackney coachman is bidden to stop, the usual formula being "hold hard," it is merely "ard." This elliptical fashion prevails in most words in very common use—there is no specific rule—the unhappy word is sometimes cut off after its first syllable, sometimes shortened to its termination; "a cabriolet" becomes "a cab," but an omnibus "a bus." The titles of periodical works are always abbreviated—the Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers are simply designated "The Edinburgh" or "Quarterly," "New Monthly," "Post," or "Herald;" Gentlemen are often cut down into "gents" (a detestable word); Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres are "the Lane" and "the Garden;" the Hospitals are briefly "Guy's," "Bartholomew's," etc. I could give you a great many more instances, but it is needless; these people must consider

their words very valuable that they keep so many of them to themselves—that is, in common or private, or domestic colloquy; in public they may be voluble enough, after the manner of men who speak for newspapers.

I am more and more convinced how little the English really know of America; they view it in such a *petty* spirit; judge of it, in fine, in the spirit that prompts their judgment in their own small matters, their clubs, or parishes, or corporations. They cannot conceive a nation without a titled and privileged aristocracy. What is not subserviency they consider anarchy—and then a country without a regular standing army! How can justice be administered by wigless judges? What but barbarousness can exist where poor men object to wear liveries! Then comes a summing up of American enormities; they sit in a manner the English do not, consequently the American way must be wrong. Vast distance, different customs and institutions, have caused a diversity of language, therefore the American language must be low; the Americans grow and chew tobacco, and the necessary consequences are attributed to them as a national dishonour!

How comes it that the French and other travellers do not dwell upon these things, but pass them over as matters of little moment? Is it jealousy, or ignorance, or littleness on the part of the British?

Miss Julia —— perhaps expresses surprise that I talk of ignorance among the English—attend, *ma belle*. It is not long ago that an adventurer, named Thom, was regarded by numbers, in Kent, as an inspired prophet—in Kent, a county adjoining London, while its capital (Canterbury) gives a title to the arch-episcopal head of the Church of England; and even when there was bloodshed in the capture of this impostor, and he was slain, numbers believed he would come to life again! On the borders of Wales, near Newport, two or three years back was a formidable insurrection; the misguided Welshmen showing the most deplorable ignorance, and a reckless readiness for any deed of violence. Charlatans flourish more in England than in all the world beside. London, one of the poets calls

> "The needy villain's common home;
> The sink and sewer of Paris and of Rome."

The really learned are often incommunicative, while pretending braggarts pass off their brawling shallowness for the deep words of wisdom; and sympathizing hearers hail a kindred spirit, and applaud the orator, because they understand him; he speaks down to common, very common capacity, and they feel he must be right, for *they* think so too. Believe me, there is a fearful mass of ignorance in the land, and masses of ignorance often are, and may be easily, kneaded into criminality. The people, the rich people, see or care nothing for what is passing around them; they either look over it, and regard (publicly) the wants of foreign lands, or look on with no more special wonder than Shakspeare's summer's cloud commanded; but even a summer's cloud may be fraught with storm and thunder.

Off the western coast of Ireland—I read this in a work of high authority—are a very great many islands, and the inhabitants are pronounced as rude and are apparently as little cared for as they were centuries ago—how disinterested, then, all these things considered, how *self-denying* in the British to send out teachers or missionaries, call them what you will, to Tahiti, to New Zealand, to the banks of the Niger! The Thames, and the Severn, and the Mersey, and the Ouse, and the other rivulets flow through a land so overflowing with wealth, wisdom, and enlightenment, that it can afford to waft its superfluous knowledge and riches to the distant Niger. Am I deceived, dear Julia, in my irony—is this so? May it not be, rather, that pious, and wise, and prosperous are all the children of famed Great Britain; the voice of wailing and poverty is heard no longer in her crowded streets; the school has superseded the prison; the workhouse and the treadmill are among things that were—superfluous judges travel to uncriminal assizes. The soldiers' bayonets are broken to form steel pens; diseases are as rare as the vices that once engendered them; and this blessed consummation attained, is it not the duty of the high and wealthy to inform the African, to regenerate the Chinese, and to show their love and admiration for the pious, virtuous, contented, informed and grateful people at home, by striving to render distant regions as felicitous? But let me pause, don't call this a digression—but, but, how shall I term it—an episode—let it be an episode.

A philosophical Englishman would deserve well of his own country, and America would honour him, were he to travel through the United States, not with the harlequinade pace of Boz; not so announced that all might know his object, to write a book; but as a patient, searching, inquiring observer—a Park, or a Humboldt—living with the people, and conforming to national manners and even peculiarities; sage with the learned, and plain with the humble. Then let him return and tell of a vast country, a dependant colony in his grandsire's day, a vast and youthful country advancing with uncontrollable strides to happiness, power, and wealth; let him point out the varying states, with their various produce; dwell minutely upon the laws and Constitution that Americans love, and are not ashamed to own they love; show how they are adapted to foster her growing strength, to give her a giant's might and a sage's wisdom, and where change or modification might avail her; let him say what he really thinks of slavery, but say it temperately and in a learned spirit, not contenting himself to string together isolated facts (advertisements are the readiest) and unmeaning declamation; let him describe the forest disappearing before the settler's axe, and how, year by year, population would increase, and facilities of intercourse, and new markets and new cities arise; and, chiefly, let him tell how his own country should regard its distant offspring, holding out the frank right hand of cordiality, and hailing a rising people in another hemisphere, among whom her language and literature might live when the island of Great Britain had fulfilled her destiny.

The English laugh at the Americans for being sensitive to satire, or, as it is sometimes elegantly worded, "so thin-skinned;" and if it were so, does it not show a kindly, filial love of country, unknown to the phlegmatic Englishman? A generous people would respect rather

than wish to irritate the patriot's feeling, which felt wounded, when

"Scornful jeer,
Misprized the land he loved so dear."

But the nationality of the Americans, the Spaniards, and the Scotch are alike censured by a people who care too much for themselves individually to care for their country or their kind.

It is a Scottish man, and a poet, who asks,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land!"

How the London people who have read the Lay, must have smiled at the simplicity of the Minstrel! In the theatres nowadays, the speeches expressive of love of country in the comedies and farces of an earlier period, though they may be applauded by the galleries, are laughed at by the *better-informed* as clap-trap. I believe there never was a people more attached to their country than are the Americans to theirs, with all its free republican institutions. The fifty-scandal power of Mrs. Trollope's book, the quizzicality of Boz, to say nothing of Mrs. Butler, Captain Basil Hall, and others, but make them love their native land the better.

I weary of these abstruse matters, so hey, presto! and we are at Madame Tussaud's wax-work exhibition. Gorgeous is the hall, brilliant the lights, pleasant the music (the harp was played admirably), and numerous the spectators. When you do see the English animated, it is in a crowd. It is a fine sight assuredly; but I had heard much of it, and was disappointed. There is no artistic skill about the figures; the manufacturer has not had the art to conceal his art—wax, wax, wax! There is not a moment's illusion.

Some of the figures are on pedestals, some on the floor, some on benches, and some on an elevated platform; all are, or ought to be, the size of life; but the proportions, to my eye and to that of better judges, were not well preserved. Nelson looked too big, and Canning too little. And there is George the Fourth, in his habit as he was crowned; and his unhappy wife and the fair-haired daughter whom Britain loved so well; and a group, containing Napoleon, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the King of Prussia, Murat, Talleyrand, the Duke, Ney, Lord Anglesey, and others. Some of the groups are very odd. In one, two or three English gentlemen in their modern costumes are standing with Mehemet Ali, as if they had met the Egyptian ruler at a London conversazione, and were talking about the price of corn at Cairo! Why could not some historical or chronological verity be preserved? John Knox is represented addressing Mary Stuart, and Luther and Calvin are standing by him! If we waive trifling impediments of time and place, and assume that the three reformers met, what would have been the consequence? Would they have fought?—I mean bodily. The clinching of hands has sometimes superseded that of arguments in very grave persons.

Queen Victoria is represented at her coronation and her marriage, and I think scant justice has been rendered to her beauty. There is a figure of Washington, draped in black velvet—dignified in position, and a very passable likeness. I felt proud as I looked upon his effigy; a man on whose robe of glory rested neither the stain of selfishness, the deep-dyed spot of avarice, nor the brand of unworthy ambition. How few of the world's heroes maintained, like Washington, "the noble character of a Captain, the Friend of peace, and a Statesman, the Friend of justice." From "Macedonia's madman to the Swede," and from him to Napoleon; they all lacked most of the qualities "that make ambition virtue."

"Not so Leonidas and Washington,
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone."

Little Charles Sausse repeated these lines until I had them by heart; he had either forgotten or would not tell where he found them. Byron—I mean Madame Tussaud's Byron—looks like an amateur Romeo at an inferior theatre; and Shakspeare is served little better, but he is accustomed to *misrepresentation*. Sir Walter has the look of *bonhomie* that characterized him, and John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons looked the incarnation (in wax) of Hamlet and Lady Macbeth. Cobbett, one of the best figures, is placed on a bench where visiters sit; he has a snuff-box in his hand, his head moves, and I was told he had been accosted as if he not only moved, but lived, and had his being! There is a Chinese figure which, being duly wound up, shakes its head—a feat that gives great satisfaction to the enlightened and well-dressed crowd.

In addition to all this is a Chamber of Horrors—a detached collection, with, of course, an extra charge. Here are the murderers, that is, the *retail* murderers, the most prized by the curious in crimes, and other dreadful characters, both French and English. When the law has made its last exhibition of a murderer at the Newgate drop, his likeness is soon advertised as added to this collection. A cold-blooded people like the English love what is shocking, that they may experience something akin to excitement; but we had not this taste, and so visited not this chamber, but went home to sup, not full of horrors. Ever, etc.

LETTER XII.

Mrs. Trollope.—What's in a Name?—New Poor Law.—Rich English careless about the Poor.—Expediency.—Steam to Richmond.—Banks of the Thames Westward.—Richmond Hill and Church.—Omnibuses.—Cheap Discomfort.—Snuff.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I might cite things here of ladies of different ranks which, at first, startled me as rather indelicate; but I know they are not so considered in this country, so I have no right to censure them. Indelicacy is no characteristic of the ladies of England. A general belief prevails that the American ladies are what is called squeamish, that is, inordinately modest. I really believe the chief authority for this absurd opinion is Mrs. Trollope's novels, the most imaginative of which is styled "Domestic Manners of the Americans." One piece of mock-modesty, as the novelist in question would call it, I plead guilty to—I have a dislike to pronounce in full, though not to write it to you, Mrs. Trollope's name—Trollope! Mr. Trollope must have been a fascinating man to

have induced a young lady to descend from a Milton into a Trollope. Is there a Mr. Trollope, Sen., still, for his name is never heard?

Mr. Dickens tells us—and as I did not know the fact previously, there *is* some information to be derived from his two volumes—that "one of the provinces of the State Legislature of Massachusetts is to alter ugly names into pretty ones;" and this is accomplished at small outlay. Pity but a similar provision existed in England for Mrs. Trollope's behoof! It is recorded, that when many quiet Parisian citizens, during Robespierre's dictatorship, assumed a filthy and ferocious exterior in order to appear imbued with the spirit of the times, they insensibly, and by slow degrees, acquired the feelings they at first stimulated, and became the characters they meant only to play. And so, if Mrs. Trollope would assume a *refined* name, who knows what benefits might accrue? It might purify and unvulgarize her style of composition; her friends should see to it. I cannot conceive her writing as she does, were she Frances T. Montmorency.

The old woman, concerning whom you wrote me to make inquiries for Mrs. F——, did die in the workhouse, and under the circumstances you mention; she lingered longer than I could have believed possible for such a person in such a place, nearly three years. Alas! for one reared in luxury, and possessing, as indeed it proved to her, "the *fatal* gift of beauty."

It would be easy to string together a long list of cruelties and wrongs inflicted in workhouses, and give printed authority for each; then append a few pages of philanthropic paragraphs, and let the inference be, that in England poverty was punished more severely than crime—the worn-out pauper, with thews and sinews stiffened by extreme age, worse treated than the healthy young pickpocket; and suppose this inference were not exactly correct, what then? The like has been done in respect to slavery in America; there is good precedent for it, and the English are great people for precedents. I have often wondered to hear of judges or legislators objecting to do such or such a thing, while admitting it ought to be done, because there was no precedent for it. Really! But if the measure were good in itself, why not make a precedent?

The new Poor Law is, and has been, a most prolific subject of dissension. According to one party, it was to be a panacea—"the sovereign'st thing on earth" for the ailments of the country. Large new workhouses, called Union workhouses, built like prisons, only gloomier, were to be flung open to the poor as a test of destitution; if the tested poor refused to become inmates, the alternative had the merit of being perfectly intelligible—simply, to starve; and so some *have* starved in preference. This, and a few more provisions in the like spirit, concerning which a lady cannot write, were "to scatter plenty o'er a smiling land." I believe it was never very clearly stated *how*.

On the other hand, the opponents of the Poor Law change ransacked the dictionaries for epithets to hurl at the enactments and their supporters. It was a topic at elections, an established matter of declamation in the newspapers, *and of debates* in Parliament, until the English people quarrelled about the poor as if they really cared for them! Cared they as fellow-creatures ought to care, little need would there be of Poor Laws at all. But when such a thing is asserted, they smile an incredulous smile, blame the poor, and say it is impossible. True, it is impossible that selfishness and self-conceit should not render the heart harder than the diamond on the finger, and deaden it to every lofty and generous impulse; therefore, I say it *is* impossible that this remedy should be attempted in England. What! are all those *respectable*, reverend, and noble persons, whose name is legion, and whose individual wealth, in lands, houses, moneys, jewels, wines, plate, merchandise, mines, or offices, counts from five thousand sterling pounds to more than five millions, is it to be expected that *they* should exert themselves to benefit the poor? Many of them have not time—talk of duties, indeed! They are busy, and cannot be troubled. And then their aid might be un-praised, un-recorded, *un-printed*. Tush! Only a lady and a foreigner could propound so strange a remedy. Alas! alas! and is it even so? Will all these wealthy men always be content to pay their poor's rates, subscribe in well-arranged print to a few societies, go to charity balls, and concerts, and bazars, that they may have what they account their money's worth for the help they afford to impoverished schools, and shipwrecked mariners, and desolate Poles—die—be buried by their heirs, with abundance of pomp if not of tears, and let it be duly promulgated that the personal property of the late Mr. ——, of ——, was sworn under so many tens or hundreds of thousands? Rather than this, would these affluent persons *use* their wealth, *use* it among their own people, not as thoughtless spendthrifts, but as Christian gentlemen, they would be as little troubled about Poor Laws as the Germans, French, or Americans.

As ungenerous men will be ungenerous, as Christian men (by courtesy) will be unchristian, a Poor Law is indispensable in England; and I pretend not to say whether the new law really deserves its appellation of an Amendment, or is only an experimental alteration. One of its provisions—and this is by law a Christian land—is, that husband and wife, old or young, well or ill conducted, are to be parted in a workhouse; for it is expedient. "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Is it anywhere written that parochial convenience should supersede a scriptural injunction? The British ought to call this the age of expediency, for reason and Gospel must and do yield to it.

But let us leave the hard-hearted present and get into the past—and really, how much we live in the past and the future! we are forever looking before or behind. Like Belinda, Mr. A., you, and myself, as we stood on that rocky elevation,

> "Where, at evening, Alleghany views,
> Through ridges burning in her western beam,
> Lake after lake interminably gleam,"

and looked round us into the distance, and spoke of this remote spot or that, while the ground we stood upon, like the unregarded present, was neither mentioned nor thought of.

Last week I promised to accompany Mr. Guy

and his new wife to Richmond and Twickenham. I persuaded Mrs. Mortimer to be of the party; and as we were too many for the carriage, it was arranged that we should go by one of the river steamboats, and embark at a place called Hungerford, where they are building a bridge—by inches, it would appear. I had a dislike to this party, and would fain have been excused; I thought of twenty modes of escape, none of them perfectly immaculate, so at last I made up my mind to go, and think no more of it; the reality of an annoyance often proves more tolerable than the previous dread; many a man, it has been said, rushes into the danger to get rid of the apprehension.

Mrs. Mortimer and I walked to Mrs. Guy's apartments in Waterloo Place, and we were to proceed to the place of embarcation on foot, it being no great distance. Mrs. Guy informed us that her *caro sposo* was at a hotel hard by, whither he had been summoned to meet one of his countrymen on important business, and we would call for him. This was not very agreeable, but so it was settled; we called accordingly, and, I suppose, by some mistake of the waiter, were shown at once into a room where sat Mr. Guy alone. Said I alone? He was solaced by a cigar, and beside him stood a goblet which *had* contained some dark beverage. The surprise was perfect; he was taken in the manner,

> "Backward his step he drew,
> As loath that care or tumult should approach
> Those early rites divine."

Mrs. Walter seemed inclined to debate upon the spot this infraction of the no-tobacco obligation, which was a collateral part of the marriage ceremony; but we hurried away and got on board, having to go along a rude, rocking, wooden way, to a primitive sort of pier.

Seated, I was at Mrs. Guy's mercy; and, mercy on me! Julia, I was not spared. The whole statistics of her Edinburgh establishment in the late Mr. Mac——'s time, were obligingly laid before me: the footmen's wages *with* liveries; the housemaids' without tea; the cost of hebdomadal butchery (as our schoolmaster acquaintance might call it), bakery, and chandlery; and grievous complaints of the enormous sums paid wine and spirit merchants, which, she sighed, made her a widow at last! Her system of dress on this Richmond occasion was simple, its effect compound, as it was a blending of as many hues as possible on the human form divine; bonnet, veil, scarf, gown, gloves, and boots, varied in colour; jewellery was not spared, and in the sunshine the blaze was perfect.

We went through several bridges. The first was Westminster, a heavy stone structure they appear always to be repairing; over it the tide of population flowed fully, while across Vauxhall, an iron bridge at a little distance, were hardly any passers—a very Mediterranean in its tidelesness; I concluded it was a toll-bridge. Then came Battersea and Fulham bridges, rude wooden piles for a metropolitan vicinity; a handsome suspension bridge at Hammersmith; Kew and Richmond bridges, both stone.

We passed Chelsea Hospital in our progress—an asylum for decayed soldiers. I have not seen over it, but can picture the veterans bronzed by many a scorching sun in Egypt, India, the Spanish Peninsula, and France. Sion House, one of the seats of the wealthy Duke of Northumberland (the Percy family), is by the river side; there are a number of elegant villas beside; fine swans in the river, much admired by the cockneys, and a few pleasure-boats. The banks of the Thames, up the river, as it is called; are beautiful, that is, not bold, but English beauty, green, trim, and highly cultivated.

In my ignorance I expected that "thy hill, delightful Sheen," was actually a green hill or hillock, but the dusty road is carried to the summit of what they call the hill, and the view is fine indeed; the river is the principal charm in the landscape, and the eye wanders delightedly over rich woods and a smiling country; the haze prevented our espying Windsor Castle in the distance. Thomson certainly used a poet's license when with his Amanda his raptured eye would

> "Sweep
> The *boundless* landscape."

He a Scotchman too! But his thoughts, like his style, are diffuse. Mr. Guy pronounced the prospect "a smart eye-full," and Mrs. Guy, that it was "very well for the sooth." The river serpentines a little near the base of Richmond Hill, and a small island presents a pleasant and verdant aspect; it is visited by the cockney pic-nic parties, and bears the appropriate name of Eel-pie Island. Of course we visited the church and Thomson's grave (I resist the temptation to quote Collins's "Druid" lines): the bard is buried inside the church, and there is a small plain tablet to his memory. Mrs. Guy felt interested in the last resting-place of her countryman, and had seen Ednam, the town of his birth. In the churchyard is a monument to Edmund Kean, who died and is interred at Richmond; his socks, in the opinion of most people here, are yet unfilled. I wish one could visit those places alone; life was indeed a fitful fever with poor Kean. We walked a little way in the park (there is no palace now), and enjoyed the quiet around us. The flaunting taste of the mere Londoner has not infected Richmond: it is a proper off-shoot from a wealthy metropolis.

The rain prevented our visiting Twickenham and Pope's villa and grotto, or, rather, their site; his grave and monument are in Twickenham Church. Were it not that churches and monuments *are* stationary, and cannot very well be cut or sliced away (it has been done though) to make room for stucco, I think England, or, rather, Middlesex, would have few memorials left of the illustrious dead, save such as their works, which defy the rage of man, will ever afford.

We dined at the famed Star and Garter Hotel: the dinner was elegant, and elegantly served. I am told, and can well believe, that the great object of the London people in their country excursions is to dine. The question being not so much "Where shall we go?" as "Where shall we dine?" Rather, "What would you like to eat?" than, "What would you like to see?" Eating is an individual, a *self* enjoyment, and is therefore highly popular in England; they protract the dinner when they ruralize, to get through the day.

Mr. Guy was quiet and very attentive to all

and Mrs. Guy to all—but her husband. He was performing quarantine before he could be admitted into her good graces, on propitiation, as it were: I do not doubt he would most readily and perseveringly have smoked the calumet of peace, a custom which he unquestionably considers worthy of civilized man.

We returned, greatly against my will, by one of those conveyances praised for the cheapness of their discomfort, an omnibus. I hope never to enter one again: a lady has the choice of sitting in a corner next the horses and being stifled, for London journeyers have a great objection to air, and generally keep the window-glasses, or part of them, up; some rotund person redolent of wine insisting upon it on the plea of delicate health; or, if she must have air, she may sit next the door and have every passenger crush past her, no matter how she may shrink from the contact, while during the journey the figure of the conductor often fills up the open space and excludes any air but—pah! garlick is better. The choice of these *eligible* places depends upon your being first in the omnibus, otherwise you must settle as you can. Of course the gentlemen omnibusers think only of their own accommodation. Mr. Dickens tells us, that during his journey from Pittsburg to Cincinnati, on board the steamboat, "there was no sociality except in spitting;" in a London omnibus there is no sociality in anything, except in grumbling now and then.

By-the-by, I must tell you that I once or twice saw Mrs. Guy slily indulge in a pinch of snuff, veritable *tabac*, dainty Miss Julia! though she might pretend it was Grimstone's eye-snuff. Now, why should she object to the marital tobacco? Do not suppose for a moment that snuffing is common to British ladies: quite the reverse, and that despite the example of Queen Charlotte: you should read Madame d'Arblay on the duties of the regal snuff-box. The English ladies have no such habits; the custom may once have been prevalent and fashionable, more or less; some of the last century writers lead one to think so. The Tatler, amid the good advice he gave his fair young sister Jenny before her marriage, "made her relinquish her snuff-box forever, and half drown herself with washing away the scent of the musty."

What a long letter; but you must not complain of my having taxed your patience, *your* patience, indeed. Think of mine.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XIII.

"Respectable" versus "Smart."—English domestic Servants.—Elisha.—Sumptuary Law among Servants.—Kathleen O'Reilly.—The Tally.—"An old Tale, and often told."

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—It appears from Mr. Dickens's account that to be "smart" is the quality or phrase covering a multitude of sins in America—here, it is to be "respectable."

"I wonder," say I, "to see a man like Mr. —— in society: is he not known to be a worthless husband; an avaricious and tyrannical father, and constantly in disreputable quarrels?" "Very true, but then he's such a respectable man." "And Mr. ——, I am told his fortune has been made by strange means, and many attribute their ruin to his plausibility." "Yes, but *he's* a very respectable man too."

None of the dictionaries define "respectable" as it is understood now; it means "rich." When people in England "plate sin with gold," it is sin no longer.

In nothing, perhaps, is there a wider difference between London and New-York than in the character and treatment of domestic servants. In London, you see very few people of colour; now and then a black in shining livery, and there are frequently two or three in regimental bands to play the cymbals, and look Moorish. It was some little while before my eye became accustomed to the complexional uniformity of the streets. Among female domestic servants I never heard of any woman of colour; with all their fine professions, the English of all classes dislike communion with negroes as much as, or more than other people. Were England a home for the free blacks, there would surely be numbers from the West India Islands, from British Guiana, and elsewhere. The few negro men to be found in England are principally employed, as I have shown you, for purposes of parade.

Don't let me forget, while it is in my recollection, to request you to tell Mr. C—— that Elisha, the Roseville man he wrote to me about, was found, after some difficulty, by a person my solicitor employed.

Do you remember the English lady, Mrs. Colonel ——, who was in New-York when we were girls, and how we admired her turbans, and wondered at the immutability of her roses? (I don't mean those in her bonnet.) Well, her husband brought with him to England a mulatto, who soon entered into the service of the colonel's uncle, and his kind master dying a few years after, bequeathed by will to "his faithful negro, Elisha," six shillings weekly for his life—this is the man in question. The executor, who was also the heir, demurred to the payment of this bequest, because the legatee was described as a negro, but was actually a mulatto! Perhaps his lawyer told this scrupulous-minded gentleman that equity would see *no colour* for withholding the legacy, and the law might compel the payment, as Elisha could easily procure a "respectable" solicitor to undertake the case; so the poor mulatto received and continues to receive the weekly allowance. Tell Mr. C—— (it will save me the trouble of writing) that he need not expect this man to send any money to his sickly sister in Roseville, for he has only this tenpence a day—(how much is it?) to live upon, besides any trifle he may earn or beg, and I grieve to say, Elisha is inordinately fond of gin. I once sent him five shillings, to be withheld, unless he promised faithfully not to drink a cent, I mean a farthing, of it in any public-house; he promised, and straightway purchased two bottles of his favourite beverage at some spirit merchant's, and drank it every drop in his own room! An ingenious casuist. I have been told he wheedles poor girls and silly boys out of a few pence now and then, by telling them their fortunes!

The female servants here are a distinct class, kept at far greater distance than young "helps" in America would tolerate for a moment; living principally in areas, with their hours of church

or chapel-going, and of fresh air, as methodically apportioned as their wages. A sumptuary law prevails among them, I mean that it is the custom of the country to proscribe certain articles of apparel to the lower grade of servants; for, of course, there is an aristocracy in servitude, and the line of demarcation is broadly marked and rigidly observed. The housemaid may not use a veil or a parasol, but they seem proper to the lady's-maid; perhaps the housemaid is a fair girl, to whom a walk in the sunshine is most assured freckles, while the lady's-maid might prodigally unveil her beauty to a hotter sun than Great Britain's, as she is already darker than a Spanish peasant; no matter, the rule must be observed, and I believe it is one of the few rules that know no exceptions. There are many stipulations in hiring these servants: a very common one is, that they "shall find their own tea and sugar," and they generally do contrive to find them somewhere or other about their master's house; another is, that "no followers shall be allowed," that is, no sweathearts; the course of true love must not flow, either smoothly or disturbedly, into kitchens and sculleries; great numbers of "no follower" servants, notwithstanding the prohibition, obtain husbands; marriages between the male and female domestics in large establishments are not unfrequent, while flirtations with milkmen, bakers, butchers, fishmongers, and others, through the area rails, are considered things of course, with policemen most especially of all.

Sometimes female servants continue many years in one place, but not frequently; the attachment that used to subsist between master and servant, and which in many country places might be the relic of a feudal clanship, is known no longer, or in only a faint degree; nor do I think there is anything like the attached feeling to the family often manifested by negresses in the slave states of America. Do not think the worse of the female domestics in England if they are generally selfish; recollect, the character of menials is formed by that of their principals. A really good intelligent English servant is indeed a treasure, which an American can well and almost enviously appreciate.

These females are sometimes harshly treated, and incessantly employed, there being little intermission in their labour, in lodging-houses especially, from early morning until nearly midnight; sometimes they have very little to do, and if children become attached to them, in many instances, they seem almost members of the family. These servants talk of "hard" or "easy" places. When a girl is old or big enough to endure the fatigues of service, she is pronounced able "to make place." The very civil man who drives my monthly job, was praised by his master as one "who knew a coach well;" that is, was skilful in the management of it. The English laugh at what they call Americanisms, but these expressions, and many much stranger, pass unnoticed; they are a people eminently skilful in not seeing what is immediately before their eyes.

When I first occupied these apartments (I will be "at home" to you now), the girl, whose sole business it is to wait upon me, my rooms, and my humours, was one whose countenance was not a letter of recommendation, but of repulsiveness and bad temper—and *very plainly* were the characters written. I can only describe her character by contraries; or, to speak learnedly and astonish you—antithetically. She was smart and sluttish, cringing and impudent—"an impertinent mixture of busy and idle." She left in a fortnight to be married! Yes, lady of many followers (come, I will fit you with a word), to be married! Where have I seen it written: "Il n'y a point de belles prisons, ni de laides amours?" Mr. Dickens would seem to belie the first part of the sentence in his account of some prisons in the States, but then he only spoke *en amateur*. Well, Sarah was married to a butcher's assistant, poor man! and Kathleen served in her stead.

Kathleen O'Reilly is a blushful, neat, nice-looking, well-mannered Irish girl, so wishful to please that she really anticipates my wants; but I am much, or rather have been much, abroad and in company, and her duties are not very onerous; she never loses her temper, the mistress of the house told me, unless when the other servants, in right English feeling, twit her with being Irish. One day, in the first fortnight I knew Kathleen, she was evidently in deep distress. I inquired the cause, and it was on account of her sister—a married sister deserted by her husband, left with one child, and supporting herself by working for some upholsterer. Poor Kathleen's slender purse was soon exhausted in her behalf; and when her feelings are strongly called forth, so is her brogue.

"And shure, ma'am, its only seven shillin' a week she can earn, and that's only two to live upon; and the child, God save him! never goes without the bit and sup, and it's after starvin'she is."

[Here was a burst of tears; but the statement was rather incomprehensible, or, as a satirical person would say, very Irish.]

"Well, but Kathleen, earn seven shillings, and only two to live upon, how is that?"

"Ah! and indeed, ma'am, it's true: there's the bit of a room, and she *must* live in a dacent place, and scorns to trouble the hard English neighbours, that's two shillin', and the tallyman's three shillin', and the two's all that's in it after that."

[This was the interpretation; but, as has happened before with interpretations, it was the more difficult to understand of the two.]

"The tallyman, who is he?"

"Just Mr. Greenfield's man, ma'am."

"And who's Mr. Greenfield?"

"Shure and isn't he the master; and it's strict he is, and won't be put off, though he's as rich as the lord."

[I quite started, but must acquit poor Kathleen of any intentional impiety; she is a native of the county of Mayo; her father was a groom of Lord Sligo's, and *he* was the lord she meant; if such titles must be, why they lead to a sound of profaneness.]

"Well, but *what* is he?"

"Arrah, ma'am, and isn't he the tally?"

"And what *is* the tally?"

But I must give you the definition in my own way. It seems that there are a great many tradesmen in London who sell wares of all kinds *on tally*, that is, the purchaser has to defray the cost of the goods by weekly instalments of a fixed sum: now, as the seller must run consid-

erable risks, his customers changing their residence or otherwise defrauding him, he no doubt charges an exorbitant profit, and the poor are by this system tempted to buy beyond their means, thinking it *only* so much a week and they can spare it somehow; while if scant employment or reduced wages follow, the tally-bill takes the very bread out of their mouths; and the goods so obtained, and to be paid for in two weary months, are perhaps pawned, or (as my Oxford-street acquaintance calls it) *flued* for a sum little exceeding a fortnight's purchase. Then, as the enjoyment of the tally purchase is no longer experienced, the payment becomes exceeding irksome, and the temptation to shirk it altogether almost irresistible, and so ensue prevarication, trickery, and recklessness.

I hope this system has not yet found its way into America, for it seems to me a very bad one, encouraging both rapacity and improvidence. I assisted poor Kathleen; and she, with her sister, waited upon Mr. Greenfield, and after a long debate, when they all three, Kathleen told me, spoke together, he agreed to take nine shillings in one payment, in lieu of six weekly payments of three shillings, and the sum was paid, and the tyranny of the tally ceased to oppress Mrs. Margaret Mahoney.

This very morning as I spoke of leaving England, Kathleen bewailed it, and I then told her, as I had intended for some time, I should be very glad if she would accompany me, and remain in my service in New-York. But—"'tis an old tale and often told," but—there was a young man who was a ship-carpenter at Portsmouth, etc., etc., etc. Well, Julia, one can't but sympathize with her. May her wedding, poor girl, be happier than mine. But I must not dwell upon that subject, and so must close my letter.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XIV.

Dressmakers.—Exeter Hall Oratory.—Evils inflicted on Dressmakers unredressed, the Wrong being only in London.—Otherwise if a distant City.—Lowell Offering.—Americans "know not seems."—Prevalent Vulgarisms.—Mr. W. C.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—I closed my last letter rather abruptly when I was about to tell you that numbers of young women come annually from the provinces to the metropolis to obtain situations as domestic servants. In remote parts it is more than probable London is regarded as an El Dorado. So and so went to London, and did so well, and rode in her own carriage, why not others? "'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour:" we all hope, and hope, and hope to be better, greater, happier; and it may be well it is so, for hope itself is often happiness.

Besides these, numbers come hither for a term to improve themselves, as it is called, in millinery and dressmaking, or hoping to obtain permanent employment at their needles. There are so very many of this class, that the glut of workpeople, to speak commercially, enables the dressmakers to engage assistants on their own terms; if one girl, bolder or more sanguine than others, demurs, twenty are ready to accept the offer, no matter how insufficient. The treatment of many of these poor young girls is almost incredibly bad; during the fashionable season they are often compelled to work fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty hours out of the four-and-twenty! Often in crowded and ill-ventilated apartments; nor is there the hope of commensurate reward to sweeten the inordinate toil; nor can the making of fine dresses for the gay and prosperous be accounted a labour to delight in, so that the pain may be physicked and unfelt, and the work rapidly and happily brought to a conclusion. On the contrary, I fear the thoughts of the splendour and luxury that will surround the happy wearers of these robes, on which the midnight needle is plied sleepily and painfully, may tempt the poor drudge—who may be vain, weak, and pretty too—to long for, and seek the enjoyment of idleness and amusement at any risk, at any sacrifice. Of all the ills that ensue from this system, perhaps consumption is the least!

The facts are notorious, the grievance is admitted; but as the evil cries out at their very doors, of course the English have not taken one single step to abate it. A few letters in the papers, and a report appear now and then; but their writers have been humane to little purpose (greater is their merit), and their productions are read and disregarded, while the distress in Madeira and Antigua called forth the active exertions of the charitable English. Nothing but a legislative enactment will do good; for without that the English *never* remedy any social evil among themselves, that is, any evil which is in the way of business, and from which profit accrues to capitalists and "respectable" traders. Parliament, which the English rather profanely pronounce omnipotent, interferes to prevent manufacturers working young children to distortion or death, to prevent the employment of women amid unwholesome vapours in mines; and, without parliamentary interference, these things had gone forward unchecked. O tender and compassionate people!

If it had happened that the sufferings of these poor dressmakers pertained to a distant city—to Calcutta, for instance, and not to London—long ago would the British public have been called to "a sense of their duty" (I believe that is the phrase); Exeter Hall would have been vocal with the indignant declamation of the gentlemen and the softly-sighed sympathy of the ladies. "What," some popular and curled darling of an orator would have said, "are we men, are we Christians, nay, are we human? Has our infancy known a mother's care, our childhood a mother's precepts, our youth a sister's affection, our manhood a wife's devotion, our age a daughter's solace? And pause we a moment to redress this wrong, this insult to universal woman?" [Here the orator would cease, to wipe his brow, gather breath, and give time for the applause.] "Even while I speak" (he would resume), "the injury exists and increases; this plague-spot on our common humanity festers worse, and spreads more widely. Oh! then let England, glorious England, speak peace across the ocean; let her say to the luxurious, and cruel, and scoffing and distant Asiatic city—this shall no longer be! Oh! let our meeting to-day be as the olive-branch the dove bore to the ark; let it portend the subsiding of the swollen waters of tyranny; the restoration of virtuous ease and domestic happiness, and long and greenly may they flourish! Let us not delay the blessed work a single week—said I a week? Not a day, an hour, a moment. Can *we* ever hope to prosper if we

are longer quiescent, longer supine? No: to tolerate crime is to be participant." And so on, amid the flutter of moistened handkerchiefs, would the eloquent gentleman proceed, only much more finely and figuratively, to the end of the chapter. And others would deliver smart little lectures from the text,

"He who allows oppression, shares the crime;"

and then would be resolutions, and subscriptions, and treasurerships, and secretaryships, honorary and corresponding, and a committee, and thanks, and much print. Some good might flow out of all this; but as the evil is *only* in London, it must work its own cure. Sensibility, you know, always goes from home for its objects; vulgar sickness, or privation revolts it. Sterne bewailed a dead ass, and it is said neglected a living mother; his example has not been lost upon the country.

I believe a few benevolent ladies do inquire of fashionable dressmakers if their *employées* are thus cruelly dealt with, and are, of course, assured that *their* assistants, all being persons of the best character, and of unsurpassed, if not unequalled skill, can command very high salaries, and enjoy any healthful or even elegant recreation. This statement is ingeniously twofold—it satisfies the well-meaning inquirer, while the skilful introduction of the extraordinary cleverness and liberal remuneration of the work-people accounts a little for the not very trifling sum-total of the yearly bill; and so the good lady says that her own, or her daughters' dresses, *must* be ready for Lady A.'s ball, or the Earl of B.'s dinner-party, or Mrs. C.'s *soirée dansante*, and the matter ends.

The remuneration received by those who support themselves as semptresses in this country will always be very trifling; for there are so many institutions where plain needlework is done at very low rates, and so many private families where there are several daughters at home, anxious to earn a pittance to eke out any slender allowance they may have from their father in addition to their maintenance, that high wages are out of the question. But is this any reason why nothing should be done to help those employed almost entirely by the rich, and on work where taste and quickness are indispensable, "midst furs and silks, and jewels sheen;" work that cannot be undertaken by school or charity girls, however skilful in the management of the threaded steel? The benevolent public have not held a single concert, ball, or bazar, to help these suffering countrywomen; why, some little sensation might be created by an announcement that a fancy fair, the proceeds to go in aid of a society to amend the condition of young needle-women, would be held in such a place, and some of the articles veritably the work of young and pretty dressmakers, who had often laboured thirty-six hours without sleep or intermission. I acknowledge that the English do not *say*, "E'en let them die, for that they're born."

I have heard ladies in England express great dissatisfaction at Mr. Dickens's account (written in a not unkindly spirit) of the factory girls at Lowell; that is, not of his account, but of their condition. Certainly, the same things cannot be imputed to the female population of England employed in manufactures; for Mr. Dickens represents our countrywomen of Lowell as well-dressed, clean, healthy-looking, modest, and intelligent—qualities of which no one can accuse female Manchester; but then the joint-stock piano, and the circulating-library, and "The Lowell Offering!"

"Well, but," I contend, "where is the harm? Are music and books to be enjoyed only by the rich?"

"Oh! I don't know, these things don't seem proper for their station; really, mill-girls can have no business with pianos."

"Yes, but as their work is quite as well and as regularly done as if they could not read a page, or play a note; and as they incur no debt, and are not even accused of the least immodesty or impropriety of any kind—Sam Slick represents them as rather prudish—I do not see why they should be blamed for enjoying their tunes, or their reading, or even for contributing to a periodical. On the contrary, I think they deserve high commendation for having tastes refined enough to enable them to accomplish and delight in these things."

"But surely you do not approve of three miles and a half of factory girls with their parasols and silk stockings?"

"Indeed," I pertinaciously continue, "I see nothing in it but a very harmless display; come, we must not be too severe upon a little love of finery in our sex—perhaps it might be hot weather at Lowell, and no girl in any situation of life likes to incur the risk of a sun-burned nose."

"Well, it may be so—I don't pretend to understand these things, but it seems so odd."

That very "seems so odd" appears to be the full extent of their offending. Happily in America we "know not seems," at least we don't care about it. Well would it be for Lancashire and Yorkshire, if the same could be said of the females employed there—if a like compliment could be paid to Queen Victoria, should she visit any of her great manufacturing towns; silken must be less culpable than unwashed or tattered hose. "*Darn* my mother," Mr. Dickens, much to his surprise, heard an elderly gentleman say in America. I heard a Lancashire lady say if the mill-girls in her native town would do as much to their stockings, it would be an important improvement.

I wonder Mr. Dickens should manifest surprise that a person's mother was mentioned in any manner whatever; for the inquiries about mothers are, or used to be, incessant among the London vulgar. A stranger might at first have thought the English a very filial people, but he would soon find out all was in derision—and a very sorry symptom it is. The labouring classes here, and even many who have the virtue to be rich, always have some pet phrase; its chief recommendation being that, properly, it is inapplicable to any subject, and is therefore applied universally. At one time anything improbable was declared to be "all round my hat." The American actor, Mr. Rice, taught the English to "turn about, and wheel about, and do just so"—then there were frequent allusions to persons known as Walker and Mr. Ferguson; I forget how applied, and simultaneously with—but I protest you are laughing at me, Julia, at least;

"You smile,
I see you, profane one, all the while,"

and ask how *I* know all these things. I, whom you used to call aristocrat, and the Lady Harriet? Why, I hear and read of them, and as "I must needs report the truth," I sometimes inquire of

those whom I consider skilful in such abstrusities; and when I know the things are, and tell you of them, I need not preface them with "I am informed," or "It is said," or "Messrs. A, B, C, or D, assured me" so and so. There is humour in the popular vulgarisms of Ireland; meaning, in those of America (I need hardly tell you when I say America, I almost always mean the United States); but in England, they "*never* deviate into sense."

Mr. Dickens met some Englishmen, small farmers or publicans, travelling in the United States, surpassing Yankees in being disagreeable. And "apropos des bottes," or "bêtes" if you will, the other evening I had the misfortune to encounter Mr. W. C——: you know the man, or have heard of him. I cannot tell how he gained admittance into the circle where I met him, for he professes to despise as frivolous all wit, and the "Belles-Lettres" generally; this is because the pompous fool (and numbers resemble him in the profession and the plea for it) has not capacity to enjoy the elegances of life or literature; whether his brow or intellect be narrower, I cannot determine: I almost wished for a gentleman's privilege to—I don't know what. He answered all questions about America by detailing some paltry mishap of his own in this country; he defended—what am I saying? he pretended to justify slavery, by narrating the half-finished history of some negro groom, which was admirably inapplicable; as the mathematician said of Paradise Lost—it *proved* nothing; and when he spoke of the warlike spirit which showed itself some while back, according to him, in the United States—and how, if Americans were insulted by the British, and there should be war. "You mean, sir, I presume," interrupted Sir ——, "if war should unhappily take place, in consequence of some national misunderstanding." "Whether the war arose," said the prosy idiot, "from a national or *personal* misunderstanding"—I would hear no more—I felt quite sick—oh! why did he come to bestow his ignorance upon the people of London—of course they will be ready enough to represent him as a fair specimen of our country, which most assuredly he is not. Ever, etc.

Note.—It is proper to state that when this letter was in course of publication, the papers announced the establishment of an "Association for the aid and protection of dress-makers and milliners." As the names of many ladies of rank appear as annual subscribers of ten or twenty shillings, it is to be hoped with such means, and under such patronage, the benevolent purpose will be fully effected.

LETTER XV.

Churchyards.—Horrors of City Sepulture.—The Village Churchyards.—Flower-garden.—Cemeteries.—Kensal Green.—Mr. Morison.—Quackery.—Abney Park.—India House.—Treaties of Cession from Hindoos and other Orientals.—Worship of Juggernaut and Gates of Somnauth to be conducive to Christianity in the East.—London Citizens.—Easily distinguishable.—Speculation in their Eyes.—Quakers.—Jews.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia — Mr. Dickens somewhere tells of the churchyards looking new in America. You cannot possibly picture anything so revolting as the *old* burial-grounds of London; they are old, but most unvenerable—nature herself seems to droop and sicken in such places—if there be a few blades of grass, they are not green, but of an unhealthy yellow. Some of these places adjoin great thoroughfares, where the hum *of busy life* never ceases; some are in strange nooks and corners, as if death were ashamed of his domain, and sought to hide it; sometimes the entire surface of the churchyard or burial-ground, for there are several apart from the churches, is covered with flat or raised tombstones; they do not look like resting-places; they present nothing holy, nothing that tells of repose, no simple daisy, a tribute and emblem from early spring, grows on a child's grave; no green hillock with its mossy headstone; nothing to induce calm musing—to teach the "*city* moralist to die." The poor can render no visits of affection—all they have to give—to the graves of parent, child, wife, or husband, for they are undistinguishable in the mortal mass; indeed, the dead of all classes in many of these places are like the tyrant and slave in the poem, and

> "Glossy familiar, side by side consume."

I had not been long in London when I heard of new and beautiful burial-grounds, and in lovely situations; and in my un-English simplicity, fancied these must be national undertakings—district cemeteries,

> "Far from the busy crowd's tumultuous din,
> From noise and wrangling far, and undisturb'd
> With mirth's unholy shouts;"

quiet places, where the dead might at least be decently interred, and the old and over-crowded receptacles over-crowded no farther.

I did the English injustice; only a romantic girl (which I am not) I was told could fancy new cemeteries would be laid out, if no *profit* were to accrue; these highly-praised places are one and all commercial speculations; where the wealthy can buy vaults or grave-steads, as they can buy houses or land. The sepulture of the poor is still unamended; untaught in his youth—uncared for in his age, what matters it where or how the poor man experiences the common lot of dust to dust?

The farther you proceed from London, the less crowded and unsightly these places are, and the distant village churchyards are often such green and tranquil spots; a gray and ruined abbey by their side perhaps, itself a fitting type of decay and death; or a small clear river may flow at the churchyard's foot, while the breeze stirs the funeral yew, and blends with the water's murmur in melancholy cadence.

I was particularly impressed with the aspect of one, many miles hence, and when I was ill, and thought my bones would rest in a foreign, though not unkindred land, I had determined there I would be interred; an idle wish, some would say, as if the inanimate body were subject to skyey influences, and felt the dews and odours of rural summer, when it would sleep just as soundly in its hot city grave. Be that as it may, the wish is natural; and I never argue with your mere utilitarian, who can only argue when others feel. Thank God, I am now well.

I have visited two of these new cemeteries in different directions from London, Kensal Green and Abney Park; they are simply large flower-gardens; and some of the graves little flower-beds. One of the English poets—I believe the present laureate (Wordsworth)—describes a class of his countrymen as men

> "Who would crawl and botanize
> Upon their mother's grave."

These cemeteries can afford botanic London means of carrying this predilection into practice. I have often thought that on many of the graves in Père-la-Chaise, where is displayed very high-flown sentiment, very prettily-worded sorrow,

artificial flowers are the most appropriate—but I am to write of London, not of Paris.

There are a good many monuments in Kensal Green, and the ground is intersected with nice gravel walks, and many well-dressed parties were strolling about (principally ladies) and chatting gayly as they watched the trains rush rapidly along the Great Western Railway—what a distance one hears their clatter! It has been said, "In the midst of life we are in death;" but here the reverse seemed inculcated, for there were steam-carriages and cheerful idlers, and man's trim and careful hand everywhere, as who should say, "In the midst of death we are in life."

Greatly to my surprise, no fee was exacted as we entered; perhaps if these death-gardens become fashionable promenades, the proprietors may charge for admittance; there is plenty of precedent — why should *their* monuments be viewed gratuitously? Why should they not sell their fresh air as well as their flowery ground? I think I never told you before, that in all, I suppose in *all*, places like these, as well as in the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, etc., etc., are placed a number of painted boards containing respectful requests that the visiters will refrain from plucking the flowers, etc. How is this? Why, in so very civilized—I beg their pardon, so very polished a community, are these constant prohibitions necessary? Recollect, flower-loving but never flower-stealing, Julia, the rabble—the mere vulgar, are no frequenters of these scenes.

One of the most remarkable mausoleums, if I may use the word, in Kensal Green, is the family tomb of James Morison, the Hygeist; this was the originator of the famed Morison's Pills, a medicine that was recommended with an assurance and hardihood that commanded success and riches. If the first dose failed, the second was to be an increased quantum, and the third a farther increase, and so on adding to the dose until the illness ceased—and cease it *infallibly* would, one way or the other. I forgot how many men Mr. Morison constantly employed in the manufacture of these pills; they were, or are, in demand by this enlightened people by wagon-loads. These things always find their way across the Atlantic. In England a quack *never* fails unless he is untrue to himself, that is, if he be not sufficiently outrageous in his professions; let him promise, and persevere in promising the impossible—let him screw his courage to that point, and he'll *not* fail; the yearly sum expended in advertisements alone by some of those venders of nostrums (the value of which they assert, and truly, is unknown and incredible) must be immense.

It seemed to me very bad policy to erect a monument at all to Mr. Morison, especially in this open manner; it should have been left to the public to believe, as they will believe anything, that his pills would ensure him an age running pretty considerably into another century. Another remarkable monument is to Saint John Long, who was also an irregular practitioner, I believe that is the polite appellation, famous in his day. A third is Ducrow's, the late proprietor or manager, I don't know which, of Astley's Equestrian Amphitheatre; a theatrical structure, I mean the monument.

Abney Park is of the same character. Dr. Isaac Watts resided many years in the Manor House there, a circumstance which is commemorated in the burial-ground. I was told this Manor House of Abney Park was to be pulled down; as it is a perfect building, characteristic of a bygone age, and as Watts dwelt there with Sir Thomas Abney and his family so many years, I marvel it has been allowed to stand so long. These cemetery companies advertise their respective terms, and endeavour to show their superiority of sepulture over their rivals. "I'm told there's snug lying in the Abbey," said Sir Lucius; but these people promise far more than that, if not quite so plainly. I think London, with its boundless wealth, might at least afford a decent grave to its poor denizen, or even to its poor visiter, for it is the last trouble he can cause; as it is, he might almost as well be flung into a plague-pit, such as De Foe describes. Some of the inscriptions on the tomb-stones in these model burial-grounds appeared to me very indifferent English; but I am shy in criticising English, although an unspelling Englishman will criticise our American phrases; but one ought to be diffident in criticism, for no less an authority than Walker, of pronouncing memory, has pronounced that an Englishman, to understand his own language thoroughly, should also understand French, Latin, Greek, and—Hebrew.

I remember when we returned from Abney Park we visited the India House; it is situated in Leadenhall-street, and open to visiters at certain hours on Saturdays. Here meet the Indian governors—the British merchants, who are literally princes. We saw a collection of Eastern curiosities, the detail of which might not interest you much. Mr. Dickens states the interest he felt in viewing, at Harrisburg, the treaties between the Indians and the Whites—the poor natives not appending their sign-manual, but graphic—a sketch of the distinguishing *sobriquet* of the chief, the Great Turtle, or the War Hatchet; indeed, the contemplation of the ever-progressive change in the being and numbers of the red men is most painful; but when of late the North American Indians have agreed to the cession of territories on terms stated, they have fully understood the nature of the compact.

Had I been of the bolder sex, I might have asked them at the India House to gratify me with a sight of the treaties of cession, on terms of purchase or exchange agreed upon between English officers and Hindoo rulers. Really those who live in such a very glass island should not throw so many stones at the people of other countries. I am convinced the Hindoos are happier under the British rule than under that of their fierce, treacherous, and cowardly native princes; but the mildness or equity of the sway is no justification of the means of its attainment—the means are easily defined—a judicious mixture of force and fraud. The English say their settlements are the harbingers of civilization and Christianity throughout the East: to derive revenue from the worship of Juggernaut, and to restore the gates of Somnauth seem odd ways of introducing Christianity; but 'tis an odd people. Some one applied to England the poet's line on man:

"The riddle, jest, and glory of the world."

The world may admit the claim of England to the first two attributes, but as to its being "the glory"—tell it in Paris—and my ears ache at the mere supposition of the voluble negativeness, if there be such a word, that would ensue.

Leadenhall-street is in the eastern part of the metropolis, "the City," as it is called, London

proper, as distinguished from Westminster, Marylebone, etc. This is the headquarters of trade; here are the men of money; here the favoured worshippers and temple of Mammon.

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven."

I have heard ladies say it was easy to distinguish a city person from one of more western dwelling; they run smaller; even the tradesmen are said to differ; the citizens having less politeness, less manner, or, as they themselves, and perhaps truly, consider it, being more English; there is nothing in dress to distinguish them, except, perhaps, that the citizens are a little finer; it is their bustle, their look, their *air;* like that Horatio describes on the platform, just after midnight, "it is a nipping and an eager air." There, Julia dear, they say what is *far-fetched*, as well as dear-bought, is good for ladies, so you must be pleased with my application of Horatio's answer! This air is exactly that of —— and ——, and, most of all, of ——, in New-York.

Quakers are frequently seen in the city, but their wealth has given them carriages, horses, and pursuits at which George Fox or William Penn would groan heavy groans. The Society of Friends, it seems, were allowed privileges in England long before other dissenters from the established Church. I once asked Mr. N. why? He said they were always remarkable for their integrity and peacefulness. "Yes," said I, "but were there not the same good qualities in some other sects?" "Oh, I dare say there might, but then the Quakers were always a wealthy class." It was needless to inquire farther; the privileges were fully accounted for. How amazingly strong must be the prejudice against the Jews in this country, when even *their* wealth, with its inalienable respectability, has not yet achieved what is called their emancipation! But then we must consider that there are a great many very poor persons among the Jews, and it is so very difficult to draw the line in a legislative enactment, so as to grant that to the fitness of riches which must be denied to the sinful unsuitableness of poverty.

You think, if the English knew the strictures passed upon them by foreigners, by quick-witted Frenchmen especially, they would be surprised and hurt; "not a jot, not a jot;" they would attribute all blame to envy or malice; all praise they would consider becoming, but faint; and let a general character of an Englishman be never so true, not one would cry, "That was levelled at me." *They* smart at satire! *They* amend because of friendly rebuke! How little do you know what self-conceit *really* is. Many of their own countrymen, poets or preachers, tell them of their faults full freely, and not one becomes less a thing of the narrowness or assumption of self. The way in which children spell the first personal pronoun is the very motto of a southern Briton: "I, by itself, *I*."

Ever, etc.

LETTER XVI.

Queen's Drawing-room.—Procession.—Footmen.—A Tuft-hunter.—The Poor.—English and Roman Benevolence.—Illuminations.—Street Crowds and Badinage.—Bridges.—Banks of the Thames Eastward.—Greenwich.—Painted Hall.—Chapel.—Cost of the Embellishments dwelt upon.—So very English.—Instance of Gallantry.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—Certainly it was a gorgeous sight, and in England only could it be seen; what lines of carriages along the streets—what silver plate about the horses, and gold lace about the footmen—the coachmen with new wigs, and the policemen in their best uniforms—the crowd was in high good-humour—it pleased the queen to hold a drawing-room—the morning smiled, and all the world was gay—I saw the procession with some friends from a balcony in St. James's-street. We have sometimes thought, in New-York, that the accounts we heard of Great Britain's wealth might be exaggerated; they now appear to me under the reality. Hour after hour rolled by, and still rolled the carriages. A very few hackney vehicles were in the line, and the crowd seemed inclined to laugh at them as misplaced; and I remarked that the windows were generally up, as if they who proceeded to their queen's presence at so much a mile, or an hour, did not court the garish eye of day. We could see into most of the carriages: the ladies were beautiful, and the dresses, as far as we could observe, elegant and French, ostrich-feathers were worn, the most stately of head-dresses; jewels blazed as if the English magnates had a monopoly in diamonds, as some of the Indian Maharajahs used to have. The gentlemen wore court-suits, a bag-wig, sword, and knee-buckles being the chief variation from their ordinary costume; great numbers were in their professional garbs, and in naval or military uniforms, blue, red, and green; this diversity of dress must render the scene much more picturesque.

It is said a Persian declared that the finest gentlemen in London were those who rode behind carriages; but it is finery run mad; such colours, such gildings and fringes about them, besides long canes and powdered heads; hair-powder now is hardly worn at all, except by livery-servants; perhaps some leader of *ton* may bring it up again, if he finds himself becoming prematurely gray; I wonder if hair-powder was the fashion in Thomson's day? I think it must, or what means the epithet I have marked?

"While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light fluttering, spreads his *mealy* wings."

Nearly all the footmen were tall and young, and seemed well qualified to do nothing with admirable grace. A great many of the carriages, with their occupants, were known to Lieut. F., who was of our party. "That's my Lord ——! what fine grays! he's worth £70,000 a year, and saves more than half of it. And there's Sir John ——! he's worth £20,000" (pounds, mind, and annually); "and the next is Mr. ——, the member for ——; his election, they say, cost him £4,000," and so on. Lieut. F., I was told afterward, is "a tuft-hunter," a pursuer of the great, who are not so easily caught, men say:

"Where'er their lordships go, they never find.
Or Lico, or their shadows, lag behind."

I am not at all inclined to think this pageantry wrong, for there must be marks of respect paid to the head of every government, whether republic or monarchy; but, seeing this astonishing wealth, one cannot but wonder at the squabbles about poor-laws. One might ask the great, as was asked more than a hundred years ago,

"How dare you let one worthy man be poor?"

But the English always smile at such remarks, and say it is impossible. I am sorry for it; sorry that the judicious use of money is pronounced impossible, for it might easily be so used as

to *ensure* employment to the whole population. I have heard it argued, there always must be great poverty where there is great wealth; there was in Rome of old: and was Rome of old a Christian land? Did the Roman mythology, like the Christian revelation, command those "who are rich in this world to be ready to give, and *glad to distribute*," and those who had much "to give plenteously?" I trow not. Rome, indeed! It must be a weak argument that requires such a buttress; besides, the Cæsars did give the people bread and shows; and some shows are open to the poor here; but they may see them unfed. Don't call me cærulean. "A riddle," indeed, is England; but in such disregard of God and man is the very reverse of "a jest,' or "a glory."

I need not describe to you the form of presentation at court, as you will have learned it in full particulars from Mrs.——: in fact, she would not spare you a fold in the queen's robe, nor a sparkle in her brilliants. Sedan-chairs, which used to be so common, seem altogether disused. In the evening about nine we rode along the principal streets to see the illuminations; they are by no means general, confined, indeed, to the houses of the ministers, the principal club-houses and theatres, some of the public buildings, and the queen's tradesmen; usually a large or small star, or crown, or wreath, or the initials V. R.; sometimes a line of light runs along, tipping with bright fire the whole balcony; these illuminations are generally of gas, but some of coloured lamps; the glare is intense: the club-houses are the most resplendent:

"Sublime their starry fronts they rear."

The crowd, vehicular and pedestrian, was dense —we could only get along at a walk, and that a slow one.

Our friend, Mr. Guy, would take a stroll to observe the crowd—not that *he* considers the proper study of mankind to be man or men—but he willed to go forth—lost his handkerchief, and had his corns ground to agony; he was even told "he looked as if he would have the cholera direct, and had better go home to his mother." Mr. Guy's indignant expostulation, "I calculate, stranger, if you were to New-Orleans," was lost in the crowd; and when he shouted louder, a policeman bade him "sing under, and move on;" he was then asked "if he thought himself small beer or intermediate?" and "if he was inclined for a flare-up, and would find his own gas?" After much trouble he regained his apartments, ireful and malecontent. Some men do not know how to get along in a crowd; he should not wear such an unusual hat.

Mr. Guy complained much of his uncourteous treatment, as he narrated it, and declared the English hadn't the manners of bears—which is quite contrary to the general opinion. Were his old schoolmaster, Josiah Smart, here, he said "he might make the better end of a fortune by teaching proper English—that was a fact." I do not pretend to understand these questions any more than the gentleman interrogated; but I am told it is considered clever to propound them—an indication that the querist is a genius of a superior grade. The English are generally lively in a crowd, and little tolerant to foreigners. Mr. Guy adduced another proof how ill the English spoke English; he had an argument with Mr. ——, a fashionable coach-builder, something about a steamship, and offered to back his own opinion with a wager of 100 dollars. Mr. —— asked him "if he was ready to post the blunt?" Mr. Guy not liking to appear ignorant of the meaning, said "he would prefer it sharp;" and then it seems the conversation became entangled beyond all unravelling. I wonder if there are glossaries for the new phrases those people coin. Does it not show great ingenuity that they always keep clear of wit or sense?

On the Saturday before this drawing-room Mrs. Mortimer and I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Guy to Greenwich. Greenwich lies in the other direction to Richmond—Richmond being up the river, that is, from the sea, Greenwich down it. We embarked at Hungerford—the bridge makes no progress; it is said, "not to go back is somewhat to advance," and the completion of the bridge is perhaps expected on this principle. Waterloo Bridge is the first we pass through, and beautiful it is: the summit is flat (not the case with the other bridges), and though there are nine arches, and of massy granite, the river is spanned as by a fairy erection; the next bridge is Blackfriars, one of the older stone bridges, and when through it there is a noble view of St. Paul's to the left, rearing its lofty head above all surrounding objects, as if it sought to rise above the contagion of the city. There is no doubt that thousands of native Londoners of all classes have hardly deigned a prolonged look at St. Paul's: there stands with extended arms the statue of the Saint, and how many who have lived within sound of the very bell of the clock, hardly know there are statues, or where placed; the figure, the Cathedral, and the written word of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, are alike disregarded by countless crowds of "this highly-favoured Metropolis."

The next bridge was Southwark, which is of castiron, and spans the Thames in three grand arches. Then comes the last and greatest, the new London Bridge, of granite. All these bridges are worthy a great city, and have been raised, not out of the national means, but from the city's own revenues, or by the joint-stock speculation of individuals—such is the wealth of England! If its direction were generous, wise, and Christian, what a country this would be! Below bridge, as it is called, we passed the Custom-house, of disagreeable memory; and the Tower, of historical celebrity; and the Dock Warehouses, with their accumulated merchandise. The river is crowded with shipping, as well as the docks; enough, one might almost think, for the commerce of half the globe; but then numbers are laden with coal, from the northern ports of Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, etc., and some have as cargoes, eels—live eels, from the sluices and dykes of Holland; and stone from Scotland or Guernsey; and provisions from all parts; and choice fruits from Spain, France, and the Levant; and the richest wines, and the strongest spirits; everything, in short, for this universal mart. "Notions of all kinds," Mr. Guy said, "molasses and Dutch dolls included." The great city demands all kinds of food for its ravening maw:

"Rich dainties for the rich,
Who give the refuse to the poor full piously
When that the dogs are sated."

We pass over the Thames Tunnel; leave Deptford with its Government offices to the right, and soon are close alongside the hull of the Dreadnought, once a hundred-gun ship, and now moored in the river and fitted up as a hospital for seamen of all nations; the expense defrayed by vol-

untary subscription—a noble charity, and a fitting introduction to Greenwich Hospital. Greenwich is a place for a country to be proud of; a palace devoted to the old age of seamen, who have earned the refuge amid fire, and groans, and death. I was greatly interested, but did not testify it as Dr. Samuel Johnson tells us (in rhyme though) that he did—fancy him!

"Pleased with the spot that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth."

I once heard an English surgeon ask *what* Eliza—Eliza *who?* The dress of the old pensioners is not so removed from a naval uniform as to appear a badge of charity; we did not see so many wooden legs as I expected; but destructive naval engagements have been rare of late. Long may it be before the old complement of artificial limbs be again made up! We paid our fees, and saw through the Painted Hall. The ceilings, and the sides of the farther end of the hall, are painted with bewildering allegories, by Sir James Thornhill. William and Mary seemed enthroned in a Jupiter and Juno-like manner; along the sides of the hall, which are un-allegorized, are hung paintings of sea-fights and of naval commanders, presented by George the Fourth and others; few, it is said, are of great merit. I heard an elderly gentleman, a stranger, in the hall ungratefully express his belief that the king would be glad to get rid of numbers of them.

We then saw over the Chapel, paying again, of course: the interior is elegant; here the pensioners attend Divine worship; the man who shows it is the chapel-clerk, and when a boy, served on board Nelson's ship: the cost of each portion of the Chapel, as well as of the whole, is carefully detailed; the altar-piece, by West (St. Paul's escape from shipwreck), was worth £9000. (I am almost sure the man said £9000; perhaps if estimated by that favourite criterion here, what it would bring, a cypher or two might be struck from the amount); and the statues, by Bacon, cost so much; and the carved ceiling, and the marble floors, and the mahogany doors, so much. This is *so very English*; when an enormous outlay is told of in this country, it appears as if nothing more need be said—it cost so many thousands!—the force of eulogy can no farther go. There are between five and six thousand of these pensioners; but if I remember the numbers rightly, three thousand are out-pensioners, the others, I suppose, are in the Hospital. The institution has revenues and estates of its own; among other estates, those of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was one of the leaders of the Jacobite insurrection of 1715; his lands and halls were confiscated to Greenwich Hospital. The governor is generally some old and successful Admiral—Sir Robert Stopford, of St. Jean d'Acre fame, being the present one. There are some very old men among the inmates, some who fought with Rodney in 1780, several of Nelson's tars, and of St. Vincent's.

We walked in the Park which adjoins the Hospital—on the summit of a small hill is the Astronomical Observatory. Some of the pensioners were in the Park, with telescopes fixed so as to afford a view of St. Paul's—we could just espy it with unglassed eyes; for although the day was fine and cloudless, the metropolitan vapour was so thick as completely to veil objects when only a few miles off. I have heard of cities of fire; London is one of smoke.

On our return from the Park we somehow or *other missed Mr. Guy,* but returned without him to the inn where we had called before visiting the Hospital; and, greatly daring, ordered dinner. Mr. Guy soon joined us, odorous of tobacco, "ill-perfuming scent:" he had stopped, he said, to talk to a veteran, who had been engaged in some sea-fight in the American war, and the old worthy smoked as they spoke together! The most noticeable dish at our dinner was white-bait, a tiny fish caught in the river, and fried in quantities together: it is eaten with thin bread and butter and a little lemonjuice, and accounted a great dainty, numbers coming to this place and to Blackwall, on the other side of the Thames, to eat it: perhaps its being rather costly is one reason it is so highly praised; the white-bait tasted to me like a delicate pancake; it is certainly very palatable.

I stoutly resisted returning by an omnibus, and although it was rather a chilly evening, we re-embarked in a steamboat and landed at London Bridge, where we engaged a hackney-coach. As my lodgings were the most distant, I was alone when we reached Piccadilly. I asked the coachman his fare; he said three shillings and sixpence; his civility imboldened me to observe, as I paid him, "But they tell me you hackney-coachmen generally over-charge—how is that?" "Vy, you sees as how, marm, the fare's werry little to keep two 'osses and myself, and the coach and 'arness on; but I assures you, marm (and ve came a little vays out o'the road)—*I* never overcharges a lady!" I have not met such another instance of gallantry in London.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XVII.

Phrenology.—Anecdote.—British Museum.—Vastness.—Erudition of some of the Visiters.—National Gallery.—Royal Academy.—The Exhibition.—Portraits.—Advertisements.—Dulwich.—The Polytechnic Exhibition.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—I have received your letters, and again rejoice to learn that all is well. Perhaps our next greeting may not be through posts distantly, but face to face. Is it not Tom Coffin who declared he never could see the use of land, unless to build and refit as well as to victual and water ships? and so I cannot see the use—the great benefit of travelling and absence, which many extol so highly, except *in the return;* parting is not sweet, but bitter sorrow in my eyes. Dr. C——, who seems to have a lurking belief in phrenology, once told me that the mania for travelling was decidedly organic; some men could no more help being wanderers than could Cain; they *must* roam; he called this organ "locality," a name better adapted, I thought, for a bump of a stay-at-home quality; it is located at the corner of the eyebrows, the inner corner, and was so fully developed in Captain Cook that it gave him a perennial frown. Dr. C—— told me, moreover, that he had once a servant with this organ very large, a clever and active, but passionate man, always longing for travel and novelty; always anxious, in a double sense, for a change of *place;* this man left the doctor's service, who heard nothing of him for some time; at last he found that in a street squabble his former servant (who had been wandering in Scotland in the interim) had, by a sudden blow, caused death to a drunken fellow, whose head struck the pavement as he fell, his hat being off, and who died shortly after; the homicide was tried, convicted of manslaughter,

and sentenced to seven years' transportation; the convict heard his sentence with ill-dissembled glee—a voyage and a long one—change of scene—it seemed to matter little under what circumstances. But how fallacious are human hopes! The case was not an aggravated one, so the authorities sent the poor fellow to the hulks, instead of a distant penal colony; the confinement was so irksome that the man fretted, and fumed, and pined, until he became so ill that he would have died had not his term of confinement expired when it did—"had not that expired," said Dr. C——, "he would!" Whether all this was to be attributed to an elevation above the eyebrow, you, lady fair, can judge as well as I.

"I cannot say how the truth may be,
I but tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Dr. C—— also told me that he knew several persons who used to pronounce phrenology silly sooth, alter their opinions considerably when told their heads presented a fine development—excellent organs—both of intellect and feeling! A gentleman who had argued closely against the truth of phrenology, treating the subject skilfully as well as scientifically, might be rather startled, if complimented in reply on the prominence of the organ of "causality" (I believe it is called), which his forehead evinced, while of the possession of the quality he had just given as prominent a proof.

And so the rumour that reached me is untrue, after the manner of rumours, and Miss Julia—is still fancy-free. But what a craving girl you are—is not this a pretty passage in your letter? "Do tell me, there's a kind creature, more about London, and send newspapers, and see all you can before you leave, to lay up stores for long English talks in New-York. Give up your readings for your writings, for you've already read so much that you may give your library a respite—you were always such a *bold* reader, too." Upon my word! As I state my opinion freely of these people, I suppose you'll tell me next I am a bold letter writer. Well, I must abide it.

And of what shall this letter treat? nmmm

"Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes;"

but as you are indifferent on the subject, I will write of the first "lion" that comes into my head, whether I have seen it recently, or long ago—which shall it be—the British Museum? That will do. I have visited it a few times. It fills a large mansion in Great Russell-street, once the residence of the Dukes of Montagu, but great additions have been built to it of late. As to what it contains—it contains everything. Charles Sausse accompanied me on my first visit; he is, or was, studying ornithology, and was so full of his tales of his "accipitres" and "passeres," that I was glad to fly away from the birds. No fee is demanded as you enter, and the Museum is open three days in the week nearly the whole year. It is incumbent upon all persons to leave their parasols, umbrellas, or walking-sticks, with a proper officer before they can gain admittance: the English poke objects with them, and cannot, therefore, where there is valuable property, be allowed the uncontrolled management of these dangerous weapons; the gentlemen would strike the ancient statues to see if they were marble or only composition: many a man in these places seems to institute himself a commission of inquiry, and to think that the tombs, statuary, bas-so-relievos, bronzes, animals, and all else, should be subjected "to feeling as to sight."

The collection is *vast*; I think that is the proper word. Ancient and modern times have yielded their spoils to form it, so have barbarism and refinement—the savages of the South Sea Islands, and the sculptors of ancient Greece. Really it is something to leave the turmoil of London, and find yourself amid the relics of Ancient Egypt. I am told, and can readily believe, that these places are principally attended by visiters to the metropolis, with whom it is a sort of duty to see all they can. What cares the purse-proud Londoner for the birds of Guiana, the animals of Southern Africa, or the Elgin marbles? He finds himself nobody among them; there is nothing to sooth his self-love, and much to rebuke his ignorance, and so he feels dissatisfied, and calls a study among the remains and productions of other ages and other countries a waste of time. Some expatiate on the cost of the objects—£500 for this! £500! Ridiculous! Why five hundred people might have dined together for it, and well! You say I dwell much on this theme of selfishness; the fact is forced upon one so continually that it cannot but be continually mentioned.

The ruined cities in Guatamala do not appear to have any representatives in the British Museum, but most other places have: mummies and sphinxes are plenty, and—but I might as well copy the synopsis as attempt to tell you what I saw; indeed, I could not, for the collection is

"So various, that it seems to be
Not one, but all the world's epitome."

I have been amused with the remarks I have heard. There are Roman characters appended to a bust, M. AVRELIVS: it requires no great learning to see it is Roman, and I find it is no less a person than Marcus Antoninus, before he was emperor known as Marcus Aurelius. "Ay," said a well-dressed gentleman, putting his glass to his eye, and then removing it, that he might see more clearly, "ay, very good, very fine, there's Monsieur Aurelius." "And who *was* Monsieur Aurelius?" asked a lady with him.—"Why, why—I don't exactly remember" (that is true, at any rate, thought I, and here came a short pause); "but I believe he was somebody" (true again, and another pause); "somebody—somebody—in the French Revolution." Monsieur Aurelius! The zealots of the French Revolution often adopted classical names; but they were of republican, not imperial, Rome. I do not believe that

"Marble can
On some occasions feel as much as man,"

or assuredly a frown would have corrugated the Roman's brow at the misnomer. Some bronze vessels from Herculaneum, I saw closely observed; and then the chief spokesman of the party mused, and said, "I believe they are what people used to drink their tea and coffee out of, in the old ignorant times, before they made such fine work in china and delf." The old and ignorant times! O, much-abused antiquity! But the *fine work in China* may be admitted. Then I once heard an oracular-looking person sagely and truly say of some lava from Vesuvius, "We have no quarries of that sort in England." I was amused to see in an old "Picture of London" I sometimes look into, that in the eighth room at the Museum, "the principal productions are very valuable, consisting of minerals from Derbyshire, Siberia, and the South Seas." So

cool a classification—Derbyshire and the South Seas!

The library and reading-room are not open to visiters; but any lady or gentleman may become a reader gratuitously, by obtaining a proper recommendation to the authorities: the rooms are generally full of readers; the shelves containing the books would, they say, extend eight miles in a direct line, and those of the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, twenty miles. It is incumbent upon the author or publisher of every book in Great Britain to present a copy to the Museum library, as well as to other institutions. Some of the English critics complain that the facility of collating, of reading, and of making extracts from the books and manuscripts in this great public library, tends to the increase of book-making; people compile rather than compose; write less out of the fulness of their minds than that of these book-shelves. Mr. N., who occasionally reads here, told me, and I was glad to learn the fact, which forms the exception to the rule—glad of it, too, for the honour of *polite* letters, that the assistants in the Museum reading-rooms were uniformly civil; literature has softened and refined them. What is impossible to learning? The English admit that you very rarely find civility among the servants of public bodies; why, they never clearly explain. I know this official incivility is very disagreeable to private bodies—to simple individuals like myself, for instance.

There are always persons in the Museum making drawings or casts from the antiquities. Many of the visiters look quite bewildered; if admiration be expressed in gaping, their admiration never flags. Mercutio tells us how a soldier "swears a prayer or two," and so these spectators may yawn a panegyric. Provisions are *not* sold in the Museum, as they are in the Tower, and other public places—a grievance upon which, somewhat to my surprise, I have seen no letters in the newspapers. The Museum can no more be properly seen in a day than Rome was built in one.

The National Gallery is another of the places gratuitously open to the people every day in the week except Friday and Saturday, when only students and artists are admitted. The paintings are in separate rooms, none of which seemed to me larger than a well-sized drawing-room with us. I like this subdivision of paintings better than to view them all in a long, long gallery. The ceremony of parasol and stick delivery is gone through here as elsewhere. The collection does not oppress you with its vastness; indeed, it is pronounced still in its infancy, and certainly is a very thriving child. The paintings are chiefly of the Italian schools—Sebastiano del Piombo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Correggio, the Caracci, Titian, Claude, Guido, as well as some of the Spanish, Flemish, and English masters. There is a picture by "Both," and I heard a lady ask her esquire, "both who?" She appeared to think it the work of *both* the artists between whose paintings it was hung! If ignorance *be* bliss, there is great happiness in England.

In different rooms in the same building is annually opened the Exhibition of the works of living artists—called the Exhibition. If you pass from the National Gallery into the Exhibition, the colours of the moderns look so new and bright in comparison. The pictures are very *numerous, and of* all kinds: historical, imaginative, architectural, and portraits; sculpture also, and some medallions and models. The great majority are portraits; and busts, too, in the sculpture-room, although there are several figures and models. A great many paintings also are refused a place in the Exhibition. I cannot understand how ladies, be they ever so young and fair, I mean unmarried ladies, can allow their portraits to be in the Exhibition. I heard a gentleman say before the portrait of Miss ——, "Humph! it's one way of advertising;" this was rather a coarse remark, and perhaps the man was a cynic; but why, gentle ladies, why subject yourselves to such a remark? Why let it be even insinuated that—

"Ce vulgaire dessein vous peut monter en tête?"

Portraits should be for family affection, for the domestic gaze, and not the public eyeglass. Would *you* consent to submit to the criticism of rude and unidead spectators? Ladies should not *give their countenances* to such a fashion. The case is different as regards the portraits of public characters, as they are in some sort public property. I was surprised to see so few paintings of ordinary life or of humour. A shilling is the charge for admission, and the catalogue costs another shilling—a very necessary expense, as this is not a national property. Perhaps of all I saw, I was the most interested with Landseer's animals—one expects his dogs to jump barking out of the frames.

There are, besides these, a great many collections of paintings in and about London. One, the Dulwich Gallery, is a very interesting exhibition—rich in Murillos and Cuyps; it adjoins or forms part of an hospital and college, founded by the liberality of Alleyn, the player and contemporary of Shakspeare. I do not offer to describe paintings to you, for it requires an artist, and a clever artist, to describe them so as to interest. I know nothing more disagreeable than the jargon of light and shade, breadth and tone, keeping and chiaro oscuro, from unskilled pens.

Among a people who think so highly of themselves as the English, be sure portrait-painting is in great request, and at all costs, from a shilling to three or four hundred guineas. In very many places a case of small portraits is exhibited, with an announcement, "In this style, five shillings." This is another example of the elliptical mode of expression; it should be, "In this absence of style." I have been amused to observe how alike all the portraits are, and by no means intended for a family party; a mustached warrior with sword by his side, and a schoolboy with satchel in his hand, presenting the same unmeaning, harmless look.

Then there are the Daguerreotype portraits, taken—but you know the process—they do show so wondrous grim; these are taken principally at the Polytechnic Exhibition, in Regent-street; a place full of models, and engines, and wheels, and fountains, and galvanic batteries, and whirrings, and buzzings, and headaches. You may receive a shock from an electrical machine, and be certain of several from the crowd; and you may get into a diving bell and go down into a pool of real water (I wonder they don't advertise it as rose-water, it would be so attractive), that is, if you choose, and pay. Then there is the magic-lantern improved—a series of "dissolving views," one fading away into another until you see the coming event cast its shadow before the faint outline of its predecessor has disappeared.

In short, this institution is philosophy made easy; but it is not so easy to be philosophical in such a crush as I have experienced there: they probably call it a royal road to science—so let them call it—but the only right road to science, learning, or philosophy, is a very republican path.

I heard one youth say to his party, and one or two of the ladies with him had been babbling of chemical affinities most learnedly, "Let's cut our sticks," and they departed. Such a speech in some parts of America might be considered an invitation to "whittle;" here it is a phraseology the young gentleman adopted to intimate his desire for the exeunt of his party. Mr. N. told me the wittier persons (!) in this country improved upon the saying, and talked of "shortening their switch," "making an incision in their cane," or "amputating their timber." Lord Brougham long ago declared that "the schoolmaster was *abroad*" in England—in my opinion he is lost. *Apropos* of a lord, and such a lord. I will send you in the next parcel the very latest "Peerage and Baronetage of Great Britain" (Burke's, I believe), and in it your aristocracy-loving friend will find all the information she wishes for. It is curious to observe that in modern peerage books, though the births of the fair daughters of their "Graces" and their "Lordships" are carefully recorded, no dates are given. What *can* be the meaning of so strange an omission? Ever, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

Rain.—Advertisements on Wheels.—Puffs and Sandwiches.—Boz keeps himself very close.—Boz an Antagonist of the Pretending.—Faultlessness of Money.—Omnibuses.—Provisions for Christmas Enjoyment.—Boxing-day.—May Sports.—Streets at Night.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—It rains—not a downright honest, windy, noisy shower, but sly, persevering, and little-seen, which wets you far more thoroughly; just as a smooth, sedate, "respectable" rogue is more dangerous than a free-spoken one: an European flatterer worse than an American. I sometimes like a rainy day, that I may stay within to write to you, and feel I sacrifice nothing. Are you not gratified that I appear to address you as a *dernier ressort!* But then, if I prefer you to Saunders and Otley's library, that *is* a compliment.

To gaze out of the window is a great resource in many parts of London to ward off the attacks of the fiend *ennui*, which oddly enough assails the wealthy here more than the people of any other country, while the language has no word to express it. The variety in the form and shape of the private carriages struck my eye when I first saw the streets; some of them were quite new to me—one of the latest seems called after Lord Brougham; but look at those lumbering things, they are advertisements, advertisements on wheels, cupola or caravan shaped, drawn by one horse, and with announcements on the sides: some to inform the nobility, gentry, and public in general, that there will be a volcanic eruption or an illumination of the Castle of St. Angelo, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens (the hackney-coachmen call these places the 'Logical Gardens). One conveys a disinterested piece of advice to "reform your tailors' bills," by employing a particular tailor; another an equally disinterested hint about furniture, if you marry. Then another tailor has a revolving body on his carriage-wheels, and dressed headless figures in it, as if it were a parade of the victims of the guillotine. Then comes one which vaunts the excellence (of all things) of some wonderful man's wigs! Don't you think the old poet foresaw this? What else do these lines describe?

> "And headless figures danced before their eyes,
> While tardy flames and strange revealings roll'd
> Right through men's fullest haunts."

In addition to vehicular puffs, are puffs stationary and peripatetic—I must write learnedly, you know, when I write of national characteristics. The puffs stationary or stationery, perhaps it may be spelt either way, are delivered in the form of handbills in busy thoroughfares and at the corners of streets; the men employed give a peculiar and evidently long-practised flourish or jerk of the wrist, as they proffer the often-rejected paper. Of course ladies always decline those offers if any impudent fellow holds them forth—always in silence. I never was offered one; but then I walk little in the streets. I should not have known the nature of those documents, had I not heard Mrs. Guy complain of the annoyance: it seems Mr. Guy regularly accepts every bill presented to him (I believe there is a double meaning in my phraseology, derogatory to Mr. Guy's smartness—well, I did not mean it); but I was telling you I heard Mrs. Guy complain that sometimes Walter, for she calls him Walter, and playfully (what profanation!) Sir Walter, brought home so many recommendations of quack medicines, and cheap dining-rooms, and low-priced Chesterfields and Taglionis, that it was shameful; as if Mr. Guy looked like a man who would dine for seven pence half-penny, or seemed ill, or as if he wanted a twenty-shilling greatcoat.

By-the-way, Mrs. Mortimer told me (*entre nous*) that Mr. Guy had consulted Dr. R., her physician, to be advised of any means of smoking tobacco, which he believed essential to his health, and not retaining the unmistakeable odour on his garments. Dr. R. advised him to smoke in a bath!

The puffs peripatetic are announcements printed in large type and pasted on boards, sometimes carried on men's shoulders, sometimes two of the boards are slung on a peripatetic, one forming his waistcoat, the other the back of his coat; this Boz calls an animated sandwich. I think Mr. Dickens must be fond of sandwiches, for he calls the deck of a small steamboat a warm sandwich. We have heard that a twice-told tale is tedious; but the impression produced depends not so much (mind, this is not my own remark) on what is said as upon who says it. The other day I pointed out one of those wheeling advertisements to Lady ——, and said I thought such things strange. "O!" she remarked, in a tone no underlinings or notes of admiration can do justice to, "they are from the City." So I believe they are "Down Easters," as Mr. Dickens's friend from the brown forests of the Mississippi might call them—things of Cockney raising.

If one may judge (I ought to have made this remark before), and it is not an unfair criterion, of the predilections of the English by the bills Mrs. Guy told me her husband received, what do they indicate? That the things most likely to experience a favourable reception with the many, are quack-medicines, cheap dinners [illegible]

display is unnecessary, and low-priced coats, called after noblemen and opera-dancers, and made to ape high-priced ones. Neither books, schools, nor charities are thus recommended; and why? Perhaps any poor man, having the hardihood to tender a bill requesting a mite from the crammed pockets of an Englishman for any purpose altogether unselfish, would run great risk of being caned.

There are some not very trifling peculiarities to be observed in our New-York streets, of which I thought Mr. Dickens would have told; but he has not. "Boz keeps himself very close," said a fellow-traveller in the steamboat from Sandusky to Buffalo; "which," says Mr. Dickens, "was true enough, for I was not very well, and was lying down with a book;" and which I think in another sense was true enough, for Boz has certainly kept himself "very close" as regards any novel information about America.

I am so sorry Boz crossed the Atlantic—how I did admire his works, and so, indeed, I do still. He is in his own land the great antagonist of the pretending, the false; if he chose to adopt the monarchical "*we*," or "*us*," he might truly quote a couplet in one of Scott's dramas, applying it to himself:

> "For all of the humbug, the bite, and the buz,
> Of the make-believe world, are still forfeit to *us*."

Why did he write at all about America? The worst of it is, it cannot be forgotten; it is idle to say, "Let bygones be bygones," when they are in print. As Kathleen, who has just left the room, might exclaim, "Indeed, ma'am, and worse luck."

I cannot conceive how a man of Mr. Dickens's acuteness could to be led to think, as, from the spirit rather than the letter of his work, one must conclude he does think, that Mammon is as much a God in America as in Britain. "The golden calf they worship at Boston," says he, "is a pigmy compared with the giant effigies set up in other parts of that vast counting-house which lies beyond the Atlantic;" he might have added, and less than a *babe-pigmy* compared with that before which London bows the knee—bows the knee? It is far more than that, it is a prostration of the entire man. "Mammon" is the "Love" of the English, and to his worship in this his capital, Campbell's lines may be truly applied:

> "*Here* is the empire of his perfect bliss,
> And HERE he is a God indeed divine."

The mere possession of unused and useless money calls forth the adoration of the Englishman: I am grieved to add, too often of the Englishwoman. Even very young ladies will prefer a rich husband, be he fool or braggart, to an amiable and intelligent one with little more than a competency. How often have I heard it said, "Miss —— is a fortunate girl: she's going to be married to Mr. ——, and he is very rich, while her fortune is a small one." "Yes, but is he not a passionate, quarrelsome sot, and more than twice her age?" "All that may be, but then—thirty thousand pounds." There is nothing more to be said. Thirty thousand pounds! Mr. Buckingham gives an account of marriages in America, which shows that even he is not unhoaxable—a silly practice of our people.

The omnibuses are continually passing along this street; how they are all filled is amazing; but the very clerks and warehousemen scorn to *walk morning* and evening—they must ride to and from their snug country boxes, as they call them. Nothing shows the riches of London more than its suburbs in every direction: miles of small, neat houses, without shops or any appearance of trade; these are tenanted by persons of small, independent means, by the less wealthy tradesmen, and the clerks and assistants in the public offices, the great merchants' counting-houses, the wholesale warehouses, etc. The most formidable-looking omnibuses, which are seen in some of the streets, are those that convey persons in custody to and from the police offices and the prisons; they look like prison-carriages, the sides built up; a policeman, jailer-like, at the closed door; the light and ventilation can only be admitted through the roof, very imperfectly, in all probability; but what matters it? These conveyances are for the poor offenders; if a rich man be accused of any misdeed, he can be accommodated with a hackney-coach, and a policeman in special attendance. Magistrates, as a matter of course, express the sorrow they feel, the pain that it causes them, to see so "respectable" a man charged with any offence; "a person filling the station in life of the accused" is, I believe, the formula which prefaces the commiseration. Riches, we are told, make unto themselves wings and flee away; here they appear to make unto themselves shields as well, against which the strong lance of justice and the light shaft of ridicule are alike broken or blunted. Money is not only virtue, but intellect and grace.

I am told people may live very cheaply in London, but I do not find it to be the case. The supply of provisions of all kinds never fails. The markets where the butchers have their shops and stalls are places to which ladies cannot go, but there are occasional butchers' shops in the best streets. There is seldom much display in the provision warehouses (I mean in the windows), though some of the cheese and butter shops are handsome. The fishmongers' places, with their cool, well-watered marble slabs, always look pleasing to the eye, but they are inferior to those in New-York. The display of provisions at Christmas is wonderful: such overfed monstrosities of turkeys, geese, and chickens; the poor birds are confined and fattened perforce for the London market—"crammed" is the technical word; rabbits like little pigs, and pigs like Will Waddle, inasmuch as they look like three rolled into one. The houses of some of the poulterers and game-dealers are literally fronted with fowls; the bright or dingy bricks are covered with feathered creatures hung from roof to basement, the windows excepted.

Then such exhibitions of prize-meat! here hangs the ox that won the gold medal—here the sheep that acquired the silver one—and here the joints of various animals that gained prizes or praises, they came so fat upon the mart. Yes, there they hang, and the pursy citizen (*pursy* in any sense you will) gazes, and still turns to gaze upon them, and sighs thickly in anticipation of his smoking Christmas repast,

> "And still with every sigh he stole
> The fond enthusiast sent his soul."

I told you before why eating was so popular—so prolonged a pleasure in this country. The English may pretend as they will that they are not a selfish, sensual people—at least, that they are unconscious of it; so M. Jourdain spoke prose all his life without knowing it, but it is selfishness, and was prose, notwithstanding.

The observances of Christmas in London appear to extend little beyond dinner parties on Christmas-day. In some parts of the North, sword dances and customs peculiar to the season still linger. Yule-candles burn on Christmas-eve by stanch Protestant hearths, while the cheese is cut, being first duly crossed, and eaten with the yule-cake and frumenty; something is left of the habits of the past. In the metropolis, beyond the dinnerings and parties I have mentioned, there is hardly anything to indicate the season; to be sure the day after Christmas-day is called boxing-day, that is, people go round for their Christmas boxes (or gifts), and housekeepers are in evil humour. The day is injudiciously chosen, for the gentleman of the house may be bilious from his yesterday's carouse; a state of body or mind, or both, which the experience of one of the British essayists pronounces the most unamiable of all the moods of man; but the men of police and scavengery, parish clerks, bell-ringers, beadles, and all their tribe are on the wing for Christmas-boxes; frequent were the knocks at our hall-door, and not very brief the colloquies in the hall. I thought I could distinguish the knockings and mutterings of the box-people from other callers, that

"I knew
The voice ill-boding and the solemn sound."

I fancy their claims were not too generously allowed. Of all these parties, only they of constabular authority requested a *douçeur* from the lady on the first floor, as soon as they ascertained there was a lady; when Kathleen gave my half-crown to the officer who acted as treasurer, and who had the somewhat professional badge of a blackened eye, she told him it did not appear by any means the first Christmas-*box* which had been dealt to him.

Pity the old Christmas observances have been so abrogated: they were enjoyed alike by young and old, rich and poor, and savoured of a kindly Christian spirit; age forgot its cough, and poverty its privations; these customs caused a *neighbourly* feeling throughout the land, and therefore is it, I suppose, that they have been discontinued. I do believe that not a single Bracebridge Hall, with its true old Christmas wassail, can now be found in England.

The Whitsun gambols also seem unknown, and the May-pole sports are completely defunct. The Queen of the May exists no longer, except in poetry, ballads, or ballets; a few bare May-poles still remain, as if to mourn their unhonoured, ungarlanded condition, for they may be regarded as monuments of dead enjoyments.

I must now cease writing, to go forth and execute some of your commissions. I would walk in the streets much more frequently, for I delight to observe their ever-varying scenes, but one really cannot go any distance alone; I, at least, cannot, for I am American enough to consider the stares of strangers disagreeable (your compliment notwithstanding; you can flatter, Julia, when you please)—indeed, unbearable—so that greatly as I may be interested in the busy haunts of London, I do not care to snatch such a fearful joy.

The other night, or rather morning, for it was past one o'clock, as I returned from a party, I told the man to drive through some little-frequented streets. It was most impressive; the close gas-lights made it more so, because they showed the solitude distinctly. All was very still, and yet, though all seemed at rest, how many might those houses contain that could know no repose, or but the repose that more imbitters awakening; a mother's wearied eyes might be surprised by slumber as she watched by her dying daughter's bed, and she might dream that her child, in health and beauty unimpaired, was the pride of a brilliant assembly; the man of desperate fortunes might be the lord of visionary thousands; or the widow happy with him, lost to her forever. Adieu, etc.

LETTER XIX.

London Sights.—The Colosseum.—Panorama of London.—New Squares and Streets.—A City of Opulence.—"Distance lends Enchantment to the View."—Zoological Gardens.—Raising of a Water-rat.—Public Gardens.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I suppose no city in the world, not even in proportion to its population, can boast so many "sights," or "exhibitions," or public haunts generally, as London, and of every description. The lively have their theatres, the studious their libraries, the scientific their lectures, the serious their missionary museums, the morose their hospitals, prisons, police-offices, and criminal courts, the idlers their trifles. These varied exhibitions do not appear to "palliate dulness," for the English, unless in crowds, *are* dull, but they certainly "give time a shove." Many places where business is carried on, and which are strictly private property, rank deservedly high as "sights." The *Times* newspaper establishment, for instance; Barclay and Perkins's brewery, the site of the Globe theatre (Shakspeare's) being within their premises, to say nothing of the brewery having been Thrale's in the Boswellian days; and some of the jewellery and drapery stores.

One of the most undisappointing exhibitions is the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park. I mean the part which contains the Panorama of London, although I think many of the visiters prefer some miniature Swiss scenery which is shown there, and a Swiss cottage; but then it looks foreign, and the other is only London, and London about twenty years ago.

The Panorama is viewed from a series of galleries in the upper part of the building called the Colosseum; it occupies the whole of a large dome. You look through openings, and glasses are affixed to each, through which you can look at any object, and it is magnified, as it would be from the gallery round the cupola of St. Paul's, whence the view was taken. You walk round, and before you lies wide-extended London; the world's greatest city is immediately within your ken, with its thousands of spires and halls, its crowded river, and mighty maze of streets. The distance seemed to me admirably given; you can read the signs in the streets close to the Cathedral, and can only dimly descry the public buildings a few miles off. The artist was many years employed on his great work, and, were I an Englishwoman, I should wish it to be preserved in its present state; it would be so interesting a hundred years hence. It already shows decay; there are chinks and crevices (it sounds oddly) in the sky, and, on one of my visits, I saw a large broom protruded to sweep the heavens; no arm or hand was visible, and this dusting of the o'erhanging firmament had a startling effect. The other galleries present you London

as viewed from the higher parts of the Cathedral; in the highest of them all I felt quite giddy. I knew that it was merely painted canvass before me; I knew that I was in a show-place in the Regent's Park, admission one shilling each; but still the illusion of height was so complete that I was giddy, and had to sit down.

From the topmost gallery you ascend to the roof—I mean the veritable roof of the Colosseum—and look upon the real prospect around; it is quite bewildering. You have been so occupied in gazing on the streets and parks inside that you at first feel as if the Panorama were continued, and this was another of the phases. The fresh air, coming gratefully under your bonnet, undeceives you speedily, while you perceive that the carriages and people in the park and the adjacent streets *move*. I think it is an error in judgment to have introduced so many vehicles and pedestrians in the Panorama, for they must be necessarily motionless; the same with the boats and barges on the river. Why not have still London, sleeping London, as it is beheld in earliest morning from St. Paul's? All the reality of the picture would thus be retained, and this incongruity got rid of; the city then has no appearance of busy life, nor can the artist give it a noonday aspect by filling the scene with figures as unmoving as if they were in the petrified city of the Arabian Tales.

Even in twenty years what a change! Not a single omnibus or cabriolet is visible, but some four-horse stage-coaches, which the railways have now rendered rare. Mr. Dickens describes the coachman from Potomac Creek as a negro, very black indeed, dressed so as to faintly shadow forth an insane imitation of an English coachman! Mr. Dickens's fondness for such characters should have led him to rejoice that any imitation was offered of a being for which the next age in England may ask in vain, while our negro Jehus, progressing from insane to rational and perfect imitation, may afford to posterity a tolerable specimen of the nineteenth century coachmen of Great Britain. Washington Irving's sketch of one, I heard the Rev. Dr. —— (no mean authority) pronounce perfection.

When in the Colosseum I heard several ask, "But where's St. Paul's?" An odd inquiry, I thought, for the view could be taken from no place but St. Paul's, and a part of the outworks of the Cathedral is under the very eyes of the spectator; the question itself showed that the askers were not complete strangers to London. London has increased very much since the era of the Panorama. Old London Bridge is on the canvass, but not a vestige of it now remains; then there is a city of new squares and streets westward—Belgrave, Eaton, and others—all full of mansions that can only be inhabited by the very rich, for to pay the rent is to possess a fortune. I think the space occupied by the mansions of the rich, and the very rich alone, in and about London, must be greater than that of the greatest of our cities. The English sometimes say, "Oh, but these houses are often occupied by mere visiters to London, by people who wish to cut a dash for a time; they change their tenants continually." It may be so; but *there* are the houses, the furniture, the equipages, and these things by themselves are riches, valuable property.

There cannot be much health in the prosperity of London, or, rather, of England, or there would not be such incessant squabbling about education and poor-laws. Existed *the disposition* to amend or relieve the poor, did "I will" wait upon "I can," anything is possible to such ampleness of means. If unoffending hundreds are pining for bare subsistence—for bread, literal bread—how is it to be justified that the classes possessed of such dammed-up wealth do not cause it to flow wisely and freely over the land? If the aristocracy used their money as well in aiding as they use their tongues unprofitably in talking about the poor, in or out of Parliament, what a happy nation would England be! As it is, look into its hospitals, its prisons, its workhouses, into its suffocating courts and alleys, where, in every room, a family struggles to breathe; read official reports of its squalid manufacturers, its pallid children working hard taskwork in factories when they should be in the school or the play-ground, and then talk of its happiness. I know no right a rich man has to complain of the poverty around him, unless he has personally laboured to diminish the sum; if he have not, "the poor cat i' the adage" (whatever it be) is not a more pitiable animal. That few do so endeavour, the prevalent poverty sufficiently proves.

I cannot account for this supineness, unless by supposing an opulent Englishman would rather see his brethren want than sacrifice any of his selfish and senseless pride in his unused wealth, or abate a single luxury if he do use it; there are exceptions, no doubt, and the proverb tells us the strength of exceptions. That "property has its duties as well as its rights" is what the English are fond of saying, while they act a negative. A quibbler might assert that when the taxes upon incomes, wines, servants, and carriages are duly paid, all is accomplished; these being the *duties* to which it is admitted property is subject! You say I dwell much upon this; it is so glaring that I cannot but write of the monstrous anomaly.

The liberals here form a party. "Liberal" is a party-gathering word; they are the Whigs of old, more liberal than the Tories, it is contended, in granting popular rights, but nearly the whole aristocracy, it appears to me, "to party give up what was meant for mankind;" they hoard their thousands among themselves, or squander them in their own personal pleasures, and care less for the labouring poor of England than for the lazy poor of the Western or Eastern Indies; it is, indeed, distance that lends enchantment to *their* views of charity or munificence.

Well, from the Colosseum to the Indies is a wide digression; let me return. You can ascend to the galleries of the Panorama, if you prefer it and pay for it, in an ascending room, where you sit snugly, and are drawn up quietly by machinery; you are duly informed that you are thus saved the fatigue of so many stairs; to those who are neither lame nor weary this must be very gratifying! I always found foreigners at the Colosseum, French or Germans generally, when I have visited it; indeed, in most of the public exhibitions, but they seldom seem at home in England.

From the Colosseum we proceeded to the Zoological Gardens, which occupy a corner of the same Regent's Park. Our shillings paid, we find ourselves in a large flower-garden, amid birds, beasts, and reptiles from all parts of the world. Here you stroll around at your pleasure, and observe the bears climb up poles for bread from the visiters, or mark the restless pacings

of the panthers, or the cumbrous movements of the elephants, or the unusual gait of the giraffes. They say ladies are generally fond of watching the gambolling of the apes; there is something disgusting in it to me, it looks so like a caricature upon humanity. The animals are kept in separate cells, cages, ponds, or stables, with small enclosures adjoining them, just as suits their habits. I am always sorry for the birds of prey I see confined, they look so moped: what enjoyment of his existence can an American eagle have in such scant space? Not always, it is evident, does "the prisoned eagle die for rage," for here they are in tolerable feather, but looking dull and dismal; if they glance upward at the sun, it is despondingly: the vultures, which look like the scavengers they are, appear to brook confinement as badly.

The animals are numerous, and must be better here as regards health than in the close caravans of travelling menageries, or, as the English express it, "they must be so much more comfortable." Lions, hyenas, and wolves comfortable! Well, be it so. The giraffes interested me most of all, such original-looking creatures, with their spotted bodies and long necks, towering so above you that a feeling of littleness might come over Freeman the Giant. I was told a giraffe cropped the flowers out of a lady's bonnet on one occasion, and ladies have since been counselled to admire at respectful distance; these animals walk out when they please in a piece of ground enclosed by lofty palings; they look very tame and quiet, and do not seem to pine for their African homes. A remarkably fine rhinoceros stands in a stall alongside a huge elephant, who occasionally has the luxury of a bath in the ground attached to his abode. And there are wild boars, and wild asses, and squirrels, and dogs, and foxes, and raccoons (how I thought of Colonel Crocket!), and ichneumons, and kangaroos, and antelopes, a gazelle also (which, when the more sentimental cockneys see, they quote Moore's lines), and an elk, and many fine, lively deer.

The noise or chatter in the room where the parrots, macaws, and cockatoos are is sometimes deafening. Nature has reversed the characteristics which those scandalizing creatures, men, say prevail in humanity, for among birds, whether of song, scream, or mimicry, the males are most proficient in noise. The colours of many of the parroquets, toucans, etc., were most brightly vivid. There is in a box a boa-constrictor, swathed in flannels; one morning he was found to have broken his fast upon another and a smaller boa—to have consumed his fellow—a rare occurrence, I hope, among brutes, or even serpents—as to men, they—but we will not enter upon that question now. The gardens boast no crocodiles, the ugliest, the most hideous of created things; the Mississippi settlers would be very glad if the English zoologists would import a few free-trade cargoes of them from the shores of the river.

These grounds occupy a considerable space; and an archway is formed under the carriage-road of the park, through which you pass to their northern extremity, skirted by a muddy-looking canal, called the Regent's. A little way on the other side of this canal is a round, squab hillock, called Primrose Hill, which some have ill-naturedly styled the Cockney Parnassus. Three or four adventurous persons were at the top, indulging their organ of locality, I suppose.

On Sundays these grounds are only open to subscribers, or their orders, I believe it is; at any rate, to some privileged class; and, as there is privilege and exclusiveness, the Zoological Gardens then form a fashionable promenade, just as if the poor prisoners, like the better sort of poor people at large, showed best on Sundays! I heartily wished, as we came away, we had gardens like these in New-York. Patience—patience, "*le bon temps viendra.*"

Mr. Guy (who was not of our party) the other day puzzled, and in reaction was puzzled by, one of the attendants in the Zoological Gardens; these attendants do not show the animals, but walk about to tend them, and to see that no mischiefs are perpetrated, and that all is orderly and secure. It seems there is an animal like a very large water-rat in the collection, which I do not remember to have noticed; perhaps it was diving at the time. Mr. Guy was interested by this amphibious creature. "Where was the animal raised?" he asked the man. "He's never *raised* at all, sir," was the answer; "we always keep him down there in the water, or in his cave." "Do you mean to say he was raised in this country, then?" But here Mrs. Guy came to the rescue, and explained that her husband wished to know where was the native land, or, rather, water of the animal, and he was informed accordingly.

The names and addresses of the birds and beasts are painted on small boards, hung by each den or place of confinement. I suppose one may call the mention of "China," "New Holland," "Southern Africa," "North America," etc., etc., their *addresses*. I heard a most lovely little girl, whom her parents called by the rather unusual name of Bunny, term them so. An address is a place where the party is, or should be, at home; and in this sense, the names and addresses of the involuntary sojourners in the Gardens of Zoology may be said to be presented to the visiters.

There are also the Surrey Zoological Gardens, where, I am told, for I have not visited them, are a good many animals, and nocturnal concerts, and spectacles to boot. The Vauxhall Gardens, something like Niblo's, so well known to all readers of sixty-year-old novels, seem now no more, or showing but a suspended animation.

Then there are a great many places called Tea Gardens, where, Mr. Griffiths says, tea is never thought about, but people go thither on hot Sundays to smoke and drink beer. I notice, however, that he is often severe on the recreations of the poor; to drink beer in a garden must be as harmless as to sip Maraschino, or quaff Champagne in a club-house; that is, in my estimation—the English think otherwise.

At Kew are pleasure-grounds and a Botanical Garden open at certain hours and seasons; and you see a tall pagoda, and a place they call the Temple of Victory, and a ruined archway—a *made* ruin—but man cannot work against time; it is a patchwork place, and I was told was a favourite promenade of George III. And there are Botanical Gardens also at Chelsea, for the use of medical students; and very delightful gardens at Chiswick, where the Horticultural Society are lords and masters, while at their summer exhibitions you see the most beautiful flowers, and experience the most ardent crushes. Loddidge's nursery gardens at Hackney are very interesting: so many tropical productions blooming in Northern Europe; the palm-trees are very lofty, eighty feet, we were told, but the

houses are constructed so as to contain them. This is private property. I think we were told the pipes, used to warm the greenhouses, would extend three miles at least, if placed in a direct line. A breath of cool air when we emerged from the world of glass was very grateful—and so will a rest be to my fingers now.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XX.

Mr. W. C.—Oysters and Wickedness.—Public Statues.—There's Honour for you!—Soot usurping the Divinity that should hedge a King.—The Monument.—Modern Eastcheap.—Goldsmith's Hall.—Postoffice.—Penny-postage Boon.—Lion-hunting.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I am delighted to find (curiosity, in spite of your grave animadversions, is, I contend, sometimes its own reward), delighted to have ascertained, beyond doubt, that Mr. W. C. is an Englishman, born in Lincolnshire, and proud of being an Englishman. While in this, his native country, he allows himself to be regarded as the Rev. W. C.; he has not the "Rev." on his card—but that's his modesty! Reverend! It *is* something new; but he has precedent, all-powerful precedent, for this addition to his baptismal and sponsorial appellations; the *Rev.* W. C.! a novel distinction;

> "An' if his name be George, let's call him Peter,
> For new-made honour doth forget men's names."

I once heard the Dean of —— say, that anything ancient or modern, natural or impossible, might be illustrated or mottoed by quotations from Shakspeare; a farther evidence in proof that William Shakspeare possessed the greatest genius God ever gave to man.

Never was such a digression as from Mr. C. to Shakspeare. America has the unhappiness to be the country of Mr. C.'s adoption, as it is that of many Englishmen who could well be spared. Cooper has shown that if the English complain, as they do, that their rogues run off to America, the Americans may much more reasonably complain that *their* rogues come from England. Of course you will understand that I do not mean to attribute any moral or immoral culpability to the Rev. W. C. (*reverend!* save the mark! for I must draw a mark underneath it); the Rev. W. C. is *only* disagreeable, not disreputable. I have again had the misfortune to meet him in society, and he entertained Dr. C. with a detail, a circumstantial detail of his recent illness, which he attributed to his disgust at witnessing the wickedness of London, and to having eaten too many dozen oysters! Sam Weller traced a connexion between oysters and poverty. I have heard of some profane person recommending rum and true religion; but of illness resulting from excessive oysters or virtuous disgust, I have not heard before. Dr. C. is very quiet mannered, and in proportion to his patience was the prolixity of the narrator—not a symptom, I was afterward told, was spared the learned physician—

> "He thought he must have died, he was so bad—
> His peevish hearer almost wish'd he had."

When you hear of so many dozen oysters, remember that the English oysters are small, in accordance with the seas of the island. A well-grown American oyster would frighten a cockney.

I am always glad when I can obtain Mr. Wilderton for a cicerone, with either Mrs. Wilderton, his married daughter, Mrs. Mortimer, or his only unmarried daughter Emma. Mr. Wilderton is so quaint a humorist; but to walk he likes passing little, often pleading incipient gout to justify both to himself and his family the use of his carriage, if only for a few streets—his is that charm which is *ever* a charm, age or infirmity notwithstanding; I mean perfect good-nature. His family resemble him; and he always judges so kindly, so leniently. "Ah! well," the old gentleman will say, "we must not judge too harshly, poor John—had we been so situated we might have fallen lower." How poor is the pride of philosophy after this!

I love to walk abroad with Mr. W., for he often asks such odd questions of the passers-by; to use an English phrase, "he draws them out:" if we happen to be in one of the squares containing a statue, "whose statue is that?" is the constant query, and very rarely indeed can we learn. One morning, as we loitered in Hanover Square, he inquired of several "who that great creature was?" This is a rather colossal statue of William Pitt; and he, Mr. W., made the dirty crossing from the corner of the square a plea for not going nearer to peruse the inscription—he could not be informed; livery servants, postmen, policemen, and street-sweepers were asked in vain. One postman he recognised as the functionary who performed the double knock at his own door, and he stopped the limping official to tell him that his servant, by mistake, gave him a shilling short at Christmas, and he now begged to rectify the omission—and then he proffered the inquiry; the postman was perfect in ignorance—he knew nothing, public or private, of the statue.

"Well, but if you should have a posthumous letter for him, you would then learn his name?"

"Letter, sir! what, *him*, sir?" (but seeing Mr. Wilderton look grave), "yes, sir—certainly, sir, in that case—I—"

And, like Shylock, he would stay no farther question. Then came by a very spruce person.

"We are sure to learn now," said Mr. Wilderton; "behold the man who takes me by the nose when the gout takes me by the knuckle"—his barber.

"Statue-r, sir? Bless me, yes, sir, statue-r? Well, it's either Pitt or Fox—Fox or Pitt, one or other, sir, you *may* depend; good-morning, sir," and away went the man, sharp in razors if not in statues. And yet this statue was erected in honour of a powerful minister, and the persons we questioned must see it daily. O, rare old Sir John, though thy valour was discretion's self, full bravely didst thou moralize! "What is honour? A word." An empty name, in sooth; but here it seemed hardly that.

Mr. Wilderton says he never could learn more of the figure in Leicester Square than that it was one of the Georges; and of the one in Golden Square (Ralph Nickelby lived near), he could never learn anything; but was once told by a lamp-lighter "it was perticcler like a master-sweep, what lived near, and what had feathered his nest—unkimmon!" One circumstance may be pleaded in excuse for this ignorance; the elder among those statues look so black and grim that they may pass for anybody. Kings should not be represented as such dirty characters to a monarchical people. The king in Hamlet—a murderer and a villain—declares that "a divinity does hedge a king;" in the regal statues here,

the hedge is not divinity—but, soot; soot, the offspring of smoke, encases the statuary monarchies of England.

Mr. Wilderton once had to call at some bank in Lombard-street in the city, and Emma and I accompanied him. After putting us down in Lombard-street, he ordered his coachman to drive about while we walked, and we walked to "The Monument." It was built, I need hardly tell you, to commemorate the restoration of London after the great fire of 1666; there is a Latin inscription at the base of the noble column. Mr. Wilderton ventured to ask one or two of the passers to have the goodness to translate it for him (he took high honours at Oxford), but they looked so very glum he was obliged to desist. *They* read Latin, indeed—he must mean to insult them! I am told that part of the inscription which attributed the great fire to incendiary papists, has been erased; very probably the corporation persons never heard of pope or his couplet, which was keen enough to have induced them to remove it long ago—

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and—*lies*."

This is still called "The Monument," and until the last few years was the only one in London. We did not ascend it; the toil would be extreme, Mr. Wilderton felt sure, and it would all end in smoke. The gallery near the top of the Monument, to which the sixpenny spectators ascend, is now caged in, to prevent young women in this Christian and highly-civilized country flinging themselves over the railings. Even in their suicides these people have a selfish wish for distinction more than the French—at any rate, as much; but unobtrusive suicides are frightfully frequent.

We then walked into Eastcheap. Let no Shaksperian lover visit it now, if he do not wish a change to come o'er the spirit of his dream; the spot now more particularly pointed out in Eastcheap is a public-house where there was foul murder done awhile back. Goldsmith and Washington Irving, as well as the mighty master, have made Eastcheap familiar to us, but not *this* Eastcheap. If I remember aright, it pleased the two moderns to forget that the old Boar's Head, as well as all the region round about, was burned in that calamitous fire in 1666, and their genius makes us forget it. We did see *the site*, and had only to ask for it twice! Mr. Wilderton first asked a venerable-looking gentleman we saw get out of his carriage at what I suppose was his place of business, if he could point out to us the site of the famous Boar's Head; the gentleman did not know, and asked if it was an old inn? "Oh," said Mr. Wilderton, "I mean where Sir John Falstaff took his ease."

"Oh really, humph! I beg your pardon, but the sign of the Sir John Falstaff is—" I forget where he said: more bliss, if Gray be correct. We next asked a man who was painting a door there, and luckily he knew.

We then re-entered the carriage, and called upon a city acquaintance of Mr. Wilderton, who was to show us Goldsmiths' Hall; this is a magnificent hall, situate in a confined place behind the General Postoffice. It is the property of one of the Trade Companies of London, and I believe the richest; it might be the residence (in a better situation) of any dignitary in the world. and his dignity would not be outraged. We were shown a large room with portraits of William the Fourth and the present Queen Dowager, where the company's dinners were eaten—the most important business they appear to transact. We were told the cost of carpets and furniture in other rooms—their beauty was not mentioned, only their price; that includes, as I said before, all other excellence. What eloquence can be so panegyrical as, "It cost five hundred pounds?" Tasteful people! Of course you will not agree with what Mynheer —— said of the English, "Dey am ridch in every ding but dasde, and dasdeful mosd in deir dinners." This from a Dutchman!

There are a great many of those halls in the city belonging to different companies—Fishmongers, Drapers, Salters, Ironmongers, Stationers, etc., etc.: I could never clearly understand the purpose of these companies. They admit persons to their freedom and their livery, whatever that may mean, but their chief vocation seems to dine.

From Goldsmiths' Hall we passed through the General Postoffice. It was close upon the hour when the boxes are closed, and a farther postage must be paid; numbers were jostling each other, to get their letters posted in time. I saw two boys who bore between them a large bag filled with evening newspapers, fling it, just as the clock began to strike, into the recess where papers are received; somehow the bag became untied, and the papers rolled in unadmired disorder upon the ground. The two boy bag-bearers, without a word spoken or a gesture of defiance, began to fight, and hard honest blows they dealt each other, until the postoffice people separated them. They then gathered up the papers, handed them to the proper officer, and departed in apparent amity. From their business-like way of proceeding, this was evidently the mode the young gentlemen adopted to rectify any mishap, or adjust any little difference of sentiment.

The penny-postage is undoubtedly a great boon, liberally and handsomely accorded, to the people of the three Queendoms; it is the redeeming measure of the age. Oh! why should an aristocracy, with such possessions and such power, let this be almost a solitary measure of disinterestedness—why *only*, instead of *ever* thus? I fancy we in America might learn something from the management of the London Postoffice.

Heigho! I shall soon have finished telling you of London's sights, not that a tithe of them has been described; but really, if you carry it too far, sight-seeing, lion-hunting, becomes the most wearisome of all pursuits Let what you view be never so interesting, crowd too many sights into too little time, and you will be greatly fatigued, and not delighted at all—confounded only.

"The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite."

Pleasure soon becomes more wearisome than business, if you extravagantly follow it—it is quite unlike learning: one may not say "drink deep or taste not." Many poets show this, and as I am in rather a quoting vein, not a very unusual occurrence, perhaps, I will cite chronologically, Shakspeare, then Pope, now Cowper:

"Business is labour, and man's weakness such,
Pleasure is labour too, and tires as much;
The very sense of it forgoes its use,
By repetition pall'd;"

and to conclude with an anonymous American poet,

"Pleasure too much pursued is aye unblest,
The pleasure's sickness when it sighs for rest;"

and so do I—for my head and my fingers ache alike. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXI.

Palaces.—Twickenham.—Pope's Grotto.—Among Things that were.—Strawberry Hill.—Hampton Court Palace.—Cartoons and Paintings.—Cardinal Wolsey.—Mr. Charles Kean.—Monmouth-street.—Foreigners.—Unrazored.—Cowper.—Bazars.—Much-offending Cincinnati.—The English "Impossible."

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—"Man," says Dr. Paley, in his strong way—which written now might be called coarse—"Man is a bundle of habits;" and so I suppose is woman, for I have so habituated myself to describing to you a round of sight-seeing that I must even carry you a little farther on. You know I like to see the streets, and when I find myself under exemplary guidance—when I am satisfied no harm or insult can possibly befall me—I am courageous enough to venture where ladies seldom venture. Indeed, it is rather fashionable to affect ignorance of all places in London not considered within the varying and ill-defined fence of fashion. Russell and Bloomsbury Squares, two of the largest in London—and occupied chiefly by judges, lawyers, and professional gentlemen—are considered a proper butt for the satire of those who dwell nearer the parks—not the Regent's Park, though, for that is not of the fashion, fashionable. The Parks of London, the lungs of the metropolis, are so well known from various works, that I need not particularly describe them to you, though perhaps I may some day. I cannot follow the example of the methodical Captain Jabez R——, who, in a letter to his sister at Albany, describing an excursion he made from London to Hampton Court Palace, begins with the sun's rising—then his own—then his early breakfast—and he dwells principally on that alloy to pleasure, the tolls of the respective turnpike-gates he and his friend passed through in a gig!

And I have been to Hampton Court, next to Windsor the most interesting of the regal residences of England. The queen is certainly well palaced—Buckingham, St. James's, Kensington, Hampton Court, Claremont, Windsor, Brighton, and others, to say nothing of distant Holyrood. We proceeded to Hampton Court in an open carriage, the way we came from Richmond, through Kensington, Hammersmith, Knew, etc. We turned off short when we reached Richmond, and stopped first at Twickenham, three miles farther. Pope's Villa and Grotto are no more: a not very

"Distant age asks where the fabric stood,"

and is obligingly shown the site. It is so common a saying in England, "This is the site of so-and-so's house;" and if you inquire why the house itself was not there, the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, "Oh, the ground was wanted for something else;" and as all reverence for the holy and the classical is wanting also, down comes the house of the man of genius, and perhaps some barber cuts and curls hair for sixpence, and sells authentic bear's-grease, in its stead! We in America are accused, and not always unjustly, of giving too fine names to our towns and villages—the English seem to reserve them for the shaving-soaps and other things indispensable, as every advertiser will make affidavit, to a well-ordered toilet—no English gentleman can shave nowadays unless in Greek!

We saw the monument in Twickenham Church, which Bishop Warburton erected to Pope—it is above a side-gallery; also the spot where lies the feared and flattered of princes and nobles, a scourge of dunces, and a magnificent egotist. Some lines of the poet breathe a strain of prophecy (I have been told that the same word in Latin signifies both poet and prophet); they warn thence his countrymen; and so intimate the gradual decay and destruction of his grotto.

"Approach; but awful! lo! th' Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor
Who dare to love their country, and be poor."

As not one in ten thousand of modern Englishmen could enter the grotto if the poet's injunction were at all regarded, perhaps its demolition was a proper measure: better than its continuous desecration.

On our way to Twickenham we passed Strawberry Hill, a nondescript-looking, and therefore characteristic, house. Here Horace Walpole collected his paintings, and antiques, and furniture, and china, and nondescripts; the which he hoped, maybe, would long be retained in his mansion, his family, or his country; Apollo, or whatever classic deity he invoked,

"Heard but half his prayer,
The rest he bade the winds disperse in empty air;"

and my Lord Waldegrave dispersed the collection to all parts of the world. From Twickenham we proceeded through Bushy Park, where resides that truly Christian and charitable lady, the Queen Dowager; and we pass through a magnificent avenue of chestnut-trees, and we are soon at Hampton Court Palace. What a noble front! What noble quadrangles! There it stands—a bribe for the Eighth Harry—a prison for the First Charles! Not in its ancient state, however, for considerable editions were made to it by Sir Christopher Wren. And you may stroll at leisure along the grounds, or into the Palace, unquestioned and unobstructed. This is as it should be; and as no injury accrues to any part of the property, why close other places on the plea of apprehended mutilation?

The paintings are a long list, and a long summer's day is all too short to see them. Here are the far-famed Cartoons of Raphael. I cannot describe or criticise, only feel them—feel their tranquillizing influence, and wish to feel it and muse alone. Lord Byron gazed around him in the gallery at Florence, until he was "dazzled and drunk with beauty." Mr. Dickens, when he gazed upon that wonder of two worlds (the old as the new), the Falls of Niagara, felt his mood swayed very differently, for he tells of no mental or visual dazzlement or drunkenness, but of peace and soberness. But Hampton Court—here also are fine paintings in distemper, by Andrea Mantegna, a name unfamiliar to English ears; and speaking-looking portraits, by Titian; and proofs how Sir Peter Lely stole sleepy eyes and wrought on animated canvass. King Charles's Beauties, so they are called, are here; very beautiful they may be, and I fear their praise ends there. A lady can have little pleasure in looking upon them; but I could not help whispering to Mrs. Mortimer, that handsome as they might be, I

would say of them as Lear of Mad Tom, "Only, I do not like the fashion of their garments."

I wonder the late British sovereigns have not resided here, for here is everything to render an abode a pleasant one. It was a favourite dwelling-place with that glum person William the Third, and of his successor "great Anna," and her successor, George the First, who certainly had one of the oddest qualifications for a ruler—he spoke no English—did not understand the language of the people he was called upon to govern! To monarchise must be so very easy. I believe George the Second was the last of the sovereigns who resided here for any continuance.

The ponds are very fine, and the gold and silver fish swim to the water's edge, expecting contributions from the public, and who can refuse it to such innocent sinecurists? Then we saw the immense vine—a whole vintage in itself—the grapes are sent to her majesty's table; the gardens are extensive; and there are two short rows of trees curiously interlaced and matted together in their upper branches, so as to fling a deep gloom on the path below; this was a favourite walk, we were told, of Queen Mary—the Mary of William the Third. I apprehend she had not feeling enough to walk there musing sadly on her dethroned parent. And there is the Maze, nearly similar to that in the private garden of Mr. —— at ——; any one may purchase sixpenny-worth of puzzlement in the Maze. I would have liked well enough an attempt to overcome its difficulties, had only our party observed us, but there were others; and as the English were sure to have laughed loudly and rudely to testify the delight they experienced in a lady failing to attain the goal of this clever labyrinth, who, under such circumstances, could make the experiment? Not I—nor I am sure would you.

There were many visiters in the palace, and the wearisomeness several manifested was remarkable; their watches were consulted far more eagerly than their catalogues. Why go they if they are so easily fatigued? I suppose for the reason which induced some one to go down into a coal-pit, to *say* he had been there! It was with regret I walked on our return through the lofty gates of Hampton Court.

Cardinal Wolsey! What romance, what *poetry*, there is in his character and career! It was objected on his behalf, that

> "Man's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
> We write in water;"

and this is too often true; but his taste and munificence are written in enduring characters in this majestic structure. If the cardinal did write "I, and the king," he was veracious though impolitic, for he was the far greater man of the two. What witchery, what command, there is in genius! I have quoted you a sentence from Shakspeare, as if it were a *reality*; so, indeed, it is—a reality in its unchanging truthfulness to human nature. The cardinal's scarlet hat was among the curiosities of Strawberry Hill, and sold to Mr. Charles Kean—I forget for how many guineas. I hope he does not mean to play in it—but no, he must be above such trickery; it would attract some, and some would go to show how witty they could be on their favourite quotation of "all round my hat."

On the following day we were in a very different scene. I told you Mr. Wilderton would walk almost anywhere, or I meant to tell you so, if his carriage could be kept in view. Well, on this occasion, we got out of it a little below St. Giles's Church. St. Giles's being, I am told, the Faubourg, if I may use the word, the most resembling, but surpassing, the while, the Five Points of New-York. We walked along Monmouth-street, *the* Monmouth-street which has become proverbial for second-hand finery—

> "Where tarnished lace and ruffles black,
> And velvet coat from gallant's back,"

used no doubt to be exposed of old; but now, though there are second-hand articles of attire to redundancy; of finery, first, second, or third hand, there is none at all; dirty-looking are the garments, and keen-looking the Jews who vend them. All seemed unhealthy; but I am told some of these old-clothes people realize rather considerable fortunes in this way—health and decency are customary and every-day sacrifices to the darling deity of the English.

We strolled on until we came to a place called Seven Dials, seven streets opening out of a small seven-cornered space; of course, there are no dials, or, in all probability, it would not have been so called. I had heard and read of this place, and expected to have found it far worse; all appeared decorous enough, but I was unfavourably impressed with the manners or want of manners of the locality, from the great number of gin palaces. We walked about some of the adjacent streets, and saw swarthy-looking foreigners lounging about, or gazing from their opened windows; they *were* so rich in mustache and beard. Emma Wilderton said, when she saw so many of these unrazored persons (I wonder if they ever venture to Sheffield), she "always wished to be a fairy, and in the very witching time of night she would send a flock of hares to the sleeping and unsuspicious foreigners, each like one of Cowper's tame hares, which, he says, used to bite the hair from his temples!" The wish for fairy power is natural; but the purpose for which it was desired, and the means to be used, are odd enough!

Poor Cowper! How his poetry helped him, as it did Pope, through that long disease, his life. I believe the men of modern England—to-day's England (of course I mean the major part of them)—would as soon eat Cowper's tame pets of hares as any wild ones; and after their slow repast would merely remark upon the flavour, knowing the while that it was a Cowperian hare. One never palls on Cowper's poetry—"no crude surfeit reigns" in his pleasant pages; his blank verse is so full of matter and truth—blank only in its name; the Task is an evergreen one. In Cowper's pages the reader is never lost in sweets, like a fly in molasses (there's a simile which would gladden the understanding spirit of Mr. Walter Guy); and one cannot say so much of some very popular works.

Well, my digressiveness (I know it's a fault, and perhaps, poor human nature, like it better on that very account) is ingenious, to flee to Cowper and criticism from the Seven Dials! This part is called Soho, which appears a district name; and we walked on until we found ourselves in Soho Square, where are many music-sellers and a famed bazar, in which very many young women sell very many things; much might be said in praise thereof, but it might require Mrs. Trollope's pen to do it sufficient justice. Bazars are better adapted to the East of

the Old, than the West of the New World; at least, they do not always prosper in Cincinnati, and an unsuccessful speculator in one of those multifarious establishments has been known to take very *broad* revenge, for the United States of North America through their length and width have been misrepresented in consequence; it was bravely done, too, and with no allaying dash of woman's timidity. O much-offending Cincinnati! Hath it yet repented?

From Soho Square you may walk into long, and straight, and diversely-paved Oxford-street; we called at a place called the Pantheon, once a theatre, now a bazar, but much inferior to the one in Soho Square. There were a great many people sauntering about, and many pictures were hung up for sale, and continued to hang, being seldom sold. There are many similar places in London, but they present little to interest. In the better ones, there are as many aspirants to a stall, that may be vacant by death or removal, as there are from clergymen under similar circumstances.

In no country in the world, so wretchedly as in England, can a young woman, reared so as to be unfitted for domestic service, support herself safely or honourably; if she have not accomplishments, many and *showy* enough to obtain her the situation of a governess, I do not know what she can do to earn bread and water. The English profess to regret this, and "selon leurs règles," see no means of altering it, and so pronounce it *impossible;* they make not a single effort to amend the matter, and cry, "Impossible," "impossible!" An Englishman would pronounce it "impossible" to relieve his starving foster-mother, as he was on his way to purchase a pipe of port of some curious vintage to be bottled for the revelry of after years—"impossible!" How is it known to be "impossible?" Gas-lights and steam-vessels were at first pronounced "impossible." Nay, the establishment of Christianity itself was declared "impossible" by the misbelievers, the evil-doers, the credulous, in many gods and goddesses of old. Impossible! How English adjectives are misused!

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Washington and Jack-the-Giant-killer.—Early Rising.—A Favourite Precept.—The late Duke of Sussex.—The Lying-in-state.—The Crowd.—Their Remarks.—The Funeral.—Royalty.—Chronicle of Royal Drivings and Dinings.—Meager and unsatisfactory.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—There are very many things in London worthy of remark, and calculated to interest you, that I must pass over unnoticed, or notice as cursorily as Mr. Dickens does Mount Vernon. "We are passing Mount Vernon," says he, "where Washington lies buried." Could not the English author pay even a *passing* tribute of respect to departed greatness, and such greatness? To be sure, in his American Notes he gives us a sketch of Jack-the-Giant-killer; but Washington—the patriot, the conqueror, the lawgiver, the ruler—is not so honoured; and yet the giants *he* overcame were formidable enough—how are they named? Prejudice, Pride, Obstinacy, Oppression, Bigotry. John Bunyan's Pope and Pagan were far less fearful to his Protestant Pilgrim.

I have been induced to overcome two of my dislikes—those of rising early, and encountering a crowd. I know, I can at this distance appreciate all you will say about the advantages of early rising; and Milton's description of morn, "with charm of earliest birds," is very fine, as well as true, and so are the lines Thomson composed in his noonday bed, indignantly rebukeful of the slothful backwardness of that falsely-luxurious man, who slumbers when he should arise and enjoy

> "The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
> To meditation due, and sacred song."

I do not clearly understand how, if the hour be due to sacred song, it can be epitheted as *silent;* but let that pass. Were there early birds (that is, in Milton's sense), or sacred song in London, one might be induced to go forth to nature's matins. As it is—don't chide, I seldom rise before nine (now don't exclaim so). I admit the force of Thomson's precepts; but then, Julia, his example! Byron, also, exquisitely describes the morn, "the dewy morn"—he generally rose about two in the afternoon.

Well, I arose early to witness a spectacle that can never be witnessed in America—a royal "lying-in-state." The Duke of Sussex, the uncle of the Queen, died at Kensington Palace, and there was the ceremony to be holden—open to all persons (and without a fee!) in decent mourning—that is, not in actual grief, but in "customary suit of solemn black." The wearing of mourning for the Duke of Sussex was common throughout England by royal command; and I think, though I can hardly tell why, the English ladies look best in black. They seem to dress more tastefully in it than in colours; indeed, it is less easy, "in the sable garb of wo," to offend against good taste. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer accompanied me. We breakfasted in my apartments at half past eight, and, as the morning was fine, we walked to the Palace, a mile, perhaps, and found ourselves in a motley crowd—may I say motley? At any rate, motley was not their only wear exteriorly, for black was; but they were motley in mien and character. We faced the crowd, Mr. Mortimer said, manfully—I felt it was womanly—however, there was no retreating, and we waited with what patience we might until we could be admitted into the chamber of death.

The observations which we could not but hear in the crowd were by no means of a lugubrious character; still the crowd was what in England is called decorous. I heard one youth tell his companion that he had come up from Cambridge on purpose to see the old Duke *planted;* and the commentaries on the deceased prince's life and character were quite as free as an American crowd could have uttered. The Duke was to be buried, his own desire, at Kensal Green Cemetery, instead of the royal vault at Windsor. "O!" said the young collegian, in explanation, "he would have been a nonentity at Windsor; but at Kensal Green he'll be an important personage, a truly *great body.*" As he emphasized the last two words, there was a laugh at this gross allusion to the late prince's stature and corpulency. In America, we consider the English attached to monarchical institutions and to the royal family, and the Duke of Sussex is represented as having been popular—then why these remarks? He dared in his youth (and in his mature age also) to marry like the people,

despite the Royal Marriage Act, which George the Third, when he was accounted sane, too, caused his obsequious parliament to pass, and had endeared himself—I mean the Duke—in many respects to the people—and yet they talked thus! Jested, and made holyday! One venerable-looking man rebuked a youth near him: "Don't talk so," said he, "but pay respect to the memory of the Duke, if for nothing but his gray hairs!" "Didn't he wear a wig?" returned the lad, and the few who heard it laughed merrily! One reads in the papers that the crowd was orderly, and that no accidents occurred; but unless eye and ear witness, how little one knows of the by-play—of the real feelings of the multitude.

The police were very numerous, and barriers and stoppages were so arranged that no great confusion could ensue. The gates were opened at ten o'clock, and how tardily we advanced, Every now and then a slow movement was performed, and a gentleman near me—I could not see him—warbled on each occasion "Hey, Jim along, get along Josey," the burden of one of those unintelligible songs so beloved of very many Englishmen; for the no-meaning of such canticles is grateful to them. But "time and the hour run through the roughest day," as well as the thickest crowd, though it was more than two hours before we emerged. However, we at last found ourselves on the grand staircase, and at the top stood his late Royal Highness's Highland piper,

"All plaided and plumed in his tartan array."

He was solacing himself (for I saw it) with some colourless beverage (whisky, or water, by possibility), which a domestic poured from a decanter concealed in a recess, and which the piper drained from a wine-glass having the foot knocked off—a fine-looking Highlander he was. We then entered an antechamber, where stood two persons, described as a Burmese page and a Hanoverian jäger (how this was appropriate to the obsequies of a British prince I never learned), and then we stood in the Presence Chamber: I suppose I may call it so, for there was the coffin, and the room was hung with fluted black cloth, as were the staircase and anteroom; and waxen tapers in silver sconces diffused dim light, and royal emblazonments hung around, and a coronet rested on the coffin, which was covered with rich crimson velvet, while chief mourners, not by right of consanguinity, but of custom, sat at its head—and in the chamber of death were thus gathered the vanities of life.

All this may be to enforce upon plebeians the greatness of royalty. A prince of the blood, a peer of Great Britain, has passed away; but let it not be impressed upon men's minds that he is now nothing:

"To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey."

No. Let heraldry and gorgeousness yield their aid, and show that a prince is mighty even in death!

When we entered the palace the crowd was silent, and the sound of the slowly-moving feet on the matted flooring was solemn and strange. From the coffin-room we passed into another apartment, also hung with black, and then regained the open air, a temporary staircase having been erected from one of the palace-windows into the gardens. The air was such a relief, for within it had become rather stifling. It was stated in the papers that twenty-five thousand persons witnessed this lying-in-state.

The following day was the funeral. I saw the procession from a window in Kensington; we repaired thither too soon, and had to wait. Mr. Mortimer recognised a city acquaintance in the room, and they spoke of some approaching election. "I should have talked it over with Alderman —— yesterday," said the gentleman, "but he was detained so long disposing of persons charged with destitution." The very words, *charged with destitution*, and to be punished for it! Could not, if no other offence were imputed, some fund be charged with *restitution* to those culprits, as they are held in London, of the means of subsistence and employment? "Pray," asked Mr. Mortimer, "do you know if Mr. —— was in the House of Commons on Monday night?" "I really cannot tell," was the answer: "perhaps not; but he might, indeed, be unnoticed—might be there, and no one be the wiser for it." I fancy as much might be said of very many honourable members.

But the funeral procession—it was most pompous—plumes, robes, paraphernalia, music, royal carriages with their six horses—you will see the detail in the public prints. The crowd underneath the window where we sat were merry enough, but were quieter when the procession appeared in the street, along which it wound, though not in toilsome march, its long array.

Royalty needs many adjuncts, many adventitious aids to give it due weight, to make it appear a mighty thing—a visibly powerful thing—standing aloof and above the every-day world—above aristocracy itself; but subject, the while, to the vulgar passions and bodily sufferings, hunger and cold excepted, of the many. The simplicity of a republic prefers to appeal directly to the public mind; but royalty will rather dazzle the public eye, while its high-sounding titles fill the ear. It is surely no small testimony to the excellence of republican institutions that outward show may be dispensed with. "The stone," says Lord Bacon, "had need to be rich that is set without foil."

The very walkings, and drivings, and luncheons, and dinners of royalty must be chronicled, as if they were attributes of superior beings, or as if it were greatly daring of princes to walk, or ride, or eat. Why do not these courtly scribes go farther, and, if it be so essential to the satisfaction of the queendoms to chronicle the dinner and the guests, why not detail the dishes also? Or tell if the appetite, like the rank of royalty, soars beyond the reach of ordinary humanity? And why hear we not of the sportive raillery—the well-natured *badinage*—the flashing wit, or the eloquent discussion that, doubtless, ever render the gracefully-arranged dinner and dessert tables in royal halls scenes of intellectual repast, as of delicious viands? Why are these things kept from loving subjects? Surely the courtly chroniclers do but half their duty; telling of dinners, isolated dinners, and nothing more, save the names of the honoured guests; not a dress is described to make ladies admire—and sigh; not the composition of a single dish vouchsafed to pleasure the also sighing gourmand; and, from all that prodigality of wit, not a single witticism to enchant the sprightly; not a reflection to interest the grave. Oh, fy! fy!

I find there were booths erected to sell provisions on the line of his royal highness's funeral, and other means taken to ensure the people their

favourite enjoyments. Congratulations on the fine morning passed frequently from mouth to mouth. "Ah! you here to see the poor old duke's procession; so fortunate in the weather; so distressing if it had rained." And for what occasion gathered this crowd? What pageantry was in store? A coronation pomp? A queen's marriage? A conqueror's triumphal entry? No—an old man's funeral—the restoring earth to earth—and "so fortunate in the weather!"

We escape such anomalies in the United States. The newspapers, which in general speak respectfully of royalty, and properly so in a monarchical government, admit that there was no manifestation of grief—show occupied the place of sorrow. It was said Prince Albert manifested more sadness than any of the other attendants at the deceased prince's obsequies. I can readily believe it; his royal highness, not in his nature, but in his naturalization, is an Englishman; callousness in feeling, selfishness in affection, are not characteristic of him. I felt grave and thoughtful—I, a stranger and a republican; for I remembered a death in a far-distant land, and how it was mourned with real anguish. Grief has not yet laid its blighting hand on you, dear Julia, and long—long be its touch averted. I should bitterly lament if your bright eyes, "young Peri of the West," were to be dimmed from sleepless sadness—your spirits crushed beneath the weight of suffering; but you are too joyous a thing for these gloomy forebodings. Adieu; I long to add, "*au revoir*."

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

Slavery.—Police Station House.—Officer.—Severe and Stern to view.—Irish Oratory.—Aldermen.—Small Legislation.—Beggars.—Hospitals.—Exeter-Hall Oratory.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—I always avoid arguments upon slavery, but sometimes they are forced upon me; and those English ladies who know just the least of the matter, are the most energetic in their abolition advocacy. Why can't America emancipate her slaves as England did? is a common query, as coolly advanced as if the occurrence took place some time last century. Why, the British government, out of its enormous resources, *purchased* the freedom of the slaves; and if all America had the same desire, has she the means? Philanthropic as the English are, especially when the object is afar off, and even while their wealth is greater than their philanthropy, no one can expect that they will ever offer to pay to another country a full and fair price for their bondsmen, that slavery may be no more. Then how *is* the manumission to be accomplished? But more of this, perhaps, some other time.

And I have been engaged in such a vexatious adventure. I have been to a police station-house—I—and personally—not accused, don't fear—only interested. I dined yesterday at Dr. C.'s, and, leaving early, returned to Piccadilly about nine. I had given Kathleen leave to pay a visit to some acquaintance in the city; she had not returned, but an old Irish woman appeared as her ambassadress, had been waiting for me, and would wait until she saw me. It was some time before I could understand what had really happened.

"And shure, marm, she was not at all to blame—the cratur, because she was permiscus as well as innocent; and if the boys did fight, it wasn't the bad feelin', but the dhrink that did it; and the poor young woman, which is little to me, for sign's on it, I don't remember the name of her, and—whisper, my lady, God bless you—it's broken-hearted she is—"

"Broken-hearted! Why, what has happened?"

"Indeed, then, and she's locked down."

"Down? down where?"

"Musha, marm, she's in throuble."

"Well, but what the nature of the trouble?"

"Natur, my lady? Arrah, and it's ill-natur'd they are, and black-hearted to the boot of that, to think of sarvin' her so, and she not able to spake for the tears that choked her."

"But where is she?"

"In the station-house, my lady."

"The station-house!"

"Off of Smithfield, my lady."

It seems that before Kathleen reached the abode of her friend—who was her mother's half-brother, an elderly man—a quarrel had taken place among some visitants, and a skirmish and a broken head. "The current of the *heady* fight" had ceased to flow ere she entered the room, but an alarm of "police" was given, and the party, disliking the publicity that might be extended to their disagreement in opinion, fairly rushed forth and got clear away, broken head and all, leaving Kathleen bewildered, and waiting for explanation; her bonnet had been accidentally crushed by one of the party as he hurried out. She was about to depart, when a policeman arrived, seized Kathleen, and in spite of all her explanations, would take her to prison. "There was blood upon the floor," he said, "and murder might take place there some day." So with provident sagacity he apprehended a person perfectly innocent, to subject her to the degradation, and perhaps ruin, of imprisonment; for the poor girl might have been deprived of her situation in consequence, and flung, without a friend or a character, upon the hard world that had so wronged her—a common occurrence in London.

As the policeman and his prey, securely clutched, gained the street, they passed an apple-stall, where sat the old woman who came to me; and as Kathleen had asked her some questions, and loitered a moment to do it, in going to the scene of contest, and as not five minutes had since elapsed, time alone showed that the poor girl could not be a guilty combatant. The apple-seller stated this: the policeman listened, and then, after the manner and language of such men, said, "Both Irish—Walker! I see through the dodge—walk along with me."

The poor old woman, indignant at this injustice, consigned her fruit to some vicarial saleswoman, proceeded to the station-house, where she learned from Kathleen who she was, and it was agreed, upon consultation, that I was to be visited. The ever-smiling and obliging lady of the house was told all this before I returned, but replied *à l'Anglaise*, she made a rule never to interfere when any one she knew was in a difficulty of this sort, and she could not think (conscientious person!) of breaking a rule. For a moment I was puzzled how to proceed, but

determined to drive to Mr. N.'s, and obtain his professional assistance, taking the old woman with me: luckily, I had kept the carriage waiting. I had some difficulty in persuading my new acquaintance to be my carriage companion.

"And shure, marm, as to a rale lady's carriage, I never was in it afore; but's seen betther days, God help me! and I'll walk, yer ladyship, for I don't know how to demane myself in the carriage."

In what signification she spoke of "demeaning" herself, whether as to behaviour or humility, I do not know; perhaps we must understand it in a double sense. Unluckily, I found Mr. N. was dining at some distant tavern, for the benefit of some hospital, and the hour of his return was uncertain, so I at once ordered the surprised coachman; for I had to bid him twice, to drive to this station-house.

I thought, foolish creature, that the authorities there would regard the truth, for I could prove from the hour Kathleen left me, that only an excellent walker could have attained the locality of the fight by the time she was taken into custody; while the said fight, with its preliminary quarrelsomeness, had been of considerable duration. We stopped at a rather large house in Smithfield: before we alighted, I requested my companion to be silent unless spoken to; for she was so excitable, I feared her volubility might prejudice Kathleen. We entered a railed, barriered, and benched room, and advancing, accosted two police-officers, who sat doing nothing in very English silence; and, as they were in a sort of boxed-off recess, they could only be spoken to over a barricade. One man was fat and quiet-looking, bloated, but not unhealthily, as if his colour were attributable to much cold weather as well as hot gin; the other man was gaunt, and looked, O! the crossest of the cross, as if vinegar were his ordinary drink, or, rather, an agreeable relaxation from the greater acidity of his diet; a smile was impossible to the coarse ruggedness of his feature: like the brute the poet writes of, if he was pleased, he would growl his horrid joy. I asked if one Kathleen O'Reilly was confined there. The man so austere in ugliness, after a pause, and without ever looking up, answered, "Yes." The tone was like what a drunken man in a pet might blow out of a bassoon, only hoarser and sharper.

"Pray what is her offence?"

"Who the devil are you?" still without looking up. I gave my name and address.

"What do I care who you are? do you think I have nothing to do but sit here to answer idle questions?"

As the official man was sitting there doing nothing, I could not see the peculiar hardship of his answering questions.

"But—but is there no legal way of accomplishing her liberation for to-night? I will deposite a sum of money to ensure her appearance to-morrow. Will that do?"

"No; and I'll not answer another question."

Here he gave a stamp with a look of ferocity that might have frightened Van Amburgh, or that tiger-tamer to the Nabob. Had I seen anything like this on the stage, I should have said the part was sadly over-acted. I was utterly at a loss what next to do, and was thinking of addressing myself to the fat man, and asking *him* if I could see Kathleen, when my Hibernian attendant broke in, her rage being beyond controlment.

"Arrah, then, and the curse o' Crummell upon you, you shaved hyæna, you; is it for the likes o' you to talk that way to a lady? Is it because you are so used to spake to thieves and the likes of your ugly self, that you cannot answer a lady in her own carriage without showing you're a falsehearted blackguard, and a disgrace to the mother that rared you, God pity her and forgive her for it! What d'you sit there for, if not to say your say 'bout the pris'ners, what may all be your betthers, you unnat'ral savage! Sorrow to the tribe of yez, that eats such idle bread, and can't eat it civilly. What are you paid for? Tell me that—what are you there for? And tell the lady what she wants to know, or I'll fling my patten at the head of yez to get before the lord-mayor, and tell his honour the rights of it."

The officer listened coolly enough, and the good woman had gathered breath for another volley, and had just commenced, "Bad sessions to you!"—and how all would have ended I cannot tell, for I was at my wit's end, when Mr. N. appeared. He returned home soon after I called, was told what the business was, and followed me directly. Without preface, like one used to such scenes, he tendered bail, which the officer positively refused; he was deaf alike to Mr. N.'s expostulations and threats, and we could only leave poor Kathleen to stay all night in her horrid lodgings; luckily, I had my large cloak with me, which I left her, for there was neither bed nor couch. Mr. N. told her he would attend before the alderman on her behalf to-morrow, and we came away. Early on the following morning Kathleen was called, and briefly told the charge against her was abandoned, and she might go, and be sure not to come there again.

Thus the matter ended; for Mr. N. advised us that it was useless to proceed farther, or complain to an alderman of the misconduct of the subordinate officials; really, he was less complimentary to the aldermen than was Lord Brougham in the House of Peers, and Kathleen was imprisoned and I insulted without a remedy, or a remedy that was not to be resorted to. Happily, the poor girl was the only prisoner; no blame whatever was attributable to her, for she arrived, as Wamba recommends, "at the end of the fray," and the only one she knew of the party was her uncle, who is a sober, well-conducted man generally; but this day there had been some national festival, and then a fight.

I had the curiosity to inquire how the aldermen were qualified for the important office of magistrate in a great city, and find that a shopkeeper or merchant, whose knowledge of law may be derived from reading police reports alone, may be elected alderman, and becomes a magistrate at the moment. A very odd, if very ready way of creating a justice of peace! But then they practise principally upon the poor, and can experiment upon them until some little legal knowledge has been gained; and they are rich, and give excellent dinners, and if the scales of justice are not nicely adjusted, doubtless the literal scales in the warehouses of such

"respectable" gentlemen are, and all must be magisterially as commercially correct. The poor should not get into scrapes—and why have they the audacity to allow themselves to be charged with destitution—can't they hunger, and thirst, and suffer, and die in peace? Many of these civic dispensers of law (from the accounts in the papers) think it fitting to reason and argue with the accused, nay, even to jest with them! If merriment be proper or desirable in the police courts of the Mansion House or Guildhall, why not engage a professional jester, as of old, with proper salary and perquisites? and the gentlemen of the press might *then* have sayings quaint, apposite, or witty enough to be worth reporting. Of all things, save me from the ponderous in jocularity.

No doubt the Irish get into very many scrapes here, and often give a practical negation to a favourite quotation of their popular orator:

"Hereditary bondsmen—know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

Here, those who strike the blow are themselves deprived of freedom; properly enough, no doubt, in many instances. I could hardly induce the poor old applewoman to accept a few shillings; she hadn't earned them, she said: but she was really *Oriental* in her thanks and benedictions. I hope that in America an almost magisterial authority is never delegated or continued to such a man as I met at the station-house.

Some travellers have blamed the Americans for too great fondness for legislation. I do not mean in Congress, but in small matters; the same may be said of the English—such long speeches at vestries, and corporations, and all kinds of meetings for all manner of purposes, possible or impossible. In many book-clubs there is such a code of laws, rules, and regulations, that one is afraid of offending; happily, they are often unintelligible, and then ignorance is bliss. Even social and convivial societies, I am told, have their restrictive laws—not only the tune, but the rule must regulate the harmony of the members. Debating societies seem rare, and of no high character; rising orators now can practise sufficiently in other places; there is no difficulty in obtaining public speakers for any purpose in London, but there may not be the same facilities in obtaining attentive hearers.

Open-air preachers are or were not uncommon in the parks on Sundays; sometimes the police interfere, and sometimes not. Hawkers of songs, three yards for a penny, are frequent enough, and so are itinerant venders of any lie likely to sell. There are street beggars, but not very many—how free New-York is! London's poverty is not to be seen in the streets, nor are the habitual beggars the fit objects of charity. The Mendicity Society, as it is generally called, that is, the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, have rooted out several long-established corporations of mendicants—reformed them altogether. You remember Charles Lamb's pleasant essay, a complaint of the decay of beggars in the metropolis. The English people like to dwell upon the exposure of begging impostors, and would draw the inference that all who crave alms are similarly bad. Alas, for the sick and suffering thousands who do *not* crave alms!

During one season, I was told, the fever wards in the hospitals were insufficient for the number of patients, and the unhappy wretches might spread the infection through their close-pent neighbourhoods. There *is* a talk of new hospitals: were the deprivation told of Jamaica, how soon would London be called upon to wipe off the stigma on humanity—again would Exeter Hall resound.

"What!" an orator would exclaim, "is our benevolence to be bounded by the salt waters of ocean! Is it to be a thing of latitude and longitude! Of *degrees!* No—let it glow in the tropics—let it flourish at the poles—heat may not dissolve, nor everlasting frost congeal it; as it is of subtlest essence, let it be of all-pervading space. Owe we atonement to Jamaica? Let us now pay the debt. Owe we health, moral, physical, and religious, to the long-benighted blacks? Let us give it. In sickness let us tend them. Let blessings upon Englishmen, and redoubled blessings upon English women, be heard in the far Antilles. Let us fling not only bread, but healing medicaments upon the waters, and after many days let them be found in the Islands of the Caribbees. This is not a doctrinal question; beneficence is of no sect, of no colour. Let us give a refuge to the fevered wretch, whose parched tongue and burning eye plead for it more eloquently than words; and what we do, let us do quickly."

And why not? London can wait for help—the poor of London are used to it.

Ever, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

Behaviour in American and English Theatres.—London Audiences little Intelligent.—Opera.—Its Absurdity.—Heroine Swanlike in her Death.—Injudicious Applause.—Improvement in the Drama.—The Ballet.—A coarse Taste.—Singing.—Wild Beasts.—Private Theatricals.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I cannot conceive how any lady, excepting, of course, Mrs. Trollope, can pronounce the behaviour of the Americans in their public theatres ruder than that of the English! In an English theatre no provision is made for the superior accommodation of ladies; they do not sit, as of right, in the front row of the boxes, nor do they either of right or courtesy experience the attentions they do in an American theatre.

From the little I have seen of the theatres, I mean to speak of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, as well as of the Haymarket, which ranks as high for good acting; the audiences are very indifferent judges of power in dramatic composition, or skill in histrionic impersonation. I have known the finest touches of nature and poetry in one of Sheridan Knowles's plays pass perfectly unnoticed. The judicious few who can appreciate them may not give their pleasure publicity, for the very limited demonstration of applause would instantly be checked by the indignant audience. "Silence," they would cry. "Order!" "Shame!" Even the causticity, the point in the comedies of that very clever Douglas Jerrold, could not in several instances penetrate through the thick dulness of the audience; while an allusion to some of the vile popular vulgarisms of the day,

with an appropriate grimace to set it off, "stealing and giving odour," was sure to be rapturously greeted. It was understood, and it is so grateful to a dull people to feel they understand anything. The same with respect to acting—the exquisite by-play—the quiet, subdued expression of emotion is hardly recognised. I remember once in a very thin house seeing Farren act most admirably as well as tranquilly; no applause ensued; Mr. Wilderton offered to clap his hands once or twice, but desisted, saying, cynically, "he liked not to monopolize *all* the well-timed applause:" just after, a little man, whose name I do not remember, appeared on the stage, made faces and acted coarsely, and the commendation was loud and general. Were it not for the discriminating and often learned criticisms in the journals, daily or weekly—for, oddly enough, weekly publications are often called *journals*—the better authors and actors would have small meed of proper and judicious praise.

Of late, opera has been the most attractive in the two great theatres. Their *prima donnas*, with very few exceptions, the English admit, exquisitely as they may sing, intonate so indistinctly—it is common to hear gentlemen say, "I cannot distinguish a word she utters." Even Miss Adelaide Kemble was not free from this fault; but her tragic powers were so great that she was sure to interest, and more than interest, in spite of it. I have smiled at Mr. Wilderton's critiques on operas. "The rule in all difficulties or dilemmas," said he, "is, simply, to sing a song: when the heroine is going to be married, jilted, betrayed, executed, or excruciated, she sings, sometimes sings her song twice over; any executioners that may be in attendance blandly waiting while

> 'She plays the swan,
> And dies in music.'

Then, when a tyrant has schemed a direful murder—how he warbles! When a conspiracy is resolved upon, how harmonious the conspirators are! and often a number of gentlemen suddenly appear, although not admitted to the deliberations of the traitors, and sing the praises of this most melodious plot—most probably the only plot in the opera."

Once, at the Italian Opera, I heard Mr. Wilderton very happily, as I thought, quote Christopher Sly, of the Slys that "came in with Richard Conquerer," and will continue known while the language is known; for—but what was I going to tell you? O! Mr. Wilderton's quotation. "Pray, my dear," said Mrs. Wilderton, "how do you like it?" "'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady," was the answer: "would 'twere done."

Injudicious applause must always have been characteristic of an English audience; an admiration of, or rather relish for, what may not be stamped with genius, quaintness, or humour—what is merely *obvious:*

> "Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
> At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat."

I have been struck with the excellence of the Shaksperian performances at Drury Lane, and how wonderfully the mighty master knew when to bring even mechanical means to his aid: the knocking at the door in the murder scenes of Othello and Macbeth knocks at one's very heart. How the English public can crowd to unmeaning operas, I mean in the national theatres, and let Shakspeare be played, as is often the case, to empty benches, I cannot understand, except it be that fashion, however paltry, will carry them anywhere. It may be, also, that "true no-meaning" not "puzzles," but pleases them "more than wit."

I have heard very intelligent critics say that the drama, the tragic or classical drama, was now superior to what it had been since Otway, or at any rate, since Rowe. I think there can be no doubt upon the subject: Sheridan Knowles, Sergeant Talfourd, and Sir Lytton Bulwer being no common men—no managers' playwrights—no dramatists to order. I think, too, that many of the comedies of the day must be pronounced *far* better than those of the sentimental school, where broad grin is alternated with the small whine of sensibility—comedy of this school always seems to me so *slow*—it never "shoots folly as it flies," only as it crawls.

I need hardly describe the English actors to you, for they very generally visit America. *Apropos* of visiting America. Mrs. Richard Davis told me that one clothier in the cloth-market at Leeds said to another, "So, Lord Morpeth is going to America."

"And what is he going there for?"

"O! just for an *out-ing;*" which is the word the West Riding Yorkshiremen give to their Sunday excursions. Across the Atlantic for an *outing!*

To return to the London play-houses, and theatrical property, or, to quote Mr. Dickens, "what is facetiously called by that name," is not productive of great profit here. I was going to tell you how I had been pleased with some comedies that were so *equally* and *evenly* well performed—servants and all—this, I understand, is a great and modern improvement. I am told that in some minor theatres, where the audience are regaled with frequent fire-arms, much blue light, stamps, roars, grins, and Jack Sheppardism, fortunes are made.

The Italian Opera House is generally well filled, the boxes being rented by subscribers; the Italian Opera is so *refined* a pleasure—I suppose it is my want of refinement that causes me to prefer Othello to Otello (murder set to music)—nay, to think the acting of a scholar and a gentleman like Macready more enjoyable than the capering of any active French girl, even though she can not only stand on her toe, but whirl about on it! "The greater the fool," says Hook, "the better the dancer." I cannot describe to you what the ballet is; but I think the taste of those who delight in it is a *coarse* taste, a superficial taste also, which admires tinsel because it always glitters, and gold only sometimes; it is but an eye-pleasure; and as to delicacy—if the ballet be refinement, delicacy and refinement have little in common.

The prices of admission to the Opera House close the doors upon all but the rich. It is an exclusive place; only those in full dress, or what the checktaker pleases to consider such, can be admitted to the pit. Sometimes there are letters in the papers from gentlemen gravely complaining that they were turned back by the mere caprice of the official, as they had the authority of their tailors for contending that

they *were* in full dress—unhappy man! As her majesty's theatre is thus the resort of fashion, finery, and wealth, its amusements are of course *called* refinement; it seems to me refinement in a disease — craving, unhealthy refinement. Mamselle. Fanny Ellsler was certainly very successful in the United States; but a single dancer, graceful and confident in herself and her skill, is not a ballet. Then there was the very great charm of novelty. Jim Crow, when a novelty, was very popular in England.

The great theatres resemble ours in form, only they are larger, the Opera House the largest. Concerts are frequent among a people with whom music is a passion, when it happens to be a fashion, but who do not *feel* the eloquence of music like the Italians or Germans. I have often heard very clever musical performances, as well as pleasant singing by young ladies, pretty ones, too, and at private parties, and the conversation has hardly been interrupted, or if the lady of the house, by her own intent listening, or by her inviting the attention of her visiters to the beauty of the melody, does gain an unwilling silence, the moment the harp or piano ceases to sound the argument is resumed, and carried on until the next performance may or may not interrupt it; it

"Fills each pause the nightingale has made."

The hearty school of singing, if I may call it so —that in which Incledon, I presume, and certainly Braham, excelled—is little cared for now. This is not an age when heartiness is a recommendation.

Then there are societies, and schools, and systems to teach singing to the million, and to teach schoolmasters to sing (who, I suppose, will make schoolboys sing in reaction); what practical good all this is intended to accomplish I have not been informed. It may be contended that to know how to sing ill or well is better than to know perhaps nothing at all. Many a boy who would weary over Robinson Crusoe, and even slumber over John Gilpin, may be taught to sing passably, warblingly, to implore a man not to do as his employer bid him in felling some tree, or to detail how firmly Mr. O'More believed in the surpassing good fortune of uneven numbers! Why may not foolish little boys and girls sing to their own hearts' contentment (if to none other)? the smaller sort of birds sing most. When great skill, both in acting and singing, are found in the same person, as in Madame Vestris, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Keeley, and others, it is delightful.

The rage for wild beasts—that is for tamed, and drilled, and beaten wild beasts, stage wild beasts, inured to the smell of the lamps—seems to have abated. I cannot understand what pleasure people had in seeing lions and tigers—aliens strangely naturalized, on the stage of a theatre, when they could see as fine animals, and note them closely, in their Zoological Gardens. Is it the *absence* of the natural that is the attraction? a gaslight tiger is a rare creature certainly, and so is a horsewhipped lion. If a bear or a sloth could be taught to hum or whine "Rule Britannia," it would be a very inviting exhibition.

Did you ever hear of the remark made by a theatrical machinist, skilful in the construction of camels and elephants, when a real live elephant came out, and,

"To make them mirth, exerted all his *might*, and wreathed His lithe proboscis?"

"Do you call *that* an elephant?" said the man; "I should be ashamed of myself if I couldn't make a better." Had this professor of animals been asked "Who can work like nature?" he would have answered, "I can, *and better*."

You are not to understand by what I said of the unintelligence of an English audience that the best pieces do not succeed the best: they generally do; the people are, they must be, impressed with the power or beauty of the whole, in spite of themselves almost, though the brilliancy of minute parts may have throughout escaped them. Still, there is an art to hit the taste of an audience without much wit or humour, and some pieces have been immensely successful because they presented very old jokes in very new guise. The English hailed their old acquaintances, and thoroughly understanding the matter, as no great demand was made upon the intellect, were delighted. I must admit that the good acting forced you to laugh whether you would or no; but you soon smiled at yourself that you could be moved to smile at those antiquated absurdities, modernly and newly tricked out.

I for one pay little attention to the complaints of the dearth of histrionic excellence—the complaint is so perennial. In the days of the Kembles, alas for Garrick! was the cry—now, alas for the Kemble and the Kean, for Emery and Liston! and so will the changes be rung, until the curtain falls upon the last drama in England.

Private theatricals are sometimes the amusement of the great in their country mansions, and no nation can boast such country mansions as Great Britain. At Woburn Abbey, the Duke of Bedford's, and elsewhere, sometimes a series of tableaux has been given; an expensive amusement, from the costliness of the dresses, but rather a tiresome one, I should think, because *only* the eye is gratified. Masquerades are in no repute, and they are not suited to the genius, or rather the character, of the people, the English not liking to step out of their own dearly beloved selves even for a night. Fancy balls are an approach to a masquerade, for elegant dresses may be worn, and no farther characteristic presented. Lady Jane Grey may be passing silly; Charles the First a jovial fellow; Oliver Cromwell an admirable dancer; Benedict be really duller than a great thaw; and Mercutio worse than Benedict.

I once accepted an invitation to Mrs. K.'s to witness the performance of a few children, whom their friends indulged by allowing them to play some scenes from Richard the Third; the ambitious Gloucester was enacted by a most lovely boy, with long curly hair and intelligent eyes—his name was Rilly, and after the tragedy, to aid us, I suppose, to wipe away our tears, he gave us an excellent imitation of Punch—his elbows appearing jointless, and his voice an unstrained squeak. Costume was not historically observed, although the dresses were all of the same era—the present: a sofa stood upon the place of performance—a part of the drawing-room enclosed by folding doors, which were the cur-

'tain—and remained there throughout the play, whether the scene was the Tower or the plain of Bosworth. When Henry the Sixth was stabbed, the young gentleman who represented the meek usurper, afraid, perhaps, that he might hurt his holy head if he fell upon the floor, staggered trottingly to the sofa, kicked, and expired there. Gloucester, or rather Rilly, favoured us with a new reading, whether out of humour, or whether he thought it a judicious amendment under the circumstances, I do not know, but thus he exulted over his victim:

"What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink on the sofa? I thought it would have mounted."

Adieu—I am really tired—I can no more, be the offering ever so poor. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXV.

Southampton.—English Jocularity.—The next best Thing.—Abbeys.—Isle of Wight.—Charles the First.—Pier Dues.—Smuggling.—Portsmouth.—The Victory.—Nelson.—Jersey becoming a London Suburb.—American and English Steamers.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—I intimated, at the close of one of my letters, that it might be necessary I should visit Portsmouth, one of my solicitors accompanying me. It was arranged that Mr. N. was to do so, and, as the weather was fine, Mrs. N. would bear him company, and he would thus combine the pleasure of a few days' tour with the duties of his profession. We went by a circuitous route to Portsmouth, taking the railway to Southampton in the first instance. By some mistake or mismanagement, my place was not in the same carriage as Mr. and Mrs. N., so I was and felt alone all the seventy miles, or whatever it be, to Southampton. There was hardly any conversation: to be sure when the train stopped at the stations there was an attempt to talk, as if the passengers thought that words were expected of them, and it might be improper to adhere too rigidly to their rule of taciturnity. Is it not De la Rochefoucault who says that men never find it so hard to speak *well* as when they are ashamed of their silence? I never was more convinced of this truth than on this journey. Were a knowledge of French very general in England, how popular the maxims of the selfish and clever Frenchman would be! more so than Lord Chesterfield's Letters were. What conversation there was as we journeyed to Southampton could not much exhaust the intellect of the speakers; it was principally criticism and conjecture on the weather; and there was a repetition of what, I suppose, the English consider a joke; when, during a stoppage, water was pumped into the engine, it was said, "Ay, now they're watering the horses." Has it not been remarked that the *next best thing* to a very good pun is a very bad one? I suppose the same may be said of any witticism as well as a pun, and the English are proficients in this "next best thing."

We passed Winchester, but could see little or nothing of it. I should like to have spent a few hours there, for it is one of the not very numerous towns in England distinguished in the history of the country, along with Oxford, St. Alban's, Canterbury, Warwick, as well as the Northern towns, York, Durham, Newcastle, Carlisle, etc., etc. It was the birthplace of the weak and irresolute Henry the Third, surnamed of Winchester. His worse and weaker father John resided there, and it boasts of the bones of Saxon kings and queens, and the college founded by the famous William of Wykeham.

Southampton is a large and handsome town; and, at the head of the principal street, is a very fine, well-preserved bar. It looks, as nearly all English towns do where there are no manufactures, clean, orderly, and rich: it stands on an inlet of the sea, called Southampton Water. Had London stood here, what a view from the water! What a forest of proud spires and halls! Well, things must be as they may, and cities too, I suppose. Southampton was, I believe, the birthplace of Dr. Watts; but we were not more than an hour in it before we had to embark for Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. The steam vessel was not very full, it being too early in the year for Cockney migration to the small island. The sail was delightful: on our right was the New Forest, whence the Conqueror drove men, and women, and babes, to make room for beasts of chase, for he seems to have gone beyond Nimrod, and was a mighty hunter, *his* prey being *both* man and beast; and where his son seemed to expiate, as the age might believe, by a violent and early death, his father's sins and his own. Lord Byron was evidently proud of *his* sins and his forefathers, or, rather, proud of calling attention to them in his verses—an odd subject for pride: but he was not as other men. I find, and was rather surprised to learn it, that the English have been at the trouble of erecting a stone to mark the sitew here the red king fell, and where his inanimate body lay until it was *carted* off.

To the left, about three miles from Southampton, were the picturesque ruins of Netley Abbey. I heard a gentleman on board complain that no *use* was made of these ruins, and such like! And why not? By all means let the utilitarian English make them useful—here were stones, if piled one upon another and called an abbey, what matters it? They are but idle stones, and here is a road requiring repair; the *use* to which they might be profitably put is obvious.

Perhaps no other people, possessed of the wealth of the English, would not, long before this era, have converted many of the noble abbeys that lie ruined over the island into cathedrals or churches, or have repaired them for some purpose not foreign to their pristine character, and thus the beauty of their architecture would have been preserved, and Christianity have possessed more and grander temples; it is now, perhaps, too late, and all such ruins are very touching and beautiful. What a memento of human uncertainty it is to read how some warlike baron, who repented him of his slaughters when he could no longer slay, bequeathed a broad domain to a neighbouring abbey that his soul might know repose, masses being sung for it by the holy fathers daily, and—forever! How short an ever!

The water was perfectly smooth, and we sailed pleasantly to Ryde, the town of Cowes and the banks of the island looking beautiful from the water. And off the Isle of Wight

were moored a great many pleasure yachts, kept by wealthy gentlemen (they form a club, too) for their maritime excursions, regattas, etc.; a manly pastime, and well suited to an insular people. Some of the yachts, I was told, were magnificently fitted up, cabins like London apartments gone out to sea. We landed at the pier at Ryde. Some one, I believe Mr. N., called attention to the beauty of the water as it rippled against the pillars of the pier and the shore at Ryde. "Why, yes," said the gentleman who advocated *uses* for Netley Abbey, "but it washes no extent of business." O patience, patience, thou art indeed a difficult goddess to worship!

A thunder-storm prevented our leaving our hotel in the evening at Ryde. On the following day we rose early, and, engaging a conveyance, proceeded to Carisbrook Castle, where Charles the First was confined: it is in the interior of the island. In a few months after Charles left Carisbrook, he realized the truth of the saying, that the distance is not long from a king's prison to his grave; the castle is now one of many similar places in England "where ruin greenly dwells." The English do not yet agree, and never will, I fancy, upon the character of Charles the First: "a martyr," say some, "a blessed martyr." "A tyrant," cry others. Can they not compromise the matter, and call him a martyr-tyrant or tyrant-martyr? Assuredly he was hardly dealt with; for, if Charles Stuart deserved the scaffold, what should have been the doom of many of his predecessors? But so it is. The same might be said with even greater truth of Louis the Sixteenth. When there has been revolutionary thunder in the political atmosphere of Europe, there have been always victims, and

> "Not always on the *guilty* head
> Descends the fated flash."

America knew how to revolutionize without her hecatombs of the vanquished. She did not like Republican France,

> "Get drunk with blood to vomit crime—"

certainly the most disgusting image a poet could boldly venture upon, and, *therefore*, the fittest. We returned to Ryde just in time to embark in a small steamer for a pleasure-sail round the Isle of Wight. We passed mansions and grounds, and kept gazing upon a pretty little island, though tame and English in its prettiness; in some parts the coast was bolder, and there were caverns, and *land-slips*, as they are called, the earth giving way and falling in a mass into the water; and we came to the Needles; these are rocks standing out from the land in striking and fantastic forms at the western corner of the island, very fine and picturesque, but far less bold than the rocky coasts of Northumberland and Berwickshire; than St. Abb's Head, with its myriads of sea fowl, or the insular Bass Rock, a giant among giants, whitened with its solan geese; it once boasted a tower, which was the prison of the enthusiast Covenanters. How the howling of the winds and the dash of the waves would, to their heated imaginations during the watches of the night, sound like voices from on high; but really, I am writing of Scotland, instead of the southern extremity of the island of Great Britain.

There was a party of smart youths, evidently pleasure tourists, on board the steamer: we at first heard them, *en passant*, prate gravely of Peel, and politics, and trade, and the anti-corn-law league; their adjournments to the cabin for refreshments were frequent, and so were their reappearances on deck to breathe the fresh air, and—faugh! At last they stationed themselves about the stern, and sat there enjoying their politics, philosophy, and potations. Mr. N. told me they conversed sententiously and philosophically in their cups, and were very severe upon the Puseyites. One of them, but not altogether aloud, sang "The Sea, the Sea, the open Sea;" and when we returned to Ryde, they had to be assisted out of the vessel and along the pier. I thought they might have joined in part of a song in one of Moliere's comedies—

> "Laissons raisonner les sots
> Sur le vrai bonheur de la vie;
> Notre philosophie
> Le met parmi les pots."

Such were these tourists; but do not suppose that the English drink strong drinks more than the Americans: to be sure I have small means of judging, but I fancy one people drinks nor more nor less than the other, and both too much. The tax upon wines and spirits in England is immense in amount; but one is lost in figures when the revenues or resources of Great Britain are spoken of. There were some other gentlemen on board, with whom Mr. N. entered into conversation: one and all agreed in condemning the system of pier fees, at Dover, Southampton, Ryde, etc.; they are a ceaseless vexation; the charges are so *ill*, and the extortion so *well* regulated. The demand for pence, and the change for sixpences, spoil a lady's bag with heavy unpapered copper, and her enjoyment with the paltry and often impudent annoyance. These pier-due collectors, with the whole craving tribe of English porters, waiters, and so on, following, are like field-flies in hot weather; they inflict no great injury, but are noisome and unclean, and one is continually pestered with having to get rid of them.

Smuggling, which used to flourish in the Isle of Wight, from what I hear, is little practised now in England, except among wealthy wholesale dealers in French goods, who—it is every now and then made public—have contrived to defraud the Customs, but seem to lose no character in consequence; the matter is often compromised quietly, and the smuggler merely considered, what displeased Mr. Dickens so much with us, "smart." But, if a *poor* man or woman smuggles a few pounds of tobacco, or, in a small still manufactures a few gallons of illicit gin, the law puts on all its terrors, and heavy is the punishment; fine, imprisonment, ruin; the rich smuggler counts his gains the while. The law is not called a glorious uncertainty for nothing; the penalties on smuggling present a curious sliding scale, the heaviest penalty falling on the lightest offender. Just and generous England!

We were a few hours sailing round the island, and in the evening purchased a promenade on the pier, and walked in the neighbourhood of Ryde. On the following morning we crossed over to Portsmouth; a narrow water, as the map will show you, separating it from

the Isle of Wight. A large seaport cannot but interest, and Portsmouth is fortified too; strong bastions are erected to protect it seaward, and they bristle with cannon. I wish we had been at Portsmouth on one of the days when the Royal George was charged with so much gunpowder, and its explosion at the bottom of the sea showed perfect engineering skill. Both at Ryde and Portsmouth, indeed in London too, were chess-boards and men, and other ornamental or useful articles, made out of the timber blown from the sunken ship. I thought of Addison's Will Wimble, and how pleased he had been to have made tobacco-stoppers out of pieces of the wreck—a step certainly from the sublime to the trivial; from being familiar with the smoke and fire of death-dealing cannon to the fire and smoke of an idle pipe! There's a fine moral for you!

We engaged a boat and two men to row us round the harbour, full of ships of war—their trim cordage showing so symmetrically. We went on board the Victory—Nelson's death-ship; on the quarter-deck is a small plate, "Here Nelson fell;" and we were shown the place where the hero ("when shall such hero live again?") breathed his last, and were conducted over all parts of the vessel. It is said of Wolfe, that he,

> "Where'er he fought,
> Put so much of his heart into his act,
> That his example had a magnet's force."

And the same, I am sure, may be said of Nelson. The Victory is now used for a naval school of some kind. We went on board two other men-of-war, and drank good water from tanks where it had been fifteen months; and saw the gunners' rooms, with the deadly implements of war *ornamentally* arranged; cutlasses and pistols in glittering stars, and crowns, and V. R.'s. War without such adventitious appliances would appear too horrible to be contemplated; the grim-visaged monster must smooth his wrinkled front to be first tolerated, and then extolled.

Portsmouth harbour is simply a bay, running up between the island, Portsea, where stands Portsmouth, and the opposite continent, if I may call it continent: it is commanded by forts and guns, and we heard wonders of the dockyards adjoining it, with their steam machinery, and anchor-founding, and rope twisting (yarn-twisting too, I suppose). This was but one of the naval stations of England. What a force must they all present!

It appears that the right of impressment still exists; and in case of war, and a want of seamen, would no doubt be acted upon; of course, so hard, so unjust, and tyrannical a law, affecting directly Englishmen themselves, enslaving them, if it be but for a term, is never alluded to in Exeter Hall. "Be to their faults a little blind," says the rhyme, and the English are stone blind to the faults in the manners, laws, and ignorances that are within them and around them; at least, they very rarely offer to amend *them*.

You see more naval uniforms in the streets of Portsmouth, else they do not differ from other towns. Now as to my business in Portsmouth—

* * * * * * *

All this being satisfactorily arranged, and time not pressing, we determined to sail to Jersey, nothing less; and so we sailed, and passed the Needles, and Hurst Castle, in Dorsetshire, another of King Charles's prisons, and the Caskets, which are dangerous rocks, and the islands of Sark and Alderney—Alderney is famous for its cows, but Sark is famous for nothing that I heard of—and Guernsey, a smaller Jersey; and in due time we steam along the bold and rocky coast of Jersey. The sea was smooth enough the whole way.

Jersey is an interesting island. St. Helier's, where we landed, is the principal town. The Channel Islands have been attached to the English crown, I suppose, since the conquest, sharing not in the French annexation of Normandy, though they still preserve their Norman laws and language. They are untaxed, and crowds of envious Englishmen hasten to Guernsey and Jersey to drink brandy and wine, merely because they only cost so much, I mean so little. And the natives, I speak of Jersey, preserve their *patois*, and the peasant women their characteristic attire, and it is such a change from London. But now, so great is the metropolitan irruption, since railways and steam-vessels have made the island easily accessible, that its distinguishing peculiarities in dialect and manner may not long exist.

The Rhine is now pronounced a pleasant river for cockney airings, and one hears of the English quarters in several European cities. Moore's prophecy seems near fulfilment, that we shall soon have

> "Some Mrs. Hopkins taking tea
> And toast upon the wall of China."

How, then, can Jersey hope to escape and retain its primitiveness? No, it must be another of London's suburbs. The Channel Islanders must not have undutied spirits, wines, and tobacco to themselves. Forbid it Whitechapel and Wapping! I had no difficulty in making the natives understand my French, especially if I wished to purchase anything; understanding them was another matter. When you can throw your gaze extendedly over the island, it looks one orchard, but its cider is very bad.

Although only eighteen miles from their coast, the French were never able to make themselves masters of the Isle of Jersey; the few attempts they made were always repulsed, and when Major Pearson—but for all this see the History of England. To be sure the possession of so small an island is worth little to any country, but that is a circumstance slightly regarded in warfare; to injure is the aim, and if a bitter enemy cannot decapitate a foe, he will strive to sever a joint from his little finger rather than leave him unscathed. If Great Britain could not be invaded, Jersey could. There was a good deal of shipping in the port, and St. Helier's is a large, handsome town, but I should not like to reside in such a miniature of an island; I should feel so "cabined, cribbed, confined," and should often murmur *à la* Sterne's starling.

Jersey is very strongly fortified, and I was told at an astonishingly great outlay, that is, for any country but England. Fruit is cheap and plentiful in the isle; the mildness of its comparatively southern clime permitting grapes and figs to ripen in the open air, but not well.

was told. I was informed, also, that a capitalist was attempting the manufacture of wines there, and with some probability of success. Cheap French reprints of modern English works are common, but the copy-right law very properly forbids their introduction into England, even as private individual property.

It was rough weather as we returned, and I remained below all the rocking, that is, water-rocking voyage. Those Channel steamers, as well as those which sail to France, Belgium, etc., are much inferior to ours; indeed, any transatlantic traveller must admit ours are *palaces* in comparison; here are no spacious saloons, nor, indeed, spaciousness of any kind. I suppose one reason is, that the American steamers are built for river, and not sea navigation. I wish there were not so many accidents in the West, that those Mississippi navigators were less reckless; but they have such a wild, headlong love of danger; such as the poet rather praises; for if there be

> "No lure, except the danger known,
> The danger's self is lure alone."

I might with great ease, though no great wit, tell, after the manner of Boz, of "surgical plasters spread on inaccessible shelves" in this Jersey boat, and so forth. Boz was singularly unlucky in steamers. The berths *shelved* to the water ever and anon as the vessel dipped, for the English Channel is a vile chopping sea, and though the waves have not the prolonged roll of those in the broad Atlantic, they are quite as disagreeable and *sickening*. We landed at Southampton, and thence railwayed to London. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXVI.

The Duke.—Lablache.—Extremes meet.—St. James's Park.—Duke of York's Column.—Hyde Park.—Achilles.—Fame and its Moral.—Kensington Gardens.—Regent's Park.—"Dagger of Lath."—Flute-playing.—Coleridge.—Opium-eating.—Mrs. Dwyer.

London, ——, 1843.

Yesterday, dearest Julia, was I your grateful debtor for letters and compliments. *You* are no votary of the "not to admire" school, which I think, with great deference to the poet, neither makes nor keeps men happy; indeed, I suppose the writers who advocate non-admiring do it to draw admiration to their statements. Men, far more than women, in my opinion, have strong cravings for this food for their vanity; the merest dullard seeks to be admired were it only for his dulness, which he considers becoming gravity. Even Matthias Doow used to be pleased when called "miser," it indicated the English virtue, wealth; and when he was told, though in very undignified prose,

> "That never yet with shilling could he part,
> But when it left his hand it struck his heart,"

he felt flattered.

And I am compelled to stay here a while longer. Sancho Panza was right in declaring that he was a great man who first invented sleep; but "be *his* tomb as lead to lead" who first invented the law's delay—a lady's malison is written. The reason why I *must* remain longer is * * * *

I have just returned from walking with Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer and Emma Wilderton in St. James's Park—my love of walking renders my "job" more a sinecure than it might be—and we saw the Duke on horseback; men pointed to him, and looked after him; and, at a little distance, we saw some one else who was an object of remark, and when we had walked forward found it was Lablache, the famous and wonderfully fine bass singer. Emma told me her father often hummed when he saw him,

> "And if right I can judge by the size of his calf,
> He may weigh about twenty-two stone and a half."

Another gentleman was with him, I was told his son; and this bulky hero of the opera divided the regards of the lieges, at any rate their observances, with the hero of Waterloo! Extremes meet more frequently in England than in other countries.

I said in one of my letters that the English were little tolerant of foreigners: I should have said the lower classes were so—the London crowd. But I was making the original remark that extremes meet, perhaps, in no place more than the parks. Here strolls the listless epicure, to exercise himself gently into appetite; and there sits a man in every mental quality his superior, and *he* also is cogitating about dinner, but it is how to obtain one. "O! he dines pretty regularly in the parks," is a remark I have heard made to intimate the contempt, the disgust the English feel at hungry, dinnerless poverty; whether the poverty be the child of misfortune or crime does not at all affect the feeling. If not in rags, the worse.

On fine Sundays, in the season especially, so many are the carriages of every hue and form in the parks, that one might conclude coach building was the principal trade in London. Fortunately for the people, the parks are royal property, and may not be built over; besides, the aristocracy want them: they are all delightful places; St. James's the most so, I think, with its ponds and aquatic fowl, and its views of Buckingham Palace, which does not look so very palacelike after all, but then it cost hundreds of thousands, which is highly satisfactory; and it has peeps of the towers of Westminster Abbey, and a round, lofty, but not *very* lofty pillar, called the Duke of York's Column, surmounting a sweep of steps, up which you can emerge from the park into Carlton Gardens and Waterloo Place. A figure of the prince crowns the column; it may be ascended in the same way and terms as the Monument, but it has not yet been used for suicidal purposes. Really, it is frightful to speak of such a thing with levity, but it is another proof how extremes meet. I was told that a simple French Canadian, who, when he was in the park for the first time, and saw his royal highness's figure in its proud eminence, asked if that was the statute of St. James, to whom the park was dedicated!

On the Westminster side of the park are two large ornamental pieces of ordnance, curious and well enclosed, that the English may not touch and scratch them; and you can walk to Whitehall through the Horse Guards, where two equestrian sentinels occupy separate archways in a most approved and statuelike manner. Here stood the old Palace of Whitehall. Marlborough House, the town residence of the queen dowager—originally built by the govern-

ment for the victor of Blenheim, I can't call him the *hero*—adjoins this park, but in the Pall Mall direction (you must read my letters according to *the plan* you have), and so does the Palace of St. James, which in truth looks more like what it was originally—a lazar-house—than a queen's dwelling-place, but it is now only used for state purposes—drawing-rooms, and so forth. The dingy brick street-front, with its old clock, occupies the corner of the angle formed by Pall Mall and St. James's-street; both very fine streets, club-houses costing their many thousands in each.

You walk up St. James's-street from the Palace, and at the top is Piccadilly; turn to the left, walk forward, and you pass Miss Burdett Coutts's, Lord Ashburton's, the Duke of Cambridge's, and many other splendid mansions, the Green Park (an enclosed portion of St. James's Park) being on the opposite side of the street, to the left as we advance towards Hyde Park. The last house in Piccadilly is Apsley House, where dwells the Duke; the windows at one time were barricaded, that the mob might not break them. Immediately beyond is the fine entrance into Hyde Park, almost opposite to which is a colossal statue of Achilles on a stone pedestal. The figure was cast from cannon captured in the duke's various victories, and caused to be erected to his honour by his admiring countrywomen. Nearly in a direct line with the statue, but on the opposite side of the road from Piccadilly, is St. George's Hospital. Were this a military hospital, its site were most appropriate—here stands the statue, a tribute to the glory of a great conqueror, and there the hospital, that glory's moral!

Achilles certainly looks very wild and truculent, like a man who could drag a slain foeman at his chariot-wheels—almost as bad, though many think differently, as to send a living one to die an imprisoned exile on a distant rock. Mr. N. told me that a very matter-of-fact young Quaker, who came to town from Yorkshire on some law business (his errand was a pitiable one if he were *personally* concerned in the law), was sometime ago with him in Hyde Park. Mr. N. pointed out this statue of Achilles, cast from weapons of whose destructiveness Achilles, in his most sanguinary moods, could not so much as dream.

"Dost thou think, friend John," asked the Quaker, "that this Achilles really existed in the flesh?"

"Why, I don't know," replied Mr. N.: "there may be no legal proof of it; but we have the authority of a writer of repute, one Homer, that there was an Achilles."

"Was he confined?"

"Who—Homer! Very much so in his circumstances, if all tales be true."

"Nay, but I spake of Achilles; and liking not to say anything disrespectful of the man's character, I so expressed myself. I mean to say, was he allowed to be at large, and accounted sane?"

There's another moral on fame for you—was he accounted sane!

A fine carriage-road, and footpaths well fenced off, lead you up the park to the top of Oxford-street. To the right is Park Lane, with the Marquis of Londonderry's house, and the Marquis of Westminster's picture-gallery seen in the opening, and the large mansion the very wealthy and eccentric Earl Dudley built, and numbers of others. I have had no little enjoyment in the parks with an intelligent cicerone.

"There, look at that graceful lady—*her* name will be long remembered."

"That young lady in the carriage and pair—why, who can she be?"

"The sole daughter of the noble bard's house and heart, Ada, countess of Lovelace. And that pleasant-looking (he's not tall, you see) recommendation-letter-faced gentleman (one must coin a compound epithet for such a man) is Thomas Moore. And that old gentleman, upon whom ladies smile in a way no younger man can hope for, is Rogers; you will not readily forget his countenance; *his* use of wealth is a good example to the rich, very badly followed. And here comes one of Peninsular fame—that old gentleman who has numbered more than *four*-score years and ten—Lord Lynedoch. And that soldierlike man, without an arm, is another hero of the same campaigns—Sir Henry Hardinge. And, lo, a third, whose air is as the former, and whose loss of limb art has wonderfully well concealed, the Marquis of Anglesea."

At the western extremity of Hyde Park are Kensington Gardens, which are open to the public—a delightful promenade, and possessing that attraction so grateful to the dweller in a great city, fine trees. Here in the mornings are ladies with their books, and gentlemen with their eye-glasses and sillinesses. The English, of all people, have least the gift to see themselves as others see them. The poets and essayists who have told them plain truths of the national character are considered satirists, and the Englishman continues to believe, and to believe firmly, that he is liberal, humane, and wise!

I ought to have told you, that to whatever public exhibition you go in London, you must have a guide-book or catalogue. This looks like a tacit admission, a presumption, at any rate, that the English know nothing beforehand, and must be informed upon any topic at the spur of the moment—ignorance is accounted the rule, intelligence the exception. In a very nice little guide-book, distinguished generally by excellent taste, is mention of Kensington Gardens, Knightsbridge, etc.

"This," says the author, "is the spot of all others to see the finest women in the world (as English women are), as well as horses in great numbers, and in the greatest perfection."

English women, as well as horses! How the English *man* peeps out! Another line amused me, it is so English: in describing a day's excursion to Greenwich—"Go over Blackheath," says the author, "through Lee to Eltham; see the ruins of the old palace, now a barn," etc., etc.

Now a barn! O bravely done, wealthiest monarchy in the world! Eltham, where the Third Edward, with all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of chivalry, feasted his prisoner-guest—King John of France—*now a barn!* Well, palaces are not in America, so we cannot degrade them into base uses, and would not deal so with any buildings of historical fame.

The Regent's Park is new compared with the others, laid out, indeed, in the regency of George the Fourth. It is a mile or so north of Oxford-

street. It is less parky, and more plantationly-looking (one must, you know, have new words for new places). The houses are the everlasting, if not long-enduring, stucco, outward show, as beseems London. This park is under the control of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. I think a "dagger of lath," as the most appropriate crest, should head their orders and notices about this property. The Royal Parks (I suppose I may so term Hyde and St. James's) are under the control of rangers, generally some member of the Royal Family; the annual emoluments are very great, so it is evident the duties are not onerous.

In the city—I mean London proper—are neither parks nor promenades; but as the wealthier traders and their families live a few miles in one direction or other from the city, the want is only felt by the poor, and therefore is of no consequence. Some late medical writer has said that no class of men fare so sumptuously every day as the London citizens. Do you remember how old Mr. ——, at ——, used to tell us of Cobbett's remarks, printed or spoken, upon them? Cobbett's mantle, and it certainly was peculiar in its *style*, seems to have fallen upon no successor.

Yesterday evening I called upon Mrs. B——, and gave her the remittance you forwarded to me; she begged me to express her gratitude to Mr. L. A.; her daughter is married to a tide-waiter in the customs, and her son is clerk to a corn-factor—he seems silly and sentimental, for he regretted that with his salary he could not afford himself a piano and the opera. Sad privation! but he plays the flute. How could a man of genius like Coleridge ask for a second tune on a flute!

> "Again, dear Harmonist! again
> Through the hollow of thy flute
> Breathe that passion-warbled strain."

Passion through the hollow of a flute! Sense must indeed be lost in sound when that is said.

I have heard that opium-eating is becoming more common in England, and wine-bibbing less so. Of course I have no means of judging: it is lamentable to find a man like Lord Clive die at forty-five an opium-eater and a suicide; it is sad, too, to find a man like Coleridge having recourse to this magic drug, to escape from the annoyances of the hard, dull world of England. I have heard great names mentioned here as opium-eaters; but I do not think the habit likely to become general; it is unsuited, not to the genius, but to the want of genius in the people; they are too matter-of-fact and commonplace to be fond of the reveries and imaginings opium inspires; they love their own dear selves too much to leave the sober contemplation of their many excellencies for the fanciful world of opium—a few may indulge in it, but the many will not; 'hat is, Miss Julia, in my sage, disinterested judgment. It is clear, very many of them could not be duller than they are, were they dosed with laudanum most periodically.

The Hon. Mrs. —— has just left town; before her departure she presented me, as a souvenir, with a curious Indian fan, and—of all things to one about to cross the Atlantic—Falconer's Shipwreck, with autograph remarks of her own! Boz, in what some of the critics are vade enough to call his caricature vein, talks of "going up St. Paul's in an omnibus:" the feat were as practicable as to induce Mrs. —— to walk in the path of good-humour and contentment.

And widow Honor Dwyer, the Irish applewoman, has brought me a present (you will laugh) of a young, but well-grown—cat—of some choice stock, too. What could I do? It would have pained the poor woman to have refused or appeared to disparage her gift; doubtless, like the tear Gray gave to misery, it was all she had to give; and I do believe Mrs. Dwyer had heard something of Whittington and *his* cat, and hearing I was going to far foreign parts, thought, in her simplicity, a cat might be a valuable possession.

"And shure, my lady, then it's the pussheen that I hope will be a credit to your fireside, long life to it, and refnind you of the station-house, and how we gave him a taste of our minds (!) And its myself that often wishes to tell him what he is, the thief o' the world, but's afeared of the thrubble, God help me; and the rheumatiz that would be sartin shure if I couldn't be in the fresh air the day and see after my own turns, and that's the truths of it, my lady."

A shawl I gave her would see her through all the Sundays and holydays she had to live, she said, "gintalely!" But a cat, to remind me of a London station-house, and how *we*, being moved, did speak! It does remind me (for it closely resembles it) of that cat, a Cupid is cutting her claws, in the Taming of the Shrew, in that illustrated edition of the mighty master. The artist has so fine an imagination, that he is worthy to illustrate Shakspeare.

Adieu—I must now leave you, to dress for an evening party. Blessings on the inventors of pens, inks, papers, and posts! But what a desultory scrawl I send you. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXVII.

Packing.—Covent Garden Market.—The Unnatural preferred.—A Fog.—Foundling Hospital.—American Vauntingness.—English Self-laudation.—Churches.—Cathedral Service.—Great Want of Churches.—"Impossible."

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—My delay in returning to America has relieved me by the adjournment of —packing—oh! the horrors of packing. It is so hateful, that when any one of the many here who resembles Dogberry in his general intelligence, and in his being "a rich fellow enough," turns a poor servant or relative out of doors, the vulgar formula is, "Come, pack up your traps and be off;" the packing, you see, is flung in by way of aggravation; the indignity and suffering were incomplete without it; it is an additional smart to the blister—a *tenth* thong to the cat! My trust in Kathleen's ingenuity is great, for she is as neat-handed as any Phyllis of them all; otherwise what *will* become of all my purchases for presents and reminiscences? the accumulation almost frightens me; they will present so formidable an array when duly parcelled out. I shall be most amply luggaged. Well, I must be patient: "La patience est amère, mais le fruit en est doux." Somehow, people like not waiting to gather this pleasant fruit.

I enjoy a visit to Covent Garden Market; an

enclosed market, smaller than Fulton; such beautiful displays of fruit and flowers, winter and summer; for London wealth "bids December yield the fruits of June;" the gardener must force fruits and flowers for the rich, when Nature denies them—that Nature does withhold them, is the reason why they *must* be supplied. What matters it that strawberries, peas, or potatoes, have a better flavour in summer than in winter? they have been ripened naturally, by the free and common sunshine, rains, and dews; they are cheap; any one with but vulgar pence may procure them. Faugh! they smack of poverty.

The price of pineapples, grapes, peaches, indeed all fruits, when least seasonable, is enormous in American estimation. I do not mention this as blame; on the contrary, employment is thus given to ingenious industry; the gardener's innocent and most ancient calling is encouraged. I mention it to show you the wealth and tastes of the English. Even the wives of the inferior shopkeepers will scoff at lamb or salmon, when "it's so cheap any one can have it." Aristocratic race! Pity that such things as intellect, health, and sunshine, cannot be forced for your behoof. There would be a very considerable demand for the first; at any rate, there ought to be in the high quarters of—but I will not name names.

I remember having been in Covent Garden Market one day during the winter, and had afterward to call at a shop in Cornhill. It was rather foggy when we started, but I had confidence in the skill and steadiness of my coachman. When Temple Bar was reached on my return, the fog had gained its culminating point of denseness. You cannot conceive what it is. It may be cut with a knife, the English say; it is like molasses in vapour, the consistency being fully preserved. One's eyes ache in vain attempts to penetrate the gloom. The foot-passengers go warily along, guiding themselves by the dimly-descried gas-lights in the shop-windows. All hope of day seems forbidden. The city reminds one of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. These fogs are healthy, some say; probably one of those assurances invented to make people tolerant of what is unavoidable. I felt rather alarmed as I thus sat in the carriage be-misted; there was a long delay. I had put the side-windows down, fearing they might be broken. Dire was the vehicular confusion and the blasphemous recrimination. The English armies, it was said, "swore terribly in Flanders;" they were outsworn that day at Temple Bar.

In the wintery months, when the air is often rarefied, the vapours fall and mix themselves intimately with the congenial dulness of the people of London. The fogs are more or less dense; sometimes the darkness is literally a darkness visible: one can *see* it, as it were; can distinguish it from the houses and objects in the streets.

Child-murder (it does not sound so horrible a thing when called infanticide) has become more frequent, the New Poor Law opponents say, in England, and is not very heavily punished. This remark came into my head, and therefore into my letter (the pen being moved by the brain as well as the hand), from remembering (now will I raise your curiosity) where I was on Sunday. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Guy in their *very* new carriage, which its owner says "takes the shine out of all Long Acre;" it certainly glitters as if all the varnish in that coach-building region had been exhausted on its panels; between ourselves, it is far yellower than Mr. Guy himself—but I will not keep you longer in suspense. We went to the chapel of the Foundling Hospital—the name shows the nature of the charity. The hospital is a large building, with extensive grounds about it. The institution possesses estates of its own; it is, indeed, very wealthy, for much of the ground belonging to the Corporation of the Foundling Hospital, formerly unproductive, is now covered with fine streets; indeed, its revenue is counted by thousands—but whence the foundlings? To expose their children is not an English vice; on the contrary, the poor will starve and struggle on—themselves ill-clad and worse dieted—to afford scant food and clothing as scant to their helpless families. If one reads in the papers of some unhappy infant having been found exposed in the street, an investigation takes place before a magistrate, and the child, in all probability, is sent to the workhouse.

I could not very well persevere in my questions on this subject; but if destitute children are taken from the workhouses or other charitable institutions and placed in this hospital, why is not so creditable a fact made known—why call it the *Foundling* Hospital? The English generally love "to hear their nothings monstered;" but they seem to think it no honour that it should be known London does not *want* a foundling hospital. I cannot understand the matter. I could have derived any information from Mrs. —— about foreign charities, but in home charities she only takes interest when they are under distinguished patronage. The charity that vaunteth not itself is very oldfashioned among very many charitables here.

But the chapel. As we were proceeding to it we were stopped by gentlemen with plates in their hands, demanding the price of admission—a silver coin. Having purchased the right to worship, we entered the chapel. It is very handsomely embellished; the service is, of course, that of the Established Church. It is rendered attractive by the engagement of popular preachers and professional singers. There was nothing of the simplicity that characterizes American worship; the display of accomplishment in song was far too obtrusive. I almost thought the congregation (ought I rather to say the *audience*?) would have hummed applause, during the vocal and instrumental performance, it looked so like a theatre-chapel. Pope's comparison of those "tuneful fools" who love

> "To please their ear,
> Not mend their minds,"

is shown to be just in places like these:

> "As some to church repair,
> Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

The remarks we overheard in coming out showed this. "Miss Birch was in capital voice today." "Pyne was excellent." The preacher dwelt calmly and eloquently upon his sacred theme, but we heard no observations upon *that*; and certainly during the sermon there was no-

thing felt of the theatre-chapel. The foundlings—I suppose I must call them so by courtesy, if nothing else—occupy their own galleries, and join in the responses. When of proper age they are apprenticed out, or placed in service.

In the hospital are paintings by Hogarth, West, and others. Mr. Guy said, as we came away, he would like to have had some talk with the officers about Mr. Thomas Jones. I paid little attention to this, but soon found the remark was an example of his literary knowledge. He had heard of the History of Tom Jones, a Foundling, and it was about *him* he would inquire! The equivoque might have been curious if any interview with an hospital gentleman had taken place. Mr. Guy affects intelligence in all things, and is a tolerable specimen of the *ignorant* American braggadocio.

I think the boastfulness imputed to Americans generally is a trick of manner more than anything else. They so love their country, that to speak exultingly of the rapid progress of their great republic is common as the daylight. They are so proud of what they have done, or could do, that they must needs talk of and amplify the matters. Their boastfulness is not so much an *individual* feeling or quality; it is more of their country and their fellows; but something too much of it unquestionably exists.

Englishmen, on the other hand, think very much of themselves individually, and very little of their fellows generally. They cannot boast aloud of their perfections, as they would find no listeners, so they sulkily muse their own praise. Did they generally proclaim by speech, rather than by actions, manner, and sullenness, their opinions of themselves, what a ceaseless sound of self-laudation would be in the land! Coriolanus would be far outdone in his "Alone I did it!" So would Louis Quatorze in his "*L'état? C'est moi.*" Wisdom, the Englishman would say, intelligence, soul—*C'est moi!* Sir Godfrey Kneller believed (profane coxcomb) that if he had been consulted at the creation, the world had been the better for it; the feeling is thoroughly English, if Kneller was not.

In the same way as at the Foundling—by payment of fees—*public* worship is accorded you at the Magdalen and Philanthropic Hospitals; in others too, no doubt. The English say the payment of these weekly sixpences is merely another way of paying pew-rent. But the circumstance which chiefly renders those places attractive is, that the intrusion of poverty is not permitted. The English hear plenty about those tiresome poor on the weekdays, and when serene in their Sunday finery, think it too bad to be troubled with the sight of the wretches. The charges for admission render these chapels select, and the visiters feel it is so, and are pleased to feel it as they sit to hear the preacher tell of mankind's sinfulness, and how *equal* all are in the eyes of Him who cannot err. Is this a proper Christian worship? The argument that the admission fees go to benefit the charity might tell for something in a poor country; it is another stain upon the English character, if in any meritorious institution such fees are *needed*.

Fees are expected in many of the churches by the pew-openers, to give a stranger a seat, if any popular preacher occupies the pulpit. If a fee be offered under similar circumstances to an American, he feels insulted; if it be not given to an Englishman, he feels aggrieved, perhaps defrauded! Not long ago I heard the Rev. Robert Montgomery preach (they call him, very shamefully, Satan Montgomery, from the name of his poem). I wish I had not gone. There could be no doubt of Mr. Montgomery's earnestness and zeal; but really—such a rhapsody! One or two remarks I remember: "What man says, God stereotypes." "What is Sunday railway-travelling, but atmospherical blasphemy?" But, indeed, I have no pleasure in telling more. Where among the old English divines are there instances of this inflated style of preaching—this eloquence on stilts?

The cathedral service is performed only in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. I think the musical performances in the Foundling Hospital may not be commendable; but very different is the effect of music and chanting in lofty and venerable cathedrals; the sacred melody rolls through the aisles, and seems to rise heavenward, as if it bore on its wings of sound the aspirations of the devout. It is not so in the small chapels; if the harmony there be so ecstatic as to take the prisoned soul, it assuredly laps it in the remembered Elysium of the Sacred Concerts or the last Musical Festival. I envy England her cathedrals.

Churches are frequent in the city—sometimes two in the same street: these are old establishments, erected when the metropolitans were much poorer, and founded more churches; but there are complaints that *many* new churches are wanted in the populous districts of Bethnal Green and elsewhere. And if it be so, why do not the wealthy at once build and endow them? Every complaint of want of churches is a deep, an indelible disgrace to England. The rich people count their riches by hundreds of thousands, and churches are *begged for*—begged for of the many, the poor—begged by due notice on placards, duly pasted "rubric on the walls!" The poor Irish can build their chapels and support their ministers. Scotland, in its poverty, did not complain that churches were too few. A young country like America affords means of religious worship to all; while England—the stain *is* indelible!

When I have said, "But if these churches are required, why are they not built without delay?" the answer is, of course, "Oh! it's very easy to ask, but to build them so readily is impossible." Their way of excusing all deficiencies—IMPOSSIBLE! Ever, etc.

LETTER XXVIII.

Alison's History of Europe.—Strange Misstatement.—Duellers.—Farther Misstatement.—Miss Martineau.—History Writing made Easy.—Pronunciation.—Newspapers.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—I meant to have written to you yesterday, but somehow I was not i' the vein. I was idle, and so I read the last volume of Alison's History of Europe. I had read the greater part of the work before, and remember talking about it with Dr. C——; he pronounced Mr. Alison a Tory of the *oldest* school, beyond modern conservatism, and thought his deduc-

tions and reasonings were like Touchstone's ill-roasted egg, "all on one side." Not that Mr. Alison intended this, quite the contrary; but his writings seem a means to an end—most openly and honestly, the while—and the end the discouragement of Democracy. I read his American chapter with unmitigated surprise—his prepossessions may be father to the assertion that Democracy is dangerous, but he should support it with facts fairly stated. He makes this startling announcement: "Murders and assassinations in open day are not unfrequent among the members of Congress themselves, and the guilty parties, if strong in the majority, openly walk about and set all attempts to prosecute them at defiance." "So common have these acts of savage violence grown in America."

Here is no tarrying to give particulars, nor to cite authority.

"Mark you,
His absolute *are!*"

That little verb shows that the historian advances it, as an essential and permanent characteristic of the American Congress to "murder and assassinate!" Perhaps the Senate is expressly excepted? No. Both houses, with their Adamses and Websters, their Clays and Calhouns, are included—are alike to be presumed guilty of these summary "acts of savage violence!" Perhaps there is a note to qualify or narrow the positiveness and breadth of the charge? Not so. Then of course the author is correct; he could not—he would not—he dared not bring so serious a charge against the legislative assembly of a great country, unless it were true "au pied de la lettre." Surely one would suppose not; yet I will venture to say that, so far from its being true that such murders and assassinations are not unfrequent, not a solitary instance, from the foundation of the government to the present time, can be cited in proof of the assertion!

Mr. Alison *may* be better informed on this subject than we are in the United States, for I am quite unable to discover that there has been the shadow of a justification for the stain which the historian has thus attempted to fix upon the character of the American Congress, unless, indeed, an almost isolated case of a duel is to be taken as his evidence; and duelling, however deeply to be reprobated, is not without precedent (the English plea to justify anything) among the statesmen of older communities. Witness Pitt and Tierney, Burdett and Paul, Canning and Castlereagh, to say nothing of the half-public duels among Irish members. Why did not Mr. Alison say, when narrating the history of these periods, that no man who became a member of Parliament, or aspired to be one, could hold his life safe at a day's purchase, and must of necessity be skilful in pistols? In later days we have known a duel between the Duke himself and the anti-Catholic advocate, Lord Winchelsea—to say nothing of Sir Robert Peel, and a host of *challengers*.

Mr. Alison asks, "Is life secure in the United States?" and he answers, "No: experience, terrible experience, proves the reverse."

Why, what stuff is this? I may reciprocate the question. "Is life secure in the British dominions? No: experience, terrible experience, proves the reverse."

Landlords have been shot in Ireland in broad day; the hero of Waterloo, as well as of many a well-fought field beside, was himself, to quote Mr. Alison, "reviled by a majority of his countrymen, execrated by the mob, narrowly escaping death from their infuriated hands:" there were savage riots in Birmingham; Bristol was burned—these, and other enormities, give terrible demonstration that life is insecure.

If we adopt Mr. Alison's inference, that in America "these acts of savage violence" show the weakness and intolerable evils of Democracy, what do those murders and riots show in Great Britain, with all its venerable and powerful aristocracies? The *fairness* of such inferences needs no illustration; their admirable logic it requires no deep reflection to appreciate.

Mr. Alison says in another place,

"The atrocities of the French Revolution, cruel and heart-rending as they were, have been exceeded (!) on the other side of the Atlantic; for there the terrible spectacle has been frequently exhibited, of late years, of persons obnoxious to the majority being publicly burned alive by the people."

Worse and worse! Out of the smoke into the smother! Not only the legislators, but the whole nation are assimilated to Robespierre, Danton, Marat, and the rest; while the scale of atrocity is rather in favour of the Americans. Let the Frenchman have been never so criminal, some rising American genius has sinned up to the example—and beyond it!

Persons "obnoxious to the majority," according to this comfortable historian, are quite as summarily disposed of by American republicans as they were by French revolutionists; they are "obnoxious," and—burned! This is certainly a serious, a dreadful charge: *is it true?* To say that a person is "obnoxious to the majority," is to intimate, at least, that he is so on the score of opinion; and the impression, the inference from the wording of Mr. Alison's paragraph, must inevitably be, that people have been frequently burned in the United States for being politically unpopular! If Mr. Alison did *not* mean this, he certainly was very careless in his phraseology. What, then, are his proofs? Two paragraphs from Miss Martineau—this the principal one:

"Just before I reached Mobile, two men were burned alive there in a slow fire in the open air, in presence of the gentlemen of the city generally."

How circumstantial—a *slow* fire! One would really think this was an authorized *auto da fé*. I agree with the lady and Mr. Alison, this *was* a dreadful occurrence. But even if strictly true, and if three or four similar cases could be quoted, would that be sufficient to justify the historian's deliberate and wholesale condemnation? And *were* men thus burned for *unpopularity?* [Worse this than the French crime of *incivism.*] Had the case anything to do with opinion or government? Any analogy to the French tragedies of 1789? I happen to know the facts, and they are these:

Two negroes, not at the city of Mobile, but at a country town twenty miles distant, had been tried and sentenced to be hung. They were obnoxious to the majority certainly, and why? For the crimes of murder, and worse

than murder, with circumstances of peculiar aggravation, on two lovely children twelve and fourteen years of age. The details were horrible in the extreme—the little brother of the poor girls was beheaded with them, and shared the same bloody grave. The case itself was so rare in that region, and the particulars of so shocking a nature, that a great sensation was produced throughout the state. As the murderers were conducted to the gallows, the mob (composed, not of the gentlemen of Mobile, as Miss Martineau avers, but of the lowest classes of the neighbourhood) seized the convicted culprits, and, despite the efforts of the sheriff, executed their more dreadful purpose. No one can offer a word of apology for this breach of law and humanity—it is worthy of all detestation. But does it warrant or support the express declaration that "life is not secure," because "obnoxious" persons are "frequently burned alive!" Is not such a misrepresentation culpable and inexcusable in such a work as the History of Europe?

Mr. Alison has added another name to the distinguished historians to whom Scotland has given birth. What would he *now* think of a French historian, who, writing in 1736, thus spoke of the Porteous execution?

"In the *kingdom* of Scotland the terrible spectacle has been frequently exhibited of late years of persons obnoxious to the majority being publicly hanged from dyers' poles by the people."

Miss Martineau remained some time at Mobile, and must have known the material part of this case, but she disingenuously conceals it; and a philosophic historian, intrenched in his own views of Democracy, hesitates not to quote such paragraphs as sufficient authority for a long series of dogmatic dissertations on the evils of republican institutions!

"O shame! where is thy blush?"

I am tempted to think that Miss Martineau, during her tour in the United States, was not unfrequently mystified, *à la* Sam Slick—a practice in which many Americans are clever. Could not any one (you, dear Julia, with all your timidity, if you choose to try) do into history such premises and conclusions as these: History made Easy, thus—or, to speak after the fashion of the day, "History for the Million," thus:

"The evils and insecurity of monarchy are palpably evident, and the disloyalty and disaffection of the people of England cannot be doubted. Witness the frequently recurring attempts on the life of the queen; farther comment is needless." Or thus:

"The appalling progress of crime and violence in this kingdom is but too apparent. We need scarcely allude to the names of Greenacre, Courvoisier, and Good, to show that no one can rest secure from midnight murder and disgusting mutilation."

Are the English disloyal? No.

Are they a nation of murderers? *is* life so unsafe there, that every individual, ere he or she retires to repose, must

"See that the polished arms be primed with care,
And drop the night-bolt; ruffians are abroad?"

Is this so? Any American child would lisp, No; yet these inferences and conclusions are just as natural and right as those of Mr. Alison.

It requires no ghost to tell us that outrages have occurred in America, and will again, particularly in those outskirts of civilization in the far West and South, where so many of the refuse of Europe, and of England especially, are congregated. These remote settlers become wild and rude as the beasts with whom they contend. Frontiers have been ever more or less lawless, and will be so, yet a while, in Republican America, and would be so were the government on the model of any European state whatever. What then? Is there any *fear* for America? You are a great admirer of Wordsworth: let *him* reply, and bid the trembler

"Dive through the stormy surface of the flood,
To the great current flowing underneath;
Think on the countless springs of silent good:
So shall the truth be known and understood,
And thy grieved spirit brighten, strong in faith!"

O spirit of poesy, thou art indeed divine!

I know, though Mr. Alison in his extreme simplicity may not, that such reckless and cruel misstatements work much evil; they tend to destroy all healthful reverence and affection among Americans for their fatherland, kindling, instead, irritation and dislike. The historian in question could have no *motive* for promoting these ill-feelings; the greater shame, then, to his culpable carelessness. Would his valuable work have been less valuable if he had occasionally, while polishing his periods and marshalling his seven-leagued words, called to mind an antiquated saying, touching clearness of vision for the mote in a brother's eye; or had he not forgotten that there is such a commandment as the ninth, and from the Most High?

Really, I have written twice as much about this gentleman as I intended, and yet have much to say. Well, *n'importe;* happily, America, confident in her resources, can afford to be evil-spoken of, and is pretty well inured to it into the bargain.

From an historical writer of the language—though, I believe, the English do not consider him very *correct*, I mean in his style, as many Scotticisms may be detected, and we know he is not *correct* in his statements—but, I was going to observe, from the inditing to the pronouncing of the English tongue is a natural transition. The Americans contend that English is spoken in the United States with greater purity than in the fatherland, and the fatherland laughs at this as "a Yankee brag;" among the lower orders in the two countries, I think it is so, undoubtedly, that America speaks best; for in several of the British provinces the dialects are so uncouth as to be often unintelligible. A peasant boy from Yorkshire and an unschooled lad reared in the London St. Giles would not understand each other; they must communicate in a great measure by signs, which, if they quarrelled, would be intelligible enough. Among the educated classes the difference in phraseology or emphasis is not so great as I expected to have found it. The Americans intonate more deliberately, and pronounce more in accordance with the etymology of the words: the English would say that we were too pedantic; we, that the English were too slovenly in speech; and they do clip their words very short, bite some of them in two, as it were. What a writer in the Encyclopédie says of his native tongue, may be applied to the language of Great

Britain more fitly than to that of the United States: "On prononce une langue, on écrit une autre." This slovenliness is most unpleasant, I think, in the utterance of proper names: here, Saint John is Sin-jin (recollect, I write of the refined in speech). How do Pope's invocations to Bolingbroke sound with this pronunciation?

"Singin, whose love indulged my labours past,"

or,

"Awake my Sinjin—"

The present noble family of the name call themselves, I am assured, and are called by their friends, Sinjin. Then Saint Leger is Sellenger—Warwick, Warick—Cheltenham, Cheltn'm—Holborn, Hoben — Gray's-inn-lane, Graz'n-lane—Marylebone, Mariben—Campbell, Camel—Cholmondeley, Chumly; and in a great many more instances which I cannot call to mind at the moment. Some hapless letters, you perceive, make their appearance in these words, for no better purpose than that of the painted and highly-decorated cakes we heard of at a certain stiff party—to be looked at—for show. A punster might be tempted to say such letters were more like our nice Johnny or hoe-cakes; introduced to be *cut*.

Our friend C., from Boston, was more than once asked in England, "What language is usually spoken in the United States?" and I have often been complimented for the excellence of my English!

You have heard of that article in the Foreign Quarterly Review? Really, a letter in its course somewhat resembles a country-dance, one is so often "back again." I began with reading, then writing, then speaking, and now writing again; no doubt, I was saying, you have heard of the American newspaper article. The interest some English gentlemen take in such matters is not acknowledged with a sufficiency of gratitude by the thoughtless Yankees. Here is this critic now can coolly overlook the abuses of the British press, to expose the lesser fiend of the American! Why cannot the popular author grapple with those ills his country has, rather than fly to others at a distance? I remember a couplet, but cannot remember where I saw it,

"For foreign pleasures, foreign joys, I roam,
No hope of pleasure or of joy at home."

Our censor goes beyond this, for *he* roams not for foreign pleasures, but foreign grievances, and that when he has plenty of the sort at home. This subject was brought to my recollection from seeing, in what I believe to be a respectable paper, "Bell's New Weekly Messenger," an assertion that, of the two surviving sons of George the Third, "one was a villain, the other a fool!" Honour to the vaunted respectability of the British Press—how personality is avoided! I have no doubt a person whose vocation it might be, could select similar passages to fill a snug volume. I heard a Scotch gentleman, who had resided some time in Washington, and who was angry with the American press, say that there were "every now and then strong remarks in the English papers." Very!

I was told, by the Hon. Mrs. ——, that there were newspapers in London of extensive circulation and considerable influence, of whose very existence a lady *must* be ignorant. This seems to involve a paradox, but *so it is*. Can the same—can anything so bad be said of the Press of the United States? I weary. Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

An Englishman in Love.—Colleges.—Puseyism.—Luther.—French Protestants.—Church Livings.—Preachers.—Robert Owen.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I am so glad that our Cousin Frederic has distinguished himself at Yale College—a worthy son of a worthy sire. Going to marry, too? Well, he is younger than English gentlemen generally are when they marry; but that matters not. No one can say Frederic worships a *mercenary* Hymen; he is too good and well-principled for that.

"Gold glitters most where virtue shines no more,
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine."

That scandal-monger, man, accuses English ladies of being inveterate husband hunters; but the same is commonly said of the ladies of other countries, though the unique gallantry of the French forms an honourable exception. But no one, even the most proficient in the scandal school, could say so of you. In my opinion, any young lady here, no matter how plain, may readily win an English husband, if she can and will, adroitly and continuously, flatter his self-love. He cannot resist such evidence of sound judgment, acute observation, and power of discourse; he lends his pleased ear, and then offers his most precious self. I can hardly conceive a true wealthy Englishman in love, that is, honestly, disinterestedly, and passionately. An Englishman in love! Was a monumental statue ever in a fever?

I suppose the young lady who is to be our cousin-in-law is the lovely girl with whom we took that long walk by the sea-side (you remember), when "day's amiable sister," as Young calls the moon, diffused her tranquil and holy light.

Were you not amused with the way in which Mr. Dickens describes American universities—not what they are, but what they are *not*, and by inference what others are? "In their whole course of study and instruction," says he, "they recognise a world, and a broad one, too, lying beyond the college walls."

We need not go far to fix upon colleges which recognise no world beyond their walls. Aristocracies are things of sections, and then, as was said of Coriolanus, they are "vengeance-proud, and hate the common people;" and colleges here are things of aristocracies. Self again! If an Englishman cannot be exclusive and intolerant in his single self, he will be so in his section—his clique. The climate of England is not very favourable for ripening many things, but the manners and institutions of the realm do ripen selfishness to a strength and luxuriance unknown in other countries.

I am told that at Oxford they know little of what is doing at Cambridge, and *vice versa*. Of course the older aristocracies of Oxford and Cambridge despise the modern colleges of the

metropolis, King's College and the London University. Why ingenuous youth may not be as well instructed on the banks of the Thames as on those of the Isis or the Cam, neither Oxford nor Cambridge has vouchsafed to inform the world.

I understand that Puseyism, as it is called—that is, the discipline and doctrine inculcated by many influential divines at Oxford—has made little progress in America. It is very difficult to define what Puseyism is; you may best understand it by being told that it is a step, and a long one, towards the Church of Rome. I, as an Episcopalian Protestant, feel amazed at the proceedings of the clergy here in respect to Puseyism. Some hail it as a regeneration of the Anglican Church; others condemn it as a deadly blow to Protestantism. Some ministers preach in their surplices; some do not. The Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield) recommended the *morning* sermon only to be preached in the surplice. If the learned prelate deemed it incumbent upon him to recommend such a practice, it must have been from what he accounted sufficient authority; but why only recommend? why not enforce it? Enforce it if the custom be important and the authority sufficient; if such importance and sufficiency be not, why the recommendation? I hope that in the bishop to recommend is not to *trim*.

Then the Puseyites advocate the abolition of the present system of pews in the bodies of the churches—and so far would I be a Puseyite; they would unlock and unbarrier them; they would not permit the slumbering in an upper pew to the English magnates; they would make public worship in this respect more catholic, and less aristocratic. The English disregard of the poor is evinced in their churches, for when there *are* free sittings they are apart, and ruder than the purchased seats; there must be no confusion of ranks: let the poor know their places. Sometimes an opulent gentleman, conspicuous from his *very* audible responses and richly-gilded prayer-book, occupies a free seat, to show that even he can condescend to worship God there! This, Mr. Wilderton says, according to Southey (how lamentable *his* lot, while the rich dulness of the land preserves to the last what is courteously called its faculties), this is a sight beloved of one to whom, perhaps, a lady should not allude; *he*, however,

> "Did grin,
> For his favourite sin
> Is the pride that apes humility."

I was told by a clergyman that he wished to introduce the Puseyite plan of benches into his church, and mentioned it to some ladies of the congregation; one and all, though fond of Puseyism generally, demurred. How could anything else be expected? A lady of quality might find herself elbowed by an humble worshipper, whose devotion might shame her lukewarmness. Can people touch pitch or poverty and not be defiled?

The Puseyites profess a doctrine very like transubstantiation: they observe the Saint days, the vigils, the festivals of the Church, advocate more frequent fastings, and confession of sins in private to a priest; prefer celibacy to marriage in the clergy; would have more prayers and fewer preachings in the churches; desire a more stringent control over the church-wardens and lay-officers connected with the establishment; would introduce alterations into the offertory, and, if possible, hold it weekly; and, finally, as *most* important, would refer all things to the authority of The Church. The Bishop of London, moreover, recommends or allows candles at the altar, but they must not be lighted. If everything must be yielded to the decision and authority of The Church, is it not an admission, direct or indirect matters little, that The Church will not err, and therefore is infallible? Does that tend to popery? There may still be a *narrowing* gulf between Puseyism and popery; but if much of the Roman Church doctrine and discipline is still objected to by the English Tractarians, very much has been conceded to them; be the steps of difference from one creed to the other few or many, difficult or easy, some of the Puseyites have taken them.

The Rev. Mr. Sibthorpe and others have *openly* become members of the Church of Rome. Dr. Pusey himself has recently preached a sermon in his church at Oxford decidedly in advocacy of some important Romanist doctrines, though he did not call them by their Romanist names; in consequence of this, the university authorities have suspended him from preaching for two years. The reverend dignitary seems now to stand halting midway between the churches of Rome and England, holding out the right hand to one and the left hand to the other, and wholly embracing neither.

On one occasion I heard a leading Tractarian, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Perceval, one of the queen's chaplains, preach a sermon, in which he declared that one of the crying sins of the age was, that people imagined they had a right in matters of religion to think for themselves! This, he said, was the same sin as worshipping the golden calf in the wilderness! The inference to be drawn is obvious: if people may not think for themselves, The Church must think for them; and her dictature is not to be criticised, but obeyed. Had this doctrine been acted upon by Henry the Eighth, the *then* established Church, and a non-judging, non-thinking people, it is clear that the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Perceval would never have been a Protestant chaplain (if I may call him so) to a Protestant queen.

I have noticed that when a minister of the Church is also a son of a peer, and has the privilege of attaching "Honourable" to his name, that designation precedes the one to which he is entitled by right of his sacerdotal character: "Hon." has the priority of "Rev." This may be a matter of little consequence; but is it not rather an elevation of an earthly vanity? Is the accident of birth to be more reverenced than the ministry of Christ? The fashion is the same if the highest offices of the Church, even those conferring baronial rank, have been attained, to wit, the *Hon.* and Right *Rev.* Dr. Percy, bishop of Carlisle. The appellation of the mere man ought not to have preference of that of the minister.

Authority, Church authority, seems all in all with the Puseyites, who are the Highest High-Church; they may not expressly inculcate pas-

sive obedience in temporal matters, but it seems to follow as the night the day. If obedience must be unhesitatingly yielded to the spiritual authority of the true Church, on what plea is it to be at any time refused to temporal authority, lawfully constituted? Or, if resistance to it be sometimes lawful (as I suppose they might admit it was to James Stuart), who is to judge of the lawfulness? THE CHURCH? These doctrines *legitimately* carried out might make the English exclaim, "What have the Reformation or the Revolution availed us?" Many of the Puseyites, which is hardly fair, profess great horror of popery, and call it unhandsome names, and idolatrous.

When authority is so much talked about, what, you may ask, what of Scripture the while, what of reason? Alas! they are little regarded in England. Dr. Pusey or Mr. Newman seems as absolute as St. Paul. By-the-by, I believe it was the Rev. Sydney Smith who called the Puseyites *New Maniacs*, from the name of one of the chief writers in the Tracts for the Times, which first introduced this Protestant popery, this papistical Protestantism, to the English. One remarkable circumstance in this controversy is, that the bishops seem to take no decisive part. Do they consider Puseyism right, why not uphold the right? Wrong, why not repress the wrong? If partly right and partly wrong, why not sever the noxious tares from the healthful corn? Are they non-essential things, these Tractarian innovations or restorations, why is it not so set down in episcopal print? The Puseyites fully acknowledge the authority of the bishops; but how if the right reverend bench be not of one mind? To whom, then, are the members of the Anglican Church to look for guidance and instruction? What *is* THE CHURCH? *Who represent it?*

I ought to tell you the Puseyite clergy, all admit, are exemplary in their lives: their piety would do honour to any creed; whether their doctrines will work innovation upon the Church of England or not, who can say? Puseyism has at least one symptom that has heralded great spiritual changes—it professes little at the outset. Luther began with exclaiming against the indulgences of the Church of Rome, and only that.

Martin Luther, by-the-way, has been shown by the learned historian, Mr. Hallam, to have been a Calvinist (how he would have chafed at the name!). Mr. Hallam bears out the assertion Mynheer was fond of making—of the beauty of Luther's hymns—for he says, "The hymns in use with the Lutheran Church, many of which are his own, possess a simple dignity and devoutness, never probably excelled in that class of poetry, and alike distinguished from the poverty of Sternhold or Brady, and from the meretricious ornament of late writers."

The English are fond of telling of the diversities of creeds with us; the same are in Great Britain, nor more nor less. Mrs. Trollope, when she wrote of the observances of the Methodists, and other classes in the United States, seems to have been in blissful ignorance that they were very similar to their observances in her own country. You will smile; but I do assure you that Mrs. Trollope's not unamusing exaggerations are believed by some of the English to represent the veritable state of religion in America! The Evangelical or Low-Church party here also complain of her exaggerations of them and their deeds, so that the good old lady appears impartial in her satire. Our Shakers are more respectable than the English Southcotians. I mean "respectable" in the proper, not the modern English sense, though it may be so in that sense likewise.

The Wesleyans of Great Britain (among them also is a schism) are numerous, influential, and wealthy; they have a noble hall in the city, handsomer than many of the club-houses. I forget how many thousand pounds were expended upon it: here they hold their public and conference meetings. Foreign churches and chapels are of course frequent in so enormous a capital as London. Among the most interesting of the foreign Christians, are the French Protestants: some of them very probably descendants of those who fled from the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; their old Queen Elizabeth church, near the Royal Exchange, has been pulled down, and a nondescript-looking place with some unintelligible allegories outside it, called, I believe, the Hall of Commerce, reigns in its stead. This is English, *very*. Where there *was* a House of God there *is* a Hall of Commerce—trade has superseded religion. How happens it that in England one never hears of a church superseding a lay building?

Of course you have heard of the inequality of the Church livings in England; how in their emoluments they are small by degrees and unbeautifully less; they taper down from thousands to tens of pounds annually; to correct this by augmenting the smaller livings is of course "impossible;" it is hardly worth while to show you that this is not only possible, but easy. The Protestant dissenters in England support their own ministers, build their own chapels, and have to pay tithes and rates to the establishment beside; so out of the depths of their poverty do the Irish Roman Catholics; how, then, can the thousands of affluent churchmen in England find it "impossible" to prevent many clergymen being worse paid than paviours? "Impossible" means selfish, niggardliness; *this* "impossible" is so glaringly fallacious, that it is hardly worth a scoff. The misers, Elwes and Dancer, pronounced it impossible in their mortal sickness to purchase needful medicaments. The people here have so often pronounced things to which they are not inclined "impossible" that I fancy they believe them to be so at last! "Tell a lie," says Burke (I think it's Burke), "every day for three weeks, and at the three weeks end you will regard it as truth." The English supply continual proofs that Burke spoke truth. One hears of men declaring that they will support the Church with heart, head, and hand; perhaps they keep their words, but it is often found that all three are empty.

I have heard the Bishop of London preach, and an able preacher he is—solemn, eloquent, and impressive, with the finest intonation; he seldom preaches any but charity sermons, nor, indeed, do any of the bishops, at least in London. One Puseyite writer speaks of the *sufferings* of the bishops—the nature of the sufferings is not stated. I have seen their reverend

ships go in their dark, handsome carriages, their servants in sober, becoming liveries, to the House of Peers. I have read of their being at royal levées and drawing-rooms, and at dinner parties with peers and princes; but of their *sufferings* for the last century and a half in England I never heard until now. It must be that they have suffered in silence, like the Mexican emperor of old.

I have heard Mr. Melville also, at Camberwell, near London, a preacher of rare eloquence, both imaginative and profound. Mr. Dale, poet and critic, as well as preacher, is also an eloquent man; so is Dr. Croly, at once divine, critic, biographer, historian, dramatist, novelist, and poet; he was forcible and bold in his discourse when I heard him, but perhaps too vehement in his zeal. Mr. Mortimer said he was "a Boanerges, a son of thunder." I almost thought he was the thunder itself. The *fashionable* preachers may not have the tenderness of words Pope attributes to "the soft dean;" but they are a class I admire not—who can regard a fop in piety? The Socialists, I am told, are numerous in London—and a minister of state once presented Robert Owen to the queen. Her majesty was then, or was about to become, a bride, and a man who publicly pronounces marriage *not* a holy state, was honoured with a presentation to her! Are they not an *odd* people? The number of the irreligious in England is undoubtedly many, and that of the indifferent, very, *very* many—but then there's a great feeling for the heathen! Ever, etc.

LETTER XXX.

"Wight" *v.* "White" Horse. — English Journals. — Independent. — Irish Reporters quick-witted. — Lord Canterbury.—Metaphysics of Dancing.—Madame Cerito points a Moral.—Opera Uproars.—Party Politics.—Ireland.—A Pauper Funeral.—Income-tax.—Cases of peculiar Hardship.—Elisha.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—I was very much amused with your rural adventure near Trenton (quite like an incident in one of Miss Sedgwick's delightful novels), and with all your bewilderments as you speculated of your whereabout—it was fortunate, as you say, that your good horses, like Lord Dacre's, were

> "Wight,
> And bare you ably in the flight."

As *you* were the person who suggested the pleasant mode of extrication—why did you not quote Mrs. Butler, in her favourite journal exclamation—"Clever little me!" I was telling this tiny romance to Emma Wilderton. Mr. Guy was present, and could not conceive why the fact of his lordship's horse being *white* was dwelt upon—he might have fled as well or better upon a black horse, the colour being less noticeable! Mr. Guy seems to become more English every day.

I am not surprised at what you tell me about Major —— and the public press; indeed, I think I am fast outliving the faculty of surprise at anything. The notion somewhat prevalent in America, that a very great portion of the public press of this country is under aristocratic influence, not to say restraint, is quite erroneous; that there is a connexion or a communication between the aristocratic leaders of parties and certain journals may be true enough, but the journalists are the *obliging* parties. When ink, either the author's or printer's, is concerned, the aristocracy of genius or learning makes itself felt above the mere aristocracy of rank; the creation of a monarch's will—and a monarch's will, the poet notwithstanding—*has* ennobled "sots, and fools, and cowards"—that is, in English estimation; but this may not be truly said of the present day.

The newspapers are too much things of the public to be thoroughly aristocratized; besides, talent (I detest the word, but remember no synonyme) must be and is employed on the leading journals, and talent (again that word) is generally independent. It is almost a mystery to me how the thing is done; a debate is drowsily prolonged until the morning, and must be the more flat that every member knows with tolerable exactitude what will be the numbers on a division; well, the parliamentary talk is as far as possible undrowsified, and given to the early breakfast-tables of London, and a clever summary of it too, for the use of those who have not leisure or wakefulness sufficient to read the whole report, and perhaps some stringent remarks upon the speeches.

I am told most of the reporters are Irishmen, who have been liberally educated, and come to London to press their fortunes among the duller and richer English; reporters must be quick and quick-witted, and therefore Irish gentlemen are better adapted for the task than English ones.

> "Plain calf-skin binding, English wit,
> The Irish gild and letter it."

I can excuse the high salary paid the Speaker of the House of Commons (I believe nearly forty thousand dollars), for the unhappy gentleman must sit out the debate. Mr. Manners Sutton, now Lord Canterbury, was speaker many years, and, it is said, owed his ability of listening to rigid abstemiousness and the best snuff.

I am inclined to think I can trace Irish handiwork in many newspaper critiques, more especially those on the ballets at the Opera House; they are imaginative enough to be the work of a modern French philosopher, quite the metaphysics of dancing. It is not enough that the dance be commended for the flexile grace and agility displayed. O no! there must be details of its realism or idealism—of its *ethereal* qualities—its sentiment, as it develops tranquil emotion, ecstatic rapture, deep-souled passion, or deeply-rooted fear. Why only this? why (for French words are freely used), as they tell of the *esprit* or the *physique* of some *belle danseuse*, do they not inculcate the delicate *morale* of the ballet? Why not expressly say, if not in such excellent verse,

> "Thanks for that lesson, it will teach
> To opera-goers more
> Than high philosophy can preach,
> And vainly preach'd before!"

Doubtless Cerito points a moral with the tip of her slipper, though it may not be generally perceived. I expect, too, soon to hear (as this style of reviewing progresses) of the wit that plays about Terpsichorean ankles, and the *jeu-*

de-mot that may be detected in each turn of the foot; and when the opera-dancers float in mid-stage air, and people hope that the earthly ties, which are to appear severed, are yet of the strongest, we shall be told of the sublimity of the passion expressed!

Dance seems now more prized than song at her majesty's theatre—the twirling toe more valued than the tuneful throat. I am sure no young lady can see an opera-ballet for the first time without being unpleasantly startled, and even simple enough to consider what connoisseurs would call a divine *pirouette*, a womanly degradation. I am more and more convinced that the love for the "refined" amusement of the ballet is founded on a *coarse* taste, as a hot-house plant rears its fragile head from putrid leaves.

I dare not tell you Mrs. Guy's remarks on the ballet-dresses and gestures, as I one night sat next her in the box—she found duchesses, and countesses, and ladies of irreproachable character were in the house looking quietly on (use lessens marvel), or she would have been loud in her Presbyterian indignation; but people of rank were present, and therefore it must be right. The same night, I remember, a gentleman who holds some government office wished Perrot would "write a ballet on Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven Castle—Dumilatre would be so exquisite." Poor Mary Stuart! Write a ballet! What lady was it who complained of her husband's excessive fondness for theatricals, and was propitiated, or to be propitiated, by the reading of the new pantomime some time before it was represented? Write a ballet! The reading of a pantomime is less ridiculous now than it was, for there was spoken wit and humour in Punch's pantomime last Christmas.

The subjects for opera-ballets are often unearthly; spirits appear, and the spectators, if they can, are to believe them disimbodied; even Houris have been summoned from those shocking Mohammedan paradises to please the nobility, gentry, and money-having public of Protestant England. The extravagance of the ballet makes one almost think operas rational. When favourite performers, vocal or pedal, are not engaged by the manager, or when their high operatic mightinesses, from illness or pettishness, or caprice, do not appear after announcement in the advertisements of the day, the English aristocracy are well pleased, for they can have the excitement of a pleasant, safe, and comfortable uproar. Once it appears a prince of the blood jumped along with others from a box on to the stage, royally indignant at some imputed misrule on the part of the despot manager! They are certainly the *oddest* people in Christendom. Mr. —— said, in his solemn way, "Assuredly the opera is far superior to the amusements of ancient Rome in her palmiest days." He could only mean the gladiator and wild-beast fights: high praise—it is!

I do not give you any account of the party politics advocated by the newspapers I have been writing about, and for a sufficing reason—I cannot. It is so difficult to understand the state of parties here, and what are the points or the substances on which they differ—Tories, Conservatives, Whigs, Whig-Radicals, Chartists, Agricultural, Free Trade, High Church, Higher Church, Low Church, Lower Church, Dissenting, and I know not what.

I am very reluctant now to give any opinion, be it ever so general, on politics; for some time ago, when the distresses of the sister island were the topic, I ventured a remark that surely Ireland would be benefited if the government devoted funds to drain the bogs, and would employ the peasantry in useful national works. My opinion was quietly smiled down, as if I had recommended alchymy, or something *very* impossible. Why it should be held "impossible" I do not know. Bogs have been drained and peasants employed before now, and if the government have no surplus revenue, the country possesses money unto plethora, unto inflammation, and would gladly lend it to the government for this or any purpose, at a very trifling interest; the English administration can never want funds; besides, Parliament gave twenty million pounds to buy the emancipation of the negroes, and seventy thousand to build more stabling at Windsor, and surely the Irish have as strong a claim as distant slaves or pampered horses. It seems to me little reputable that good on a large scale, where money and trouble are requisite, is always called "impossible." Bonaparte said he did not recognise the word, it was bad French—it is too genuine English.

Yesterday I gave Kathleen leave to attend the funeral of some poor old woman who died in the workhouse, and who, in her better days, Kathleen said, "was good to her brother that's gone—the heavens be their bed." On her return—and she only purposed, uninvited, to follow the body to the churhyard (a mark of respect)—she was in high indignation. The poorer Irish think much of a *proper* burial; a kindly feeling, though they may carry it too far—by no means the fault of the English in *their* kindnesses.

"And shure, ma'am, there'll be a judgment on this people yet, if the earthquake did miss, and showed itself in the Indies, they say. And I thought there would be a dacent buryin' for Mrs. Brady, that was never a disgrace to any one, and was put into the workhouse in spite of the teeth of her, by the neighbours as wouldn't let her die in pace in her own bit of a room, and pined away, the cratur, for sorrow resave the face she knew in the could big poorhouse, and the very kindness that's in it doesn't seem kindness. Well, ma'am—begging pardon for makin' so bould—there wasn't a cratur at the buryin'—not a single soul to say God rest her, now she's dead; and four weak pauper men carried the coffin, that isn't like a coffin, but rough boards nailed together, and looks just as if they were blackened by the blacking-brush when it's dry and dusty, and looks, too, as if it would hardly hold together, and if the body *had* come out! her that was a kind woman in her day! God melt their hard hearts that puts a Christian in the ground as if worms was to be considered before a fellow-cratur; and they *run* with it, ma'am, run as if it wasn't to the churchyard, and the earth that was shovelled up wasn't like earth, but ashes—and she was buried in a corner where paupers is, as if the gentlefolk would be infected in their graves if they was near the poor. Blessed hour! ma'am, there's kind people in England, but they don't know

what belongs to being kind to the poor when they bury them like dogs they're glad to get rid of."

I think—for I never refer back in a letter—I was saying something about funds or revenue; the produce of the low income-tax was enormous, but the English murmured much. I heard from more quarters than one that many of the rich saved the whole or part of their income-tax by curtailing their expenditure, not by abandoning any selfish enjoyment—they can be accused of no such sacrifice—but by lowering the wages of their labourers, or making twenty men do work once accounted sufficient for thirty, or similar expedients; all very ingenious, and as only the poor suffer, much to be approved. Think of some of the millions of the income-tax being thus wrung from the industrious classes! I heard of one gentleman who made it *a rule* yearly to lay by £8000 at least, independently of the interest accruing on his accumulations; of course he could not break through a rule, the £8000 must be put aside, but then the income-tax must be paid—his expenditure would bear no farther reduction, his establishment, like himself, being of a very spare habit, so his savings fell £157 short of the £8000, and he was for weeks in profound melancholy, and how profoundly to be pitied.

Another case I heard of. A miserly—I mean a "respectable"—merchant had an immense sum in the English funds, to which he regularly added the dividends. The income-tax astounded him—it came upon him as deep snow would come in August, unlooked for, as unwelcome; but there was no escape. This tax is a perfect rattlesnake for securing its prey, but without any powers of fascination. The fundholder in question was so downcast that his housekeeper—he was a bachelor—sent for his physician; and Dr. C. told me, mentioning, of course, no names, that he verily believed this lord of useless thousands would have shot himself in pure horror at the tax, but he was deterred by the cost of pistol and ball. Great was Diana of the Ephesians, but greater is Mammon of the English. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXI.

Boundary Question.—Advantages of Settlement.—A Proof before Letters.—Epsom and the Derby-day.—Vehicular Chain.—The Race-ground.—The Race.—Race-horses.—The Turf.—Bays and Grays.—Return.—Vulgarism.—Police.—Magazines and Reviews.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—Of course I have frequently heard the Boundary Question spoken about; but in good sooth the people here care little about it, those excepted who are professed politicans, and with or without coffee—

"See through all things with their half-shut eyes;"

their eyes, indeed, might be wholly shut for any clearness in their views. The indifference about this question is parallel with the ignorance—*their* boundaries are the same. One old lady, who is prouder of her horses than of her wealth, her high birth, her fair daughters, or her jewels (indeed, her horses, matchless though well matched, *are* the immediate jewels of her soul), expressed to me great satisfaction "that the Boundary Question was settled at last, for it must have been so unpleasant when travelling to find your coachman trespassing on a wrong or disputed road, and having to turn back, perhaps—so trying to the horses!" And the good lady would find it trying enough to her horses were they on the frontiers of Maine!

Even I feel quite assured on my Boundary knowledge in London, though in New-York I should not venture a remark on the subject, lest I should betray ignorance (if such betrayal were treason, what a huge traitor were England). Many of the English are so apt to look upon this Boundary dispute as upon a debateable line (debateable enough it has been, to be sure) between two of their own counties or parishes; they are so generally a people who travel not out of themselves, and judge all matters by their preconceived notions of familiar things. If the territory west of the Rocky Mountains be mentioned, they seem to have a vague notion of a transatlantic Wales. Not that the many oracles of this uninformed, unlettered class will scruple judgment upon American questions—far from it, they will even declare they can *prove* their opinions upon Yankee topics to be correct—this is rather like what engravers call "a proof before *letters*:"

"They'll sit by the fire and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol."

Ignorance *is* presumptuous, the reason, I suppose, why so very many in England liberally force opinion and advice upon others; this may be intolerably wearisome to the sufferers, but I am glad to find such persons liberal in anything. Perhaps, dear love, I weary your patience with these constant recurrences to English ignorance; but one can no more help noticing it than a person bent on a pleasant pedestrian excursion can avoid being watchful of the weather.

I declined an invitation to accompany a party to Epsom Races, on what is called the Derby-day. I expected to be busy with packages, and more interested in my own dark silk gowns than in the jockey's light silk jackets; besides, I was there last year, and may say of it as Foote said of a draught of pure spring water, "It's all very well—for once." Last year (I was very earnest in sight-seeing then) I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths and a friend of theirs, a stout gentleman whose name I forget, a jocose, free person, and M.P. withal.

We went gallantly in a carriage and four; the distance is some twenty miles. How can I convey to your American mind a notion of what I saw? You have gazed on crowds in Broadway—you have heard of Roman triumphs—you have noted—but what avails it? You can form no adequate notion of the procession to Epsom on the Derby-day. Such *leagues* of carriages, one closely following another as if linked by design to form a curious vehicular chain, and one in its linked irregularity so long drawn out. Every possible and impossible carriage was there, including numerous spring-wagons, called spring-vans, or, to speak *à-la*-cockney, *wans* (they being generally a bright yellow), filled with the lower orders, journeymen-mechanics with their wives or sweethearts dressed in their holyday garbs; the seats being rented for the day at so much—about a dollar, I believe. Besides these were

equestrians and pedestrians, I was about to write *footmen*, but I ought to reserve that word for the few thousands who sat behind carriages. And this on every road to Epsom: all Middlesex seemed migrating to these Surrey Downs.

As we neared any turnpike-gate on our tardy progress, there was a stop, and a long one; the official, whom the soul of the elder Weller so abhorred; the pikeman—a legalized extortioner—a paid eremite, and much more an eremite since railways usurped the rights of royal roads, those revolutionary—but what am I scribbling! I was about to say that the pikeman with his attendant satellites, as well as the auxiliary policemen, were hoarse with wrangling before we reached them. I suppose they would be voiceless before night. If the discussion about the toll was long, loud in proportion was the abuse in the immediate rear. The day was sultry, and the dust a series of long earthy clouds; it adhered to perspiring faces, forming a muddy mask; a Persian might have exulted that his enemy was on the road to Epsom that day, he ate dirt so literally and plenteously.

We reached the race-ground (a spacious plain) at last, and our carriage was favourably enough fixed to see the race and the crowd too; the world could show nothing equal; besides the forests of carriages, were foot-people as dense as insects in an ant-hill, and apparently as busy, if not so well employed, and troops of cavalry, and a townlet of booths and stalls to vend refreshments; although I saw hampers of provisions attached to carriages, as if provender had been laid in for a short campaign. Dugald Dalgetty's spirit had felt light within him to witness so provident a class; the popping of Champagne corks, which Mrs. Trollope heard from English visiters in one of the churches at Rome during a festival(!)—another instance of her *amazing* powers of observation—was really and truly frequent at Epsom; sherry, too, seemed as abundant as if it were the indigenous production of this vineless island (some of it is, they say), and all betokened hilarity.

Then there were gaming-booths, and tables, and stools of all kinds, and hawkers vending everything, especially large editions of bills of the races, and gipsy-women with their bronzed faces and bold black eyes, offering to tell fortunes. I was glad to see *real* gipsies. The Grand Stand, a lofty, well-balconied building, was filled with ladies and gentlemen, and all this for what? For mere amusement, to see a few horses gallop a couple of miles! I had heard and read much of English speeches, and pamphlets suggestive of hard plans to save a farthing in the pound in poors-rates, and grievous want of schools from want of funds, of churches unendowed, ministers unpaid, crime unmitigated, hunger unappeased; and I looked round and told the Honourable M.P. such account must be an exaggeration, nay, an impossibility; he laughed as he avouched the truth—the reality of the poverty and the ignorance.

Thousands, I believe I may say hundreds of thousands, of wagered pounds depended upon the result of this Derby race; and the course along which the horses run was duly cleared of its crowd, and we soon saw some twenty steeds, more or less, rush past, their riders in caps and jackets of different colours, and the ground sounding underneath their rapid tread as if it were hollow; and then was a shout, and the thousanded race was over.

Carrier-pigeons were soon released, and flew joyously into the air, describing brief circles as if they loitered a few moments to look down upon the scene, and, after the fashion of Cowper's jackdaw, moralize upon

> "The bustle and the raree-show,
> That occupied mankind below;"

and then away they darted to convey to all parts the important news of who won the Derby. I may well call it the thousanded race, for it seems the stakes alone, which must be paid upon pain of exile from the racing fraternity, amounted to between four and five thousand pounds.

Soon after the race was over, Mr. Philly (you remember his being in New-York) came to tell us Attila, or Alaric, I forget, had won: as I had never heard any of the horses' names before, I cannot say I felt much interest in the announcement. Great importance is attached to horse-racing by the English; the wagers on the result of the great races, or, as they are called, "the odds," are as regularly quoted as the price of stocks. If a race-horse, from whose speed much is anticipated, be ill, there are—not bulletins, certainly—those seem confined to royalty, official rank, and opera singers—but announcements of the important fact; a race-horse coughs in Newmarket, or in Richmond or Malton in the North, the places where these treasured quadrupeds are boarded, lodged, and exercised, or, technically, *trained*, and the sound thereof reaches London!

Many make it their profession to bet at horse-races—even some who place "Lord" or "Honourable" before their names. These professional gentlemen are called blacklegs, or, more briefly, *legs;* and, along with the jockeys, always little men, that they may not weigh too heavily, have what is called the "knowing look"—the peculiar style of physiognomy is not uncommon in America: some of these "legs" and jockeys realize large fortunes. You wonder how I know all this. Mr. Philly is an ardent horse-racer, and played the turf historian to me; horse-racing is called "the turf," from the greenswards of the race-grounds, I fancy. Mr. Philly always reminds me of an actor off the stage, he is so very close shorn and whiskerless.

I have lately read somewhere that Dr. Henry, the historian, declared that few things were more permanent and less affected by change than *national* diversions. The diversion of horse-racing seems to show he was right; it is a very English amusement, and apparently a very permanent one. I have heard Americans censure it freely enough, but I am not disposed to join in the censure; it is a manly, healthful amusement, carried on in the open air and the broad daylight, and can be enjoyed by the poor as well as the rich, which can be said of few other amusements in this country; it has given England the noblest breed of horses in the world, and that surely is a national benefit. *Apropos des bottes, ou des bêtes*, I will tell you a tale of a wealthy man of horses—he was dining at the table of the Earl of ——, and there was mention of a once very famous gentleman. "Ah," said a guest, "he seems almost forgot-

ten now; his bays have faded." "Bays!" exclaimed the horse-loving esquire: "he never kept any; drove grays, my lord, always."

But, it may be said, think of the untaught, unclad, unfed poor, and then justify the sums squandered on race-horses. More shame to the miserly selfishness of the rich English, who, *if they would*, could so easily deny ignorance and famine to the poor (I mean as a rule), and have their horse-races too—yes, indeed, lady fair, were they ten times as costly.

We were longer in returning from Epsom to London than going to Epsom. My heart bled to see the poor jaded horses in many overladen vehicles; and, indeed, some lay dead by the road-side. During the frequent halts or stoppages, on our return, there was much altercation among coachmen and others. It was carried on in a language I did not understand, but I was told it was vulgarly styled *chaffing*—an appropriate term. Despicable as chaff to the rich grain is this popular phraseology to genuine English. Very many were the inquiries if people's mothers were cognisant of their children's visits to the races. Maternal solicitude is an established joke in England; they have overcome vulgar prejudices. Nearly as frequently were the, I thought not altogether impertinent, queries of "How long have you been out of an asylum?" All parties are exposed to the hearing of this English wit, for the carriage-line must not be deviated from. Had this vulgar nonsense been heard in America, how it would have shocked the delicate ears of British travellers! There was so little of it in the morning, and so much in the evening, that I suppose the good cheer at Epsom had called the full spirit of raillery forth.

All the taverns along the road seemed crowded, and no doubt the excise was "fatten'd with the rich result." We stopped to give the horses some water five or six miles from London, and a crowd was collected, bent upon a boxing match, and swearing disdain of the police. Three policemen were seen advancing rapidly and confidently, and the crowd, as Steele said of the French under Marshal Boufflers, "ran away from 'em as bold as lions." Although I had an interview with an ungracious officer of police, I believe, as a body, they are useful, civil, and quiet.

Horse-racing, along with other sports, no doubt, has its peculiar literature; it has also its code of laws—a club called a Jockey Club being its parliament. I have never read any of the sporting magazines or reviews, or whatever they are, but they have a nice look with them. By-the-by, dear Julia, are you more censorious than you were, more Iago-ish (don't frown, but indeed you can't)—more "nothing unless critical," that you say of B.'s M—— (quite an oracle here), "It always has two or three good articles, and the rest may be clever, only they are unreadable?" I am always right glad to get the North American and Democratic Reviews, and others, though I am little interested in politics. The periodical literature of America is far too little appreciated in England. It were absurd to praise to you the Edinburgh or Quarterly Reviews here. "The last Quarterly," or "the last Edinburgh," has ever a pleasant sound; they may be called joint presidents of the republic of letters. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXII.

Suicides.—Education.—Stables and Schools.—Bishop of Manchester.—Strange Puzzlement.—Indians.—Ingenuity in Ignorance.—Mr. Alison.—Four Frigates against two thousand Ships.—American Boastfulness.—English inquiries.

London, ——, 1843.

DEAREST JULIA—A custom, I ought rather to say a fashion, seems becoming popular in the city of London, I mean that of *punishing* persons who have been frustrated in their frightful attempts at suicide. If the unhappy wretch had accomplished self-murder, and was known, the coroner's jury would in all probability have returned a verdict of "insanity." If accident or courageous benevolence has preserved a life, why should the involuntary surviver be dealt with as if his sanity was unquestionable? The jury's "insanity" in the one case is undoubtedly humane—the alderman's "sanity" in the other is a doubtful measure. This end, undeniably, *is* promoted: a person meditating suicide knows he will be punished, and worse still, perhaps, to his morbid state of mind, exposed, if he do not succeed (how sad to call such a thing *success*), and he will therefore be so resolute and wary in his procedure that he need fear no interruption.

"Felo-de-se" is sometimes the verdict upon an inquest; but I believe there never was any verdict but "insanity" returned when the wretched suicide boasted title or wealth. The watermen in the Thames occasionally find dead bodies floating, and have the humanity to convey them on shore for sepulture; the waterman has then, perhaps, to attend a police office to give information of the circumstance, and most assuredly must attend before a coroner's jury to give evidence: much of his time is thus consumed, much trouble is occasioned him, and what is his reward? Not a farthing! His family may be wanting bread while he is thus idle upon compulsion, but that is his concern. What right had he to be finding the body of some person unknown, and for which no reward had been offered, and so putting the parish to the cost of the blackish boards, and fees, constituting a parish funeral?

That suicides are so much more frequent in London, the population being fully considered, than in American cities, is easily accounted for: their betters (so called) choose the poor here to be untaught and reckless, and so they rush to death to escape the pressure of want or sorrow. I wonder the wealthy do not choose the poor to be educated; surely they would be more orderly and governable; at any rate, not so liable to be acted upon by designing demagogues, and the repose of the rich would not be so disturbed by their clamours, while the sum of poverty would be less, and suicides fewer.

I can hardly believe that even parliamentary reports tell true of the ignorance of England, when I know that Connecticut alone has a permanent school fund of nearly two million and a half of dollars; while it was found at the last census there were little more than five hundred adults in that small state who had not been taught to read and write, and *they* were chiefly foreigners, the population being rather more than three hundred thousand. New-York, with its fund of more than ten millions of dollars for

educational purposes—but why dwell upon the truism, how well the scholastic culture of American citizens is cared for as a general rule? And what is accorded for the purpose by the wisdom of the British Parliament? An accumulation of—talk, and a small sum of money, so small a sum as £30,000 ($150,000), for the nation, mind! not for one of the counties; and even that was refused last session or the session before. One anxious to find fault might say it was illustrative of English legislation that the bills granting £70,000 for new stabling at Windsor and this mite for education were sent up on the same night in the House of Commons; the stables were voted, the schools were not! the people could wait, it appeared; not so the horses. I would not have you think that I ever speak of the queen personally with any feelings but those of respect and admiration. I think she is more popular than has been any predecessor of her family, and I am sure she deserves to be so.

I listened in quiet and much amused silence to a conversatoin at an evening party last night. Two of the gentlemen conversing were clergymen, and the subject a recent debate in the House of Lords. Their lordships admitted that a new bishopric was greatly needed at Manchester, and funds were needed also; it is proposed, therefore, to take one of the bishoprics from Wales and devote the income to maintain the Bishop of Manchester. But then a Manchester episcopacy is needed now, and the Welsh see cannot be appropriated during the lifetime of the present bishop. No doubt a bishop of Manchester would be appointed tomorrow if the necessary funds were in hand, but how to raise them? Really one's gravity gives way. How to raise them!

Had noble lords or honourable gentlemen asked the poor Roman Catholics of Ireland, or the Protestant Episcopalians of America, information would not have been churlishly withheld. Fancy the peers of England, all churchmen except some thirty, perhaps (and the peers are only a few of the wealthy), gravely admitting an important addition was necessary to the ministry of their Church, and as gravely (for it was all in perfect gravity) debating how the new prelate should be paid! Why, my lords, do you and your affluent brethren of the Church provide a fund to endow the see, and there's an end. The like has been done by laborious poverty, surely it must be easy to powerful wealth; there is precedent for it—ample precedent—most favourite precedent, as well as the best authority (to say nothing of Scripture), to sanction it; the most eloquent of English philosophers has said, "Riches are for spending, and spending for honour and good actions." This, too, I suppose, would be declared "impossible"—truly, no doubt; only every one must know it might easily be done—nay, has been done.

Not a bishop was heard to say, "My lords, the Church of which you are members, and through whose teaching and instrumentality you hope for salvation, should be made more widely useful, that more sheep may be called into her sacred fold. A bishop is indispensable in the populous town of Manchester. Providence has blessed you with most ample means; it is the duty of your lordships not so much to debate of this thing as to do it."

Both the clergymen I mentioned were pious and excellent men—the accounts we hear at home of fox-hunting and wine-bibbing parsons here are mightily exaggerated—and yet it never occurred to either of them that churchmen, from the fulness of their purses, should promote the well-being of their church! The British clergy, from curate to archbishop, pious as they are, seem so accustomed to this utter selfishness, that it actually passes with them as a matter of course, and uncensured! The "impossible" appears to be admitted, even while it is so undeniable that the "unwilling" only exists. I do believe that, plain and obvious as was the duty of the bishops, not one of them when he reached his home would feel that he had neglected such duty! Perhaps some stickler for precedent might say, "O, the language put in a bishop's mouth is unparliamentary." Possibly it is so—it is only Christian and episcopal, and might be uttered on fifty public occasions, or appear in print, if it be not the proper style for a legislative assembly.

For the wealthy churchmen of England to profess themselves puzzled how to pay what they consider an indispensable ministry, is just as if a man should jingle a number of sovereigns in his pocket, for which he had no use, and gravely debate within himself how he could procure a book he felt he needed, the cost of which was a shilling. All this sad selfishness and blindness sounds incredible, but it is literally true.

Another difficulty presented itself about this hapless bishopric—it was considered by some objectionable to add another occupant to the right reverend bench in the House of Lords! If a bishop be really requisite in Manchester, and if he cannot efficiently perform the duties of his diocess unless he be a peer of Parliament, where can be the difficulty? The peers of England may be giants in the path of legislation, but they do stumble over strange straws.

I told you before how ignorant were very many of the English about America. Mr. Wilderton and his family, confident in my *Englishism*, sometimes sportively turn the conversation to Yankee topics when any one is present who does not know I am a native of America. The other day a young lady, with voice and complexion alike raised, told us how she had been reading some missionary tracts, and then exclaimed against the cruelties practised by the American government upon the poor heathen—the benighted Indians. We soon found that she had ingeniously gathered all Indians (and it is so very vague and general a term) into one grand aggregate, and imputed the sufferings and wrongs of the natives of Hindostan, Australia, and North and South America, *all* to our government! By what mental process she had arrived at this conclusion I do not know, but it appears there is sometimes an ingenuity even in ignorance. This young lady was very pious, truly so I may not doubt, but her piety was too obtrusive, too much in the style we heard a negro call "talkee religion." Mr Wilderton, very gently and kindly, that she might not be again so preposterous, pointed out to her

the little mistake into which her deficiency in geographical science had led her, when she fervently thanked God her knowledge was not "of *this world*." Assuredly it is not.

Another young lady thought a country without a king or queen must be so *dull*—all princes are so witty that dulness is unknown within their circle; and when she found America had not always been a republic, she asked who got the crown jewels the kings must have had in the old times!

Even intelligent persons in England appear to believe that a system of harshness, rapacity, and injustice is pursued towards the aboriginal Indians by the authorities and people of the United States. The contrary I believe to be the case. Few here appear to know that the amount paid annually by our government to each Indian within the territories of the Republic, is greater than the average amount of all taxes paid to the state by a subject of Prussia; that is, each Indian *receives* more from our government than each Prussian *pays* to his; this appears from an estimate prepared from official reports for a Prussian periodical. Another thing appears clear enough to me, that the English do not like to be undeceived in their erroneous estimate of American wrong-doings.

Surely, ignorance of American matters is not to be considered creditable to an Englishman, much less to an English historian: and yet, how careless is Mr. Alison, as if it were an indifferent matter whether his statements about America were accurate or not; whether he gave his readers facts or dilutions of them. He says that America rushed headlong into a war with Great Britain in 1812, with a navy of only four frigates. "True," he proceeds, "the four frigates did great things;" and, as no others are mentioned, and more than two thousand British vessels were lost or captured during the war, *they must, indeed!* What powers of ubiquity each frigate must have possessed—far beyond Sir Boyle Roach's bird, which was only in *two* places at once; even equal to those of the mad Tilburina's love—

> "Ha! did you call my love?
> —He's here! He's there! *He's everywhere!*"

The English admit they are greatly taken with the beauty and completeness of the American line of packet ships, and they ought to admit those frigates were more *taking* still; especially when they learn from Mr. Alison, that the potent navy of Great Britain destroyed or captured only sixteen hundred American vessels during this unnatural contest.

One of the most amusing assertions of this grave historian is, that, among the people of the United States, "neither the future nor the past excite any sort of attention!!" This, in the front of the universal complaint (in Britain), that an American, in his untiring boastfulness of his country, out-gasconades a Gascon! Why, if they regard neither what has been nor what may be; what their country has accomplished or hopes to achieve, what *can* they boast of? Whence their topics? Of the mere passing moment they cannot be; it is impossible; for the undefinable present has ever an uncertainty about it. O why, when America is concerned, do so many English authors prove that history is indeed "an old almanac," but without an *almanac's correctness*? Adieu.

P.S. I wrote the foregoing this morning, and must add a few lines before I retire to rest—for the assertion I have made of the extent, the amazing extent of English ignorance upon American topics, has been amply confirmed. It is odd enough that the people of the country possessing more colonies than all the world beside, seem to know least of transatlantic matters; it is not because they care less, but because they think they know, and here ignorance is no reproach. I have just returned from ——. I dined there; rather a large party, and the conversation was chiefly about America. A lady was present whose appearance is very prepossessing: she is one of the few (not young) ladies looking exceedingly well in light colours, even in white; in her youth she had been governess in the family of Lord ——, whose eldest daughter, educated by this very lady, is accounted "literary"—indeed, to have no *twilight* tinge of blue: the governess, from her uncommon beauty, attracted the attention of one of her ladyship's relatives, and they were married. She asked me, on this occasion, if we were likely to approve of Sir C. Metcalfe in the room of Sir C. Bagot, for governor. I answered, that the people of the United States could not be expected to care much about it.

"O, he is not governor of that part of America, then, I mean your part?"

"My dear," interposed her husband, "you have forgotten that the United States revolted a long time ago, and are not now under the control of the governor of Canada."

The lady smiled most pleasantly, and I was lost in admiration—the gentleman was so very well informed. English ladies, as I said before, always smile when ignorant of the matter in discourse, and sweetly, too. "Those constant smiles," said Talleyrand, "all *beyond understanding*."

A gentleman in the same company spoke as one having authority; he entertained us with an account of his travels in Russia; and it then pleased him to be severe on the American love for show—for tinsel! Yes, Julia, *tinsel!* Surely he was not thinking of the fondness of the aborigines for glitter and beads; for, perhaps, he had read Robertson. He then "changed his hand," and was very indignant at our shameful treatment of the free blacks. Mr. B. asked him if he had ever seen a veritable negro. "Of course I have," replied the gentleman with a sneer of wisdom, "a hundred and fifty together, and in London." I now felt desirous of hearing more, thinking that the numberless advocates of slave-emancipation in England had overcome their repugnance to any domestic or social intercourse with negroes, and that some of the free Africans might become settled in the Three Queendoms, as in the free states with us; but it came out, alas! in consequence of Mr. B's farther questioning, that this traveller and debater had seen a hundred and fifty East Indians at one of the docks, and mistook them for Guinea negroes, with their woolly heads and copiousness of lip!

There used to be complaints of East India captains bringing over Asiatic sailors and abandoning them in London. As it respected foreigners, very probably some remedy has been found for the wrong. I have seen some of

these Lascars acting as street-sweepers here, standing at the crossings in their native attire, and looking quite picturesque. I suppose, from their complexion and phisiognomy (at once malign and keen), that they are Malays—negroes, indeed! At one of the anti-slavery meetings in Exeter Hall, a man of colour (not a black) from one of our cities spoke very well. "I told you," one lady said to another, before they got into their carriage, for I was waiting close behind, and could not avoid hearing, "I told you, my love, and you see I was correct, the Americans are not black, only brown." *You* are not very brown, Julia. A lady once expressed to me her commiseration that I was returning to a city so pestered with—what think you? Rats? No. Moschetoes? No. Alligators! Again adieu. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXIII.

Funerals.—Professors of Tears.—A Black Coachman.—The Irish "Wakes."—"The Scream of the Morning."—New-England Towns.—Newness.—Mr. Dickens.—New-York.—"Uncreditable" Statement.—Mr. Guy.—Yorkshire.—Ruin of England.—Ruined Cities of America.—Chinese Exhibition.—"Literary Gentlemen in their Summer Costumes."—Penny-a-Liners.—China.—A Fit of "Abstraction."

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—"They order," said Sterne, "this matter better in France;" and they order, say I, these things better in America. I speak of funerals, of funeral pomps; not merely those of the aristocratic in rank, but among the middle classes.

"And see the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on,"

and it is followed by a string of mourning-coaches, and alongside walk men called "mutes," or "mourners," who are hired for the occasion—vicarious sorrowers—professors of tears! The horses are all black; plumes and feathers wave abundantly; pomp is lavished on an occasion when men ought to feel its nothingness—and so the procession advances to the abode of death.

These gorgeous funerals are called "a mark of respect"—to whom? The dead cannot feel it, and is living sorrow to be soothed by parade? Even if it be a mark of respect, who is to observe it in the crowded streets of London? The worldling may bestow a fugitive glance, to criticise the show, but does any one ask *who* is thus honoured or mocked (as men may regard it)? does any stranger stop to say, "Whose funeral is that?" Very—very rarely. Domestic affections are, I doubt not, strong in England—for even a selfish man loves his family, were it only because they are his; and surely those, whatever their relationship, who follow the hearse, cannot be soothed or gratified that they follow it, as if the grave were to be approached triumphally. Then the expense is often enormous: in cases where money is abundant, this matters little; but when the means of a family are reduced by its head being called hence, what folly to squander a large sum to enrich an undertaker. Is not widowhood bitter enough, without poverty being superadded? Alas, and alas! yes.

I have heard it remarked that undertakers, with mutes, mourners, "and all their trumpery," were in general jovial-looking persons; no doubt the wine and spirit distributed to them at funerals, and their frequent exposure to the weather, give them a rosy look—an added mockery. The announcement on the signs of those tradesmen is far more indicative of their calling than are the coffin-ornaments in their windows—"Funerals *performed*."

The other morning I received a message from the coachmaster, that he wished to employ the man, who drives my "job" otherwise, and more profitably for him, three or four days, and hoped it would be the same to me, as he would send a very civil and careful black coachman in his stead; of course I assented, and was, indeed, rather curious to see this negro Automedon; for such I concluded he would be, though on his appearance he proved but one of the pale-faces, if a man with a bright, rum-coloured nose (cause and effect, perhaps) can be called a pale-face. It seems he habitually drives a hearse or mourning-coach, called "a black job," and is therefore, after the favourite ellipsis, called "a black coachman." This man drove characteristically, as if at a funeral, and always wore a suit of rusty black; so do his professional brethren; and though they may not

"Bear about the mockery of wo
To midnight dances and the public show,"

they will to their pot-houses and vulgar haunts. I think the simplicity of American funerals is greatly preferable; the kinsfolk and friends following the corpse, either on foot or in plain plumeless carriages, thus unostentatiously rendering the last—what a sorrowful word it is! the *last* earthly office; and this is also the custom in the country parts of England. Happily, London is not yet England. What a contrast these splendid funerals offer to the pauper's! In the funerals of the gentry it is customary for the friends to—not attend, but to send their carriages; the blinds being up—surely personal attendance might be yielded—if this carriage-sending be considered a mark of respect, it is a very *empty* one.

You have read of the Irish "wakes." I have heard them much censured in England, but they are far more defensible than the unmeaning pomp I have described; they have at least the *expression* of grief, if it be too violent. I have listened and felt interest in Kathleen's account of these ceremonies; they seem to me quite Oriental—similar to the loud "wul-wulleh," the dirge of the Turkish women—it is mentioned in one of the stanzas of the Bride of Abydos. I understand that many women, whose reputation as "a beautiful cry" is established, go uninvited from wake to wake in Ireland, but are not generally paid, only, at least, in provisions. The body is "waked" by the funeral screams every second hour for three days among the better classes—shorter periods among the poorer: the wailings are hushed after midnight, until the dawn appears, when they rise shriller and wilder, and must sound awful in the stillness of the morning. It is a curse and a dire one in Ireland, "schrad wannauth" (I spell from my ear), "the scream of the morning to you!"

I think if I lived in Ireland I should love the people dearly; and if I had to prolong my stay in Europe a few months I should like to visit it, only I could not do so alone. Miss Edgeworth

has made us familiar with her country; oh! why has she ceased to write!

"She will not write, and (more provoking still).
Ye gods! she will not write, and—will."

What a contrast the towns in "ould Ireland" must present to the flourishing towns and villages in New-England, such as Portland, Brunswick, Augusta, and Bangor in Maine; Worcester, Springfield, Concord, Northampton, Amherst, in Massachusetts; Concord and Keene in New-Hampshire (I really cannot forbear going on with the list, I take such a pleasure in it—it tells so of home); Brattleboro' and Burlington in Vermont; New-Haven, Middletown, and Norwich in Connecticut, and hundreds of others, which to mention were tiresome. I wonder that European travellers have said so little of places where the *purer* American character is found—have so sparingly commended their morality, industry, and enterprise; surely they cannot prefer the *picturesqueness* of rags, beggary, and crime in the towns of the Old World. It must be that these American towns, being devoid alike of squalid and most attenuated poverty, and flaunting, overgrown wealth, may present few characteristics fitted to fill pointed paragraphs, but some one might have expressed a wish—would it were thus in *old* England! Near London is a new model prison. New-Haven I think a model town; for I believe among its fifteen thousand inhabitants there is hardly a single pauper, and in 1835 there were only three adults unable to read and write.

Boz quizzes the *newness*, the yesterday-aspect of these places: why surely he did not expect the rust of antiquity in modern transatlantic towns? And as for newness, let him laugh at the newness of his own pleasant *locale*, the Regent's Park, though to be sure the stucco does look something musty. Mr. Dickens passed a Sunday in Worcester, Massachusetts, and amused himself with the *new* houses and the churchgoers; but he seems not to have discovered that in that little town, its newness notwithstanding, is an Antiquarian Society with a library of twelve thousand volumes—some of them very rare; and more remarkable still in such a chronicler, its excellent State Asylum for the insane has apparently escaped him too. I am always amused to think of the criticisms the American boys passed upon Boz as he sat in the car at Baltimore, telling him more about his appearance than he ever heard in his life before. I really think he had as little to fear as most men from such a personal review. Though I have commented to you freely enough on Mr. Dickens's American Notes, I cannot but admit the tone of right feeling, the *bonhomie*, the kindliness that often manifests itself: the faults of the author in this work are of a negative character; his merits are positive. "Satire's his weapon, but he's too discreet"—too gentlemanly, too honourable to carry it into private life—into personal details. The ponderous blunderings of Mr. Alison are far more censurable than the light mistakes of Boz. I wonder how he came to adopt so absurd a name! Our ears have become familiarized to it, but it *is* absurd—Boz! What meaning is there in the sound? Boz!

I have heard of some cynic declaring that he found the world only one attorney, and I was horrified to read the other day that New-York was one bankrupt. Newspaper paragraphs told of the whole side of a paper being filled with the names; I soon found, however, that the list was of years, and not of a single day, as was intimated—but I did not find that the English newspapers made this very necessary explanation. This was hardly fair, and in quarters where one generally expects fairness, and often finds it too.

Mr. Guy—you wonder I mention him so frequently—but he amuses me—he *anglicises* so rapidly, and is so especial, so particular an exception to the general shrewdness and intelligence of his countrymen. Mr. Guy has lately procured unto himself a fiery steed, coalblack as Odin's, and this morning immediately after breakfast, as I was looking out of the window, and the street was only beginning to be busy, a cavalier was rapidly approaching—I thought I could not be mistaken in the gentleman

"Who thundering came on blackest steed,
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed,"

and it *was* Mr. Guy—he stopped so suddenly at the door that he had nearly alighted over the horse's head, and there might have been on the scull or pavement "a dint of pity;" he called to me that Mrs. Guy and he would depart for Edinburgh in a short time, and Mrs. Guy was going to hold a farewell *soirée*, and requested the pleasure of my company; notes were to be sent to the general visiters, but he was calling upon a few personally, as a compliment to them, and nice exercise for his new horse! The worthy man lately has been in Yorkshire, where Mrs. Guy has a small property, and where he bought this wonderful quadruped, bringing it up with him by railway; he was delighted with the hospitality of the farmer, the late owner of the animal,

"Who gave him bacon, nothing lean,
Pudding that might have pleased a dean,"

and fowls and custards, and I know not what—then came the wine, the brandy, and the bargain. I doubt not the hearty Yorkshireman taught his guest to drink deep ere he departed. Mrs. Guy, her husband told me, had engaged two London footmen, who looked almighty spry, and spoke, she said, "high English." I hope that does not mean pure Cockney. Everything intimates a determination to surprise their immediate circle in the Scottish metropolis, and unless it be a very difficult feat, Mr. Guy is tolerably certain to accomplish it.

I met a young English gentleman the other evening, to be sure he was a very young one, and the only specimen of the class, if it be a class, I have met with or heard of; he was most emphatic, and the emphasis sounded more oddly being drawn through the nose, on the ruin of England, moral, religious, and political. I never heard an American so positive on the subject, which is saying something. The despondent youth even favoured us with a quotation more remarkable for being alliterative than original—England, he said,

"Bloomed—a garden and a grave!"

Mr. Mortimer, who was at first sitting apart, looking at some maps, affected to believe, as he joined in the conversation, that the line had been

applied to Kensal Green Cemetery, and was complimentary on its appositeness! The ruin of England—such nonsense! I have heard of this ruin being shown from statistical details, official returns, and newspaper statements; the existence of great evils *has* thus been proved (the worst of which, ignorance and poverty, the English might easily ameliorate if they chose); but as to ruin—this same ruin has been proved in the same way every year for the last fifty at least.

The conversation then turned to those most interesting places, the ruined cities in the southern parts of North America, Guatemala, Yucatan, and Mexico. A good deal of interest seems to be felt on the subject in England—how can it be otherwise, when Mr. Norman tells us that the ruins of the city of Chi Chen, in Yucatan, show it must have been one of the largest the world ever saw? The same evening, I remember, we visited the Chinese exhibition here: a very interesting one it is, and I really wonder how the collector (an American, I believe) contrived to amass so many curious things among a people so jealous of foreign interference as the Chinese, and then transport them to England. The collection is so arranged that it tells its own tale—artisans are represented at their work, and shops with their wares. Literary ability is much valued in China, and there were figures of Chinese literary gentlemen in their summer costumes. Two poorly-dressed, dissipated-looking young men were commenting loudly and laughingly on this. "How could *we* be represented," asked one, "in *our* summer costume?" "Easily," replied the other: "shirt sleeves and blouse in summer — Mackintosh in winter." The "we" showed the gentlemen were, or accounted themselves, literary. "They were most likely penny-a-liners," Mr. Mortimer said, "who had gained admittance gratuitously, and were a class paid for paragraphs supplied to the newspapers at the rate of a penny-a-line" (this, I suppose, is to be understood literally); "the editor's pruning-hook being often unsparingly applied before the article is printed; they are stanch hunters after news, and if not belied, sometimes ingenious coiners of it."

The collection fills a noble hall, and is very rich in lanterns. I do not wonder that the Chinese are fond of artificial light, for they appear to prefer and adhere to the artificial in everything; except, perhaps, in their cowardice, which seems very natural. What will the empire of China be a hundred years hence? Will it form a *fourth* Presidency with Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta? The British, it may be said, have no right to China: right, they may have none; but they have soldiers, sailors, and steamships.

I have heard it said that the aristocratic fashion of knocker and bell-handle abduction was on the decline; but an attempt, very nearly successful, was made upon our hall-knocker last night: perhaps it was the work of some would-be aristocrats—some wine-inspired spirits

> "Scorning Reason's tame, pedantic rules,
> And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant
> For souls sublime as theirs."

I should not have greatly cared if they had succeeded; for the knocker has a most unpleasant teeth-on-edge sound, and we must have had a new one then; the only knock that interests me much is the postman's; and there is such a rapid running down stairs when it is heard—indeed, to quote a not very superlative *bon mot* of Mr. N.'s—"it is a knock that brings everybody down." Hood has made all puns seem so poor compared to his, though puns I ought hardly to call them, they have such a body of wit. The lady of the house has just told me that she had discovered a young neighbour was guilty of the attempt upon the knocker: when accused of it, he said he had been dining out, and if he did it, it must have been in a fit of absence of mind! He should have said in a fit of *abstraction*.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXIV.

Cries of London.—Sound.—Aristocracy.—Gluttony.—"Repudiation."—Bank of England.—Bad Example badly followed.—Standing Army.—Ireland.—United States a great Barrack.—Military Despotism.—Art-Unions.—Prince Albert.—Sir Robert Peel in Fetters.—Houses in America.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia—I remember when I was a child in New-York being fond of a little pictorial work of "The Cries of London," and thinking how pleasant it would be to *verify* them *in* London. It would have been quite as difficult as to verify the other wishes of childhood; for, diversified as are the street-criers and the wares they vend, all agree in one thing—with one voice they accord to be unintelligible. The purchasers of these itinerant articles become used to the *tone* in which the sellers announce their goods, and that seems sufficient—they recognise the sound, if they cannot distinguish the words or the sense.

Unhappily, the English are satisfied with a similar system in other things; they are contented with mere sound, nay, proud of being so. Christianity, charity, and intelligence are substantially in the land, but so strange is the sound thereof that the cries of London are outdone in their unintelligibility. The echo to "Christian wealth" should not be "ignorant poverty;" the echo to the injunction "use a portion of your enormous, your superfluous wealth, to teach and relieve the poor," should not be—"impossible." The English are "wise to learn and quick to know" the faults of other people, in recompense, no doubt, that they are stoneblind to their own; and if another nation existed with half the means of England, and left its poor uneducated and uncared for, and when so grievous a thing became known—how Exeter Hall—but no, I do not think there would be declamation in Exeter Hall, for indignation at such heartless neglect would take away all powers of oratory,

> "Strong feeling came, and throttled speech;"

the moral health—no, not that—the health of the public moralizers, would be endangered; pamphlets they must write diurnally, to carry off their humours; if not privileged to be authors, apoplexy would be authoritative among them; the surgical lancet must be prevented by the philanthropic pen—they *must* let either blood or ink.

Often in America have I been wearied to hear of the evils of aristocracy; no matter what was the British evil complained of, aristocracy was

its root. Very idle declamation was very industriously employed upon the subject:

"A cuckoo's song
That's unco easy said aye."

But the worst aristocracy seems that of wealth, mere wealth. Nothing can be said too strongly condemnatory of the selfishness and silliness of the rich here (whether lords or shopkeepers, aristocrats or democrats, matters nothing), who refuse food and schools to the poor. But for our countrymen to impute all the evils of England to its aristocracy, is just as absurd as in Mr. Alison and some newspaper sages to impute all the evils of the United States to their democracy.

Cheap boarding-schools for boys are very common in the North of England; though I believe Mr. Dickens has written down some of their abominations. I have heard of one of those schoolmasters, who did not expose his scholars, or, rather, the boys committed to his care (for there was small scholarship in the case), to any ills that flesh may be heir to from over-feeding, but nevertheless attributed all their ailments, bodily or mental, to their gluttony; colds or fevers, dulness or impudence, it still was gluttony. One day a poor boy broke his leg out of doors, and was carried to the master: "Ay, lad," he exclaimed, "I always told you this; a broken leg—all owing to your gluttony." And so *all* the evils of England or America are charged by the shortsighted in both countries upon the devoted heads of aristocracy and democracy—gluttons both, if we believe such scribes, in their appetite for wrong.

How is the evil to be attributed to these antagonistic causes, if it be the same on both sides the Atlantic? "Repudiation," for instance? The Bank of England, in the recollection of many not very old people, "repudiated" cash payments; and this, I heard, was by direct order from the government issued on a Sabbath-day! To be sure I also heard this corrected to "the Lord's Day," which certainly mends the matter. The Governor and Company of the Bank of England promised, in very intelligible print, to pay a pound, or so many pounds, on demand, for value received. When the demand was made how was it complied with? Not by payment in specie, for the acknowledged receipt of value; but by another promise to pay, on cleaner and uncrumpled paper. Perhaps this was not *exactly* what is now called "repudiation;" it seems to me, moreover, that when the British rulers, by an arbitrary act, reduced the rate of interest from five to three and a half per cent., they "repudiated" a part of the engagement to which public faith was pledged, and this in addition to the refusal to pay in specie. I am sorry the Rev. Sydney Smith had occasion to write his letter on the subject of the non-payment of interest due on the money borrowed from this country by the State of Pennsylvania. The *Britannia*, a pleasant and clever paper generally, attributed this "repudiation," as it is too commonly called, to democracy! In former years, when the interest was regularly paid, to what was *that* to be attributed? Pennsylvania was as democratic then. The ancient monarchies of Spain and Portugal do not pay their debts, principal or interest, to this country—democracy again, I suppose. Other states of the American Union are punctual in their payments: are not they democratic? I understand, however, that in reality Pennsylvania has never "repudiated" one farthing of her debts; and though this and some few of the other states have failed to provide for the *interest* recently due, there can be no reasonable doubt that all will be ultimately and honourably paid.

I wish fervently the two states, or whatever be the number (Mr. Alison says eleven, so in all probability there are not more than two or three), who have "repudiated" a part of their debts, so following the precedent of the Bank of England—a bad example almost as badly followed—I wish, I say, these delinquent states would *carry out* the example set by the bank, and put an end to the "repudiation," with this difference to the bank's procedure, that they wait not so long to do it. I was told by a Philadelphia gentleman, Mr. ——, that if ever he said anything in commendation of his country, and he is too diffident to do so unnecessarily, he was always met with this "repudiation," against which, the while, he is strongly indignant. When Mr. —— pleases to talk, he can talk most eloquently; but he cannot argue down prejudices that *will not* be convinced, so he gives up the argument with such people in perfect despair, and "every puny whipster gets his sword," or thinks he gets it—but this is nothing to the serious evils of "repudiation." To hear some people talk of this matter one would think neither America nor American ever paid a penny of public or private debt, or possessed a dollar.

One might be amused with the perfect nonsense on this subject in some of the papers, were it not that the consequence may be lamentable by producing wrong impressions; the number of the English "who undergo the fatigue of judging for themselves," being as small as in Sheridan's days, their faith is orthodox in their newspapers, they judge most *dependently*, or, rather, they form their judgment on what their favourite scribes advance, and their judgment or opinion (it may not be proper to call it *judgment*) once formed, is rarely altered, no matter how erroneous have been the premises, or how ingenuous the subsequent explanations—their self-conceit prevents their acknowledging (even to themselves, maybe) that they were wrong, and so they misjudge to the end of the chapter. With this propensity in so many of the readers, it is well that the leading journals maintain the high independent character (allowing a little for party spirit) they certainly do. Even great statesmen, in granting and advocating great changes, have been known to confess that their opinion of the impropriety of the concessions remained unchanged! English, very.

Another topic is not unfrequently dwelt upon in America—the standing army of England, and its influence; there seems to me nothing whatever to complain of in the matter. The Continental kingdoms of Europe maintain far larger standing armies; and England has not at all the aspect of a *military* state; soldiers are seldom seen in the streets of London. In Ireland no doubt it is very different, and it *is* disgraceful to the statesmanship of the country that 30,000 soldiers are required to rule the Irish—peaceably. No matter what are the causes for keeping so large an army in the sister kingdom, the British

government have had abundant time to discover and remove them. Ireland's stationary army furnishes a fine commentary on the complaints in England during the Canadian insurrection, that the American government did not better control the turbulent spirits on its frontiers—perhaps they could not spare 30,000 men for the purpose!

I have not had the good fortune to witness a review; last year I did try to see one in Hyde Park, but I was late, and saw little but a crowd and a dust—I mean literally dust. The soldiers are kept almost entirely in barracks. I have seen the Guards on state occasions, and a guardsman really presents the *beau ideal* of a soldier—so erect, prompt, and trim, but with nothing of the air of a "carpet-knight so trim"—they look right soldierly. The militias are not imbodied now, nor have they given this country the multiplicity of colonels, majors, and captains, which might make a stranger think the United States of North America a great barrack. I wonder, indeed, no English traveller has insisted upon so legitimate a deduction from the premises. As to the relative bravery of American or British troops when arrayed against each other, God forbid it should ever be farther tried.

I have heard some in England prophesy the ultimate fate of the United States to be—a military despotism; republics end so, say they. When there are great commotions, great conquerors arise, whom soldiers follow to *any* result, and whose achievements dazzle and overawe the peaceful civilians. Witness Julius Cæsar—witness Napoleon Bonaparte. It can never, in my opinion, be so in America: for this plain reason, the people are educated, and, better still, *well* taught. Men who will unhesitatingly follow a martial leader through blood and violence, through right and wrong, must have minds blinded by ignorance. It may be said the Puritans in Charles's days were not ignorant; but they were fanatics, and fanaticism is a species of blindness of mind. It may not, like ignorance, be altogether unable to see the end to be attained, but it sees it through so discoloured a medium that its real character is not apparent. Cromwell's ambition seemed to his soldiers but zeal for "God and the cause."

* * * *

I have procured the engravings you write for, and you have not overpraised them. There are now in London establishments called Art-Unions, and the subscribers to them every year have lotteries for paintings and engravings. "You may get a good painting in them," said Mr. N., "*by chance.*" They are all good, I fancy, but of course varying considerably in value. There have been complaints in print of the encouragement to immorality these lotteries present—one of the gnats the English strain at when tired of swallowing full-grown camels.

I sometimes see the best caricatures at Mr. Wilderton's—a lady cannot stop to look at them in the print-shop windows, the crowd of gazers preventing. I have been surprised sometimes to observe the *boldness* with which all the great people are quizzed—the initials H. B. are attached to the most famous. Certainly the Duke, Lord Brougham, and Lord Morpeth, have no reason to accuse these waggish artists of flattery. Mr. O'Connell is another unmistakeable person; but these gentlemen cannot complain, for the caricaturists often make a subject of their sovereign—(excuse the quibble, it is of the prevalent order, "the next best thing, etc."). Neither does Prince Albert escape. One really ever and anon understands some ponderous piece of politics better from these clever *sketches* than from the long parliamentary detail or the pamphlets consequent thereupon. The English (very characteristically) love a sly hit at Prince Albert; having been—what shall I say?—not very rich before he had the happiness to marry a young lady undeniably the first match in the world. "How fortunate," I heard a gentleman say, "the income-tax does not affect German as well as Irish absentees; Prince Albert saves the tax on his Saxe Coburg property." It is no little praise to his Royal Highness that this seems *the worst* that can be said of him.

Mr. Wilderton has sometimes amused me by telling of the criticisms he has heard people utter at the print-shop windows. In one caricature, Sir Robert Peel, as a character in some play, is represented in fetters; two working men were looking at this, and one of them recognised Sir Robert. "But," said he, "surely *he* never had irons on, nor was in prison, was he?" "I assure you," interposed Mr. Wilderton, "he has been shackled," and walking away, he ungenerously left the Premier's reputation in this uncertain state.

You must read Mr. Alison on America, were it only to wonder how a clever man *could* blunder so. He actually tells his readers that the houses of the Americans are plain externally but gorgeous within, and this, forsooth, to conceal their wealth from the public eye! Nay, he even assimilates our comfortable domiciles to the dwellings of the Jews in the days of Ivanhoe! Ivanhoe being an imaginary character, is introduced with great propriety into this fanciful sketch. Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXV.

Poverty of Street-Nomenclature.—English Climate.—Fire-Flies and Moschetoes.—Fox-hunting.—Playing at Deer Hunts.—Animal Magnetism.—Slavery.—Mrs. Trollope.—Ignorance.—Precedent.—Sandwich Islands.—Democracy of the Anglo-Indian Government.

London, ——, 1843.

My dearest Julia — You and I have often laughed at the poverty of invention manifest in naming many of the streets in American cities; it certainly is a ready, but very commonplace way of distinguishing them to adopt the letters of the alphabet, or the figures of the numeration table. The English have not done so; they have no "First" or "A" streets, but their nomenclature shows equal poverty. Kings, queens, princes, and common Christian names, have been the grand resource; the John, James, William, George, Charles, and Charlotte streets are so numerous that they require the adjuncts of one or more neighbouring thoroughfares or well-known squares to designate them sufficiently, to distinguish Charles-street of Berkeley from its namesake of Grosvenor Square—Princes-street of Hanover from the same of Leicester Square. If there be an offspring, or, rather, an offshoot, a small child-street, as it were, from a

John or William street, nothing better can be thought of than "Little" John or "Little" William street — "Jack" or "Bill" street would be in stricter analogy with the example to be followed; an iteration would be avoided.

The patrician families have furnished names in abundance to squares and streets—Grosvenor, Belgrave, Montague, Cavendish, Manchester, Portland, Bedford, and a host of others. The British warriors have given appellations to very many places, the statesmen to very few. It requires an advanced state of education and intelligence for the people to regard a statesman as equal to a warrior; or why not have as many Pitt and Fox, as Nelson and Wellington streets or squares? After the philosophers, sages, and poets of England, no places whatever are called, I think. A few might be very euphoniously denominated after either the late or present laureates. Why is it not so? I cannot tell, unless it be that the moneyed people, who speculate in new rows, terraces, and crescents (bricks and stucco are a great passion with many), rather despise than otherwise those who have only piety, virtue, learning, and genius to recommend them. Yet Southey-street satisfies the ear quite as agreeably as Smith-street:

> "Write them together, it is as fair a name;
> Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
> Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure them,
> Southey will start a spirit as soon as Smith."

One might have felt assured the English would have paid some such compliment to Lord Byron, peer as well as poet, but it is not so.

The climate of this country is far better than I expected. I should call it agreeable upon the whole, its rains and mists notwithstanding; the English themselves grumble more about it than do foreigners, and talk of "outliving the severity of the May" (a jest, I suppose), as if they shivered at a breeze more than an African reared under the equator. British moonlight (gas and glare generally expel it from the streets of London) is not as our moonlight, and the stars look dim compared to their brilliancy of sheen on the other side of the Atlantic. As to thunder-storms, I was told that a former ambassador from the United States to this court said, not very reverently, when he first heard thunder in London, "Thunder? tush! only an echo of it from over the sea." Thunder is sometimes unheard in the busiest parts of London; the street noise overpowers it.

Those awful thunder-storms in America! You and I know many strong-minded persons who always stand awed and terrified during the peal and the flash; indeed, we have been in companies where, as the dreadful pother rolled over our heads, each one might have received an affirmative answer to the question the nobleman propounded when evil tidings were abruptly told:

> "Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?"

Mrs. Mortimer, who is very fond of a talk about America, often expresses her envy of our possessing the fire-fly. Much as I admire those dancing sparkles, I would willingly sacrifice my share in them, and give them all ungrudgingly to Great Britain, or any other country, if the moschetoes might accompany them in their change of scene. Imagine the consternation of London citizens, aldermen and all, were a few regiments of armed moschetoes to be quartered upon them! Great Britain and Ireland are delightfully free from such annoyances. Venomous reptiles are almost, and dangerous animals entirely, unknown. The badger and the otter, the last of the larger wild animals, seem almost extinct—there is, in truth, no room for them in minutely-cultivated England; foxes, no doubt, are numerous enough, for they are preserved, that gentlemen may hunt them.

I have heard a few Americans sneer at the English fondness for fox-hunting, and call it a safe and even effeminate *pursuit*—it is nothing of the kind; and these scoffers seemed to forget that the island enjoys no wolves nor ferocious beasts of prey. The British gentlemen have only their foxes, but I am very sure they would hunt anything; indeed, in India they do hunt tigers, panthers, and lynxes. Shakspeare, Thomson, and Cowper have taught us to detest deer and hare hunting on account of its cruelty; and the triumph of a troop of men, dogs, and horses in the death of a harmless animal *is* a paltry one. I confess I have not the same feelings for foxes or carnivorous beasts, hunters and robbers themselves; there seems a sort of poetical justice in their fate: who hunt, in their turn shall be hunted.

Stag-hunting in England (and the Queen keeps a pack of stag-hounds, some nobleman being chief huntsman); stag-hunting, I say, does appear quite indefensible: such a mere playing at the chase. The animal is not to be killed, but captured; he is only to endure toil and agony for the pleasure of the pursuers; he is not roused from his forest lair, but is put out of a cart and allowed so many minutes start, and taken at last to be carted back to his park-home to yield a similar amusement some *following* time. Is not this as complete a playing at wild-deer hunting as if it was in an equestrian amphitheatre?

I think all manly, fatiguing, out-door amusements conducive to manliness of character: the 'Squire Western class is, I am told, quite extinct in England, but there are still numbers as much attached to their horses and dogs. I remember when I was a little girl reading in some odd old book (how well one can recall passages impressed upon *youthful* memory) this sentence, or one closely similar. I cannot give you the obsolete spelling, though:

"And men of this sylvan Class do regard their Horses much; the Swiftness of an Horse is the Matter of their common Talk; yea, the good Quality of the Animal is a powerful Magnet to draw unto him these rustic Men's Loves."

An early mention of Animal Magnetism!

I was once remarking how free England was from destructive beasts. "Yes," said a lady present, "and England is free from another thing—slaves!" At least, thought I, for I very rarely argue, unless by post, they do not call them by that name in this country. *I* have heard silly remarks about slavery from London ladies, and on both sides of the question. Mrs. Trollope, in a fit of unaccustomed candour, has penned this passage:

"I have listened to much dull and heavy conversation in America, but rarely to any that I

could strictly call silly (if I except the everywhere privileged class of very young ladies)."

It is true the novelist labours hard afterward, by narrating foolish talk, to prove the reverse of her own assertion, still she ought to have all honour for this admission, whether made through thoughtlessness or inadvertency, or not. I cannot conscientiously say so much of English conversations, even with the exception made. I was asked the other day by Mrs. ——, a lady of what Mrs. T. would call high standing, "If the United States were as *well wooded* as England? Her two eldest daughters," she added, "had a little debate on the subject, and as the younger children's governess was absent, she could not be referred to."

The two eldest daughters were both "out," which signifies an emancipation from schooldom, an attainment of age and knowledge befitting the young lady for introduction into general society. Don't run away with the notion that the examples I have given prove a general want of information; but I do think that the young ladies of London possess more of showy accomplishment and less of solid knowledge than the same class in New-York. The fashionable education here communicates only a surface of knowledge, which requires youth and prettiness to set it off agreeably; but afterward—Young English ladies, when at a loss what to say, do smile very sweetly.

I do not wonder that you express amusement (I will refer to it, since I am on the subject) that Mrs. Trollope should represent the impossibility of her revisiting America, unless, firstly, Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw were forgotten; or, secondly, slavery were abolished; or, thirdly, the Union of the twenty-six states were dis-severed!!! I cannot give less than a note of admiration to each "category," as Cooper's captain would call them. The good lady seems to imagine that any one of those occurrences would form an equally important era in the history of the United States. "How we apples swim!" the quotation is somewhat musty, and it may not be proper to call a famous English novelist *a crab*, but let it pass.

I cannot say I have ever heard any feasible plan for the abolition of Negro slavery in America prescribed by those who are most indignant upon its horrors; by those who apparently think they have, to use a Yankee phrase, an eloquence-privilege; this is as if a physician should execrate a disease, and prescribe no cure. The English cannot very decently advocate the total and gratuitous manumission of the slaves, they have no precedent for such a measure, as their own government *bought* negro freedom; so the declamation contents them, and the remedy they have yet to find. For one, I fervently hope that a remedy, and an equitable one, may soon be discovered.

You think I say much on this force of precedent, and so I may, for life has often been sacrificed to it. When George the Third, to go no farther back, used to be solicited to spare the lives of persons condemned to death for forgery, what was the reasoning? "Impossible—many men and some women have been hanged for the offence for which it is prayed this man be pardoned; and if he be pardoned, were not they murdered?" And so men were hanged for precedent's sake! This was one of the "impossibles" of a former day, not a jot more absurd than many insisted upon now.

An odd notion seems entertained here, that if an American lady care anything for English politics (happily for my repose, I care very little), she must necessarily be more attached to the Whig than the Tory party: she must first understand the difference, and this is not very easy, for there is no broad line of demarcation. Neither party seems bigoted, but occasionally takes a lesson from its opponents, and we hear oft enough of conservative Whigs and liberal Tories; their respective *views*, like those at the Polytechnic exhibition, dissolve occasionally one into the other.

Not long since, I saw a brief paragraph in one of the papers, to the effect that the Sandwich Islands had been ceded to her Britannic Majesty, and taken possession of by one of her frigates. I rather wondered at this piece of news, for the intercourse of the United States with those islands is far beyond that of any European power; the American whale-ships visiting them very frequently, while our countrymen have been the principal agents in introducing Christianity. The same evening some member asked Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons if the accounts of this *cession* were correct. The minister answered in the negative: no farther explanation was asked or given, and the whole matter was so coolly treated, as if it had been equally meritorious to take those islands or leave them free. Had Sir Robert deemed it a thing of any importance one way or the other, he would most probably—his custom on a question—have retired into the pompous secrecy of his official station, and said that it might be prejudicial to the interests of her majesty's government to yield the Hon. Member the information he sought. We have long since heard of the "pride of *place*:" its reserve seems now as remarkable in England. Some of the papers sneered at the Hawaian envoys protesting from Paris against this "appropriation" of their master's kingdom. In my mind it ill becomes any one of any party in a free country to scoff at the wish for independence, which another community, no matter how small, may manifest. How would it sound now if a foreign chronicler of the thirteenth century, when telling of Magna Charta wrung from the most unworthy of the Plantagenets, had ridiculed a wish for freedom of any kind in the inhabitants of *half an island!* Perhaps I ought hardly to say inhabitants, for the Great Charter benefited the serfs nothing.

These agents from the Sandwich Islands government are visiting the different courts of Europe to obtain a formal recognition of the independence of the islands; the United States have already made the acknowledgment. The recent conquest and annexation of Scinde must be a sufficient sop (a vulgar word, but I do not remember another equally expressive) to satisfy the British government for a while, and induce it to stay its forward step towards increase of territory. Is it Mr. Alison who makes a profound remark about the expansive and aggressive principle or propensity of democracy—or something like that? No doubt the Anglo-Indian government is a pure democracy. * *

The time approaches, dear Julia, when I must

return, and it seems to approach *so* rapidly. I look forward to it with mingled dread and delight—dread, for there is the parting with my kind English friends, whom I shall probably never see again; delight to regain home and you. "Farewell" sounds sadly, but it is "a word that must be and hath been."

P.S. You tell me Lord Morpeth won golden opinions from all sorts of Americans; he is highly esteemed by his own countrymen, and seems, indeed, a model of an English nobleman, or rather *gentleman*, which is the nobler title. It is to be hoped there are many such, the very salt of the aristocracy—the Attic salt, if you will. I was told by an excellent judge that his speech at the recent Anti-Slavery Meeting was admirable in all respects; in tone, sentiments, and delivery. I have heard some of the English express surprise that so few of the dignitaries of their church took a prominent part in anti-slavery measures; perhaps they have not time. I told you about Puseyism—to all appearance it holds its own (to use a Scotticism), and even gains from other people's. A number of Oxford divines and fellows of colleges expostulated by formal letter to the vice-chancellor, that Dr. Pusey was suspended without a hearing in his defence—a venerable Oxford fashion. One gentleman also writes to the Times to give information about his own preaching, after this manner, of "Laud, the martyred archbishop, who, let us trust, still intercedes for this church, whose enemies he resisted unto death," etc. A step, a little step onward, and the Rev. T. E. Morris, of Christ Church, Oxford, and his flock might offer up orisons to a *second* St. Thomas of Canterbury, and say, "Ora pro nobis." Those prelates who have an inclination towards Puseyism, at any rate those who wish to restore many ancient customs, have never, that I have heard of, expressed any desire to re-establish a practice long existent in the earlier ages of Christianity, the election of bishops by acclamation.

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXVI.

Gaming-houses.—Personal Character of the Sovereign.—Royal Dinner-table Etiquette.—Temperance Societies.—Modern Works.—Pyramids.—A Soirée—A Shadow.—Macaulay's "Lays."—Wealth-worship.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—I have often thought that axiom of Burke, "vice, by losing all its grossness, loses half its evil," to be more than half a fallacy; indeed, vice in such a guise seems to me doubly reprehensible, for it has ceased to be repulsive. I trust it will be long before wickedness in the United States assume the names of pleasure and refinement, or even the appearance of them—before it lose the horrid look of wickedness. I have heard Mr. Griffiths say, and he seems to have a knowledge of such places intimate enough to make his family uneasy, that in the gaming-houses, or club-houses where gaming is practised in London, which are the resort of the higher classes, all was fair and honourable: intoxication was hardly known, nor would the slightest advantage be taken of any gentleman who might be flushed with wine; that, in short, in these club or gaming rooms, there was as much safety and security from sharpers as in a friend's private drawing-room. It may be so, but gentlemen are ruined in those places every now and then for all this honourableness.

I have seen it mentioned in some papers, and rather as a matter of pride, that in London, even in the crowded haunts of the profligate, and at all hours, property was safe, robberies being very unfrequent. This may be so likewise, and what does it all prove? A doubly dangerous state of society, because one in which vice seems to enjoy the immunity of virtue—dissipation of order and decorum.

It is matter of cool remark here, that the personal character and habits of the monarch were of great importance, not in the nice adjustment or delicate management of the state machine (towards which, in truth, the character of the Sovereign personally seems of singularly little moment), but in its influence on morals, manners, and tastes. The domestic virtues of the present queen and her consort being a model that all her subjects may study and imitate, is said to have produced a beneficial effect upon society. Now, it appears to me, *that* cannot be a very commendable institution in a Christian land which gives such power to the example of *any one*, any frail being of mortal clay, though called "Majesty" in the respect, and "most religious and gracious king" in the prayers, of his people; but such a thought never occurs to the English.

I would describe the queen more particularly to you, but really I think portraits of her majesty are or were as common in New-York as here; in how many a room does she hang side by side with one whom her grandsire little loved? Wonderful in England, as well as in America, is the ingenuity displayed in misrepresenting her prettiness. The Duchess of Kent is a stately-looking lady, much taller than her daughter. The queen dowager, although six years younger, looks older than the duchess, I think; but then she is slim, and has the air of infirm health. The King of Hanover, who is now in England, is a tall, officerlike man. I suppose here it might be accounted republican or *mauvais ton* in me were I to express my opinion that he would look better shaven. I once saw the Duchess of Cambridge and her family, in a private box at Covent Garden Theatre; the Princess Augusta of Cambridge (lately married to a duke of the great German family) is *embonpoint* and good-humoured looking. It is seldom royalty is seen in the national theatres; why the Opera House is preferred I cannot presume to say—its amusements are (undeniably, I think) more sensual than intellectual, and therefore of a grosser nature. The royal party, when I saw them, seemed to enjoy themselves much, for they laughed very heartily. This is not always, indeed not often the case, with your elegant aristocrats; for in public places it is common to see them, really or affectedly, listless and indifferent, hardly to deign a passing notice of the amusement they have assembled to witness. I have known their, not *sotto voce*, conversation mar the enjoyment of those near them, but this demeanour seems to be considered the very acme of refinement; it is, indeed, refinement pushed up to rudeness; something on the same principle, I might be told, as becoming "dark with excessive

bright"—coarse with excessive fine. These may be occasionally the manners of lords—they are never those of gentlemen.

The "beau" of a former age is no more; some of them must have been magnificent creatures—coxcombs on so large a scale. Is it not in the "Spectator" there is mention of a hero of this class, who called for his tea by beat of drum, and for his shaving water by sound of trumpet? How agreeable a neighbour!

I mentioned to you in a former letter, I think, how dinners, or rather dinners in royal palaces, were chronicled. I have often wondered that it does not please her majesty to command to her dinner-table (for it is called a command) those whose attainments in literature, art, and science give lustre to her reign; their conversation, whether playful or profound in its tone, must have a perfectly magic charm for a highly-educated circle. I remember once to have seen the name of Mr. Rogers, and once that of Mr. Hallam, as her majesty's guests; and I am told a similar honour was once conferred upon Sir Lytton Bulwer, but these seem only to prove the exceptions. If etiquette restrict the society in the palace to mere rank and office, how absurd, how unworthy of a rational being's regard, must be an etiquette that denies to the queen such choice, such pure intellectual gratifications.

Often in this country, when I have expressed surprise at what seemed to me strange or uncalled for about a Court, or even in Parliament and public places, I have been told, "O! but it's the etiquette—etiquette prevents its being otherwise." No more was to be said. I was silenced, as is often the case, but not convinced. The matter might be agreeable to the rules of etiquette, but I felt not in accordance with those of common sense and reason, and I thought it pity a French word should be in their way; that etiquette is often indispensable in private, and much more in public society, it were absurd to deny; but, like many other things necessary in society—speech, for instance, it may be and is carried to wasteful and ridiculous excess.

The Temperance Societies here had processions, similar, I imagine, to those in American cities, on Whit-Monday. I can understand why, in a society formed to promote habits of temperance, the members must frequently meet and have rules, and regulations, and proper officers, and be amenable to the ancient sage called Discipline. I can understand also that it may be proper to have badges or insignia, which, as a mark of disgrace, must be taken from those delinquents for whom alcohol has proved too powerful in its temptation or effects; but the utility of those processions I cannot understand. Is it that nowadays people cannot do what they consider right without making a fuss about it—a public one too? Or is it a necessity of human nature that, one stimulant abandoned, another must be adopted; that display with music, banners, and ribands, must replace the excitement of conviviality?

I wonder what Boswell would have thought of these associations. Would he have admired them as he did Johnson, when that philosopher formed a sort of temperance society in his own person? Boswell admits that, being a lover of wine, he was curious to hear whatever was remarkable concerning drinking; and so he might be curious about the results of water-drinking—that is, in other people. I remember once in New-York—it was at Mr. ——'s, in Hudson Square—hearing our host call Boswell a milk-and-water gentleman (as to his mental attributes of course, not in his earthly beverage); another pronounced him more water than milk. I thought both remarks far too severe; indeed, I know no biographer to whom the world has been so much indebted as to James Boswell.

I remember seeing in the street (I was in a carriage at the time), just before the temperance procession appeared, a fire-engine with its two fine horses tearing along at a frantic pace: I thought if the vehicle had come rather suddenly amid the decorated corps marching *soberly* along, how it would have scattered them, displaced the ranks, and broke the good meeting; those fire-engineers (if I may call them so) do gallop on as if London streets were proper for chariot-races—there is no dallying with them—no halting—

> "See! there they come racing and tearing,
> All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
> Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
> At a man they've run over and kill'd!"

Temperance societies in Ireland count their members by thousands; Father Mathew has wrought miracles among them. I am told, indeed, that scoffers have said the Hibernian peasantry actually believe the good father to be a saint, and to have powers surpassing those of mere mortality; if it be so, it is a rare and curious instance of superstition directed to most blessed uses.

Any one expecting to find in England modern public works impressive from their magnitude, may at first feel disappointed; yet they exist on all sides, but are so mixed up with every-day uses that they become regarded as things of every day: they do not "dwell apart," like the Pyramids, for instance, which address themselves immediately to the eye, and have no connexion with the work-a-day world to blend them with its littleness. The great modern works in England are docks, bridges, and railroads; railroads can only be seen in portions, in minute details, while the Pyramid of Cheops is beheld at once and in completeness; and which is the greater work? a railway of two or three hundred miles, or that "labour of an age in piled stones;" that monument of industry ill applied? I wonder some of the travelling English antiquaries, leaving the well-trodden European path, do not resort to the New World; the enthusiastic in pyramids would find Cheops out-cheopped, and might discover other architectural marvels. I once heard Mr. ——, who has inspected both, declare that the base of a great pyramid (I forget its name, and it's probably unspellable), east of Cholula, in Mexico, was, from actual mensuration, about twice that of the great Egyptian one.

I have jumped off at a tangent to Africa and America; "revenons à nos moutons," the English and their works. There is nothing in London at all comparable to the Croton Aqueduct. The London waterworks are no doubt very surprising; but there is nothing to be seen; the water slinks into the city, as it were, in a surreptitious manner. Public fountains are almost

unknown; the few there are being so paltry that a Frenchman pitied the water degraded to their use! He was probably fresh from Versailles. In some districts there are complaints of the badness of the water, that it is unfit for any purposes but those of cooking or washing; this might have been remedied long ago did not so many believe that water *could* be wanted for no other purposes.

I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Guy's *soirée* was crowded; the arrangements differed little from what we have seen in similar parties in New-York. I left early, for the display of tasteless wealth is always tiresome. There were two Scottish ladies at the soirée; a recent arrival; one very tall and the other very short, whom Mrs. Guy introduced to some of her lady-guests, and soon after the ceremony whispered an intimation that they were "so literary." The worthy hostess looked proud and patronising as she advanced for the purpose of introduction, with a lady in each hand, "the blue above and the blue below;" the ladies themselves seemed half-ashamed of being thus lionized.

Mr. Guy has now many English friends; one in especial he has grappled to his soul with hooks of congenial sympathies and tastes: this gentleman is a Mr. S., so rich, his friend avers, that "he could not count his money in dollars from last fall to next century." The gentleman is also a stout gentleman, very tightly packed (to the credit of valet or tailor, or both) in very handsome attire; he eschews such English as men write in quarterly reviews. "Not eggsactually," he says, and says it with a look of humour, where an ordinary man might say, "not exactly;" but why repeat these abstrusities to a distant young lady! Imagine them, then, dear Julia, for they come not within my powers of panegyric. Mr. S. regretted, or rather insinuated a regret, of his most delicate organization; his feebleness of health; he is but the shadow, he declares, on the authority of his physician, of what he was: poor man, very much of a shadow he presents.

Two or three gentlemen at this *soirée* were talking of Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, which they praised greatly.

"A most difficult form of composition," said Dr. R., "for there is no room in it for weak lines, or even weak words; the ballad is a short effort, but the strength required to make it must not be a moment relaxed. I would far rather be tasked to write a poem like The Deserted Village, than a song like Chevy Chase."

In Mr. Macaulay's work (I wish he would write Lays of Ancient Britain), the poem telling

> "How well Horatius kept the bridge,
> In the brave days of old,"

seemed most admired by Dr. R. and his friend.

Emma Wilderton told me afterward that Mr. Guy and his Pythias walked to a part of the room where she was seated, and were laughing at the taste and criticism I have mentioned. "So low," Mr. S —— said, "about some stiff fellow, eh, ha! I say, seemeringly, eh! who kept a toll-bridge—Putney, perhaps, as it was in the old times, eh, I say, ha!"

These gentlemen said never a word while the conversation was carried on. I think there is an instinct in dunces, which prevents their speaking when it is not safe; something like that which confines the owl to its shelter to avoid exposure in the sunshine, or prevents an ass walking into a flower-garden.

That I detail to you more foolish than wise sayings is easily accounted for: I hear more; and the same may be said, I fancy, of most general society in most countries; the [illegible] are far greater, numerically, than the sage. In England, I do think it is especially so, because money is permitted to exonerate its possessors (an' it so please them) from all trouble in the acquisition of wisdom or learning—it is acknowledged on all hands to be better than either. Well, the English are a free people, and have a right to please themselves in the matter: to be sure the world laughs at them; but as their own affluences might say, while they chinked their London gold, "Let them laugh—let all other people laugh as loud and as long as they please —*we* can show them plenty to laugh at—*we* can afford it." The poor, albeit, find this idolatry, this wealth-worship, no laughing matter.

I meant to have told you before that I sometimes half feel as if I ought—only I should be so puzzled how to offer an apology to *you*—as if I ought to apologize, for sometimes telling you of customs or institutions in this country, which may be found in almost the same state with us. I do it to let you see it is so; one may be privileged in a friendly letter, but I can hardly understand why some ponderous authors in erudite works undergo much toil and pains (to say nothing of exposing the reader to them) in detailing as characteristics of the United States many fashions and practices which a very little inquiry would have shown existed in the same condition of life in their own land—to be sure without these auxiliary topics the work might not have had its full complement of pages.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy start for Edinburgh to-morrow or the following day. Mr. Guy is the better reconciled to this change of "location," as his esteemed Mr. S. has left town for Paris, in order to consult some eminent physician there; he was recommended to do so by a gentleman just returned from a Continental tour, whom he met at a club in Pall Mall. "A famous French doctor," the Pythias said, "who beat everything and everybody." I hope his wife, if he have one, is not included. This shadow of a wit, according to Mr. Guy's account, was in such a hurry to tempt the perils of the straits from Dover to Calais, that time hardly sufficed to say adieu to the friend of his soul,

> "And he was left lamenting."

Ever, etc.

LETTER XXXVII.

Law.—Delays.—English Characteristics.—Charity.—Education.—Unamiability.—Ruin.—Foreign Grievances.—Refinement.—Ladies of England.—Conclusion.

London, ——, 1843.

Dearest Julia—Molière had not, I believe, the prejudices against lawyers which he entertained towards the men of medicine, whose art, according to the satirical rogue, "consisted in pompous bombast, or a plausible babble which gave words for reasons" (a custom still prevalent, especially among politicians), "and prom-

ises for effects" (a custom, in like manner, more prevalent still); but the great dramatist makes one of his characters exclaim, "La seule pensée d'un procès seroit capable de me faire fuir jusqu'aux Indes." I can well sympathize in this sentiment: that is, were a flight to Hindostan or another lawsuit to be the alternative, I think I should prefer the shores of the Ganges to the Courts at Westminster.

It is remarkable that ameliorations in the civil laws of this country, or, rather, in their administration, should be so tardy. I presume it is to be accounted for from the fact, which is stated on right good authority, with experience to back it, that lawyers never believe anything which is customary to be ridiculous or unnecessary; while we have it on equally good authority, that too many lawyers are also law-makers. Hence I suppose all these delays—delays tiresome and unintelligible, as if the judges still followed the king's person to administer the law; where was the king in person, there was the court of law, now and then, it might be, of justice. Do you remember how Mrs. Ritever, who had never left her father's and husband's estates in South Carolina, sturdily expressed her belief that it was impossible things could go on properly in any country without a multitude of negroes? The principle is that of the lawyers here: they deem it "impossible" that law can exist properly without its multitude of procrastinations and senilities. Improvements have certainly been effected, and to what extent? As if people should cleverly dam a portion of one side of a river, which not unfrequently and most prejudicially overflowed both its banks through its course. Needless delay is rank injustice; to talk of the necessity of delay is often absolute nonsense. Napoleon dwelt upon the "necessity" of sacrificing a few tens of thousands of lives annually. Necessity is too commonly the plea when reason exists not.

The more I have seen of this country—I must tell it you in my last letter—the more I am convinced I have described it truly. That selfishness is the bane of the Englishman's character generally is, I think, undeniable—he lives for little but himself—while equally undeniable is it that this very selfishness leads to great results. When men have overweening notions of their individual superiority, it is common and natural for them to endeavour to act up to their pretensions; the selfishness which makes them cold, unamiable, and uncharitable, little susceptible of the softer affections, and derisive of virtue and genius in others (because loath to admit an inferiority in themselves), makes them also bold, persevering, and wary, when personal advantages are to be acquired; steadily bent upon attaining wealth, power, and station, not so much from ambition, but because they believe such attainments no more than the proper meeds of their transcendent merits. Indeed, this feeling, firmly implanted, may be worked upon so as to accomplish almost anything when individual aggrandizement is expected to follow. How could soldiers fail, if each in his secret soul thought himself a Wellington (that is, had he his deserts), and if his actions were the fruits of his belief? The American's self-pride is of a nobler cast, for it is more of his country, her glory, and her prowess.

Of the superior intelligence of the mass in America there can be no doubt, for the care bestowed upon general education, with the universality and cheapness of books and newspapers, must ensure it; it is proved, moreover, by the fact, that while almost all Americans familiarly understand almost all English questions, literary or political, the English (I speak of the body of the people) understand the nature of the politics and literature of the United States as thoroughly as they do those of the Mountaineers of the Moon. I find it is not *very* uncommon in this country to republish American books, or magazine articles, as original, disguising them generally with the false complexions of new titles, etc. In American reprints, the English writer at least enjoys his name and fame; and it cannot be otherwise, for an "appropriation" would soon be detected and exposed. Sometimes the reputation of a British author has been first established in America (Carlyle and Marryat are instances), and echoed back to the parent country. "The child," says Wordsworth, "is father to the man;" in these instances his preceptor also.

I was soon disabused, when I came to reside in England, of the notion that they were a charitable people. Praise cannot be sufficiently rendered to the comparative few who are so; but the mass of the English, of the mere rich especially, are *not* charitable. Look, it may be urged, at their hospitals, their missions, their institutions; look at the many societies, with their annual feasts benevolently eaten by the rich, to relieve the poor. Yes, but look at THEIR MEANS. That which is done for charity's sake might be truly wonderful in Sweden, but here it is shamelessly little. How constantly do the "respectable" citizens of London excuse themselves from attending to anything beneficial to the poor, because, forsooth, they have not time—important business may not be neglected; and so *that* important business *is* neglected. I am inclined to believe that these people really persuade themselves (absurd and preposterous as it is) that they have not time to amend the condition of the poor, because they so often show they have not leisure to be good or wise. Did bags of useless gold for pillows render a deathbed easier, their conduct might be commendable.

Too great praise, I was saying, cannot be given to the small class who labour on untiringly and undauntedly, in a manner almost to redeem their country's dishonour—for its insensibility to the wants of the poor *is* dishonour—who struggle on eloquently and energetically, to make England more Christian, to subdue the monsters ignorance and indigence; but when they are not supported by the mass, their efforts avail little. Were there really, and throughout the kingdom, a desire to benefit the poor, it would soon in a representative government constrain the executive as *the first* step to adopt measures for general, why not say universal, instruction. But as this feeling exists not, Parliament is satisfied with trying ever and anon a few experiments in education. The Lords Spiritual and Temporal, the Commons' House of Parliament, the Most Honourable the Privy Council, the Right Honourable the Secretaries of State, experimentalizing pettily in education,

and that like Corporation wiseacres in some small town, but more bunglingly! Ho! ye who are subtile in caricature! O keen-witted sirs of the London Charivari! poignant H. B.! where are your pencils?

I accounted it a wholesome symptom when the Imperial Parliaments took to enactments about dogs; it looked like going back to first principles; from sound canine, British statesmen, happily, may advance to successful pauper legislation. Heaven speed the day!

Suppose it be admitted that ignorance and penury in some form must exist—what then? Fevers and agues must exist, but men take means, and timely means, to remedy them; and with such success, that the bodily ague is almost unknown in England, while the ague of ignorance paralyzes the well-being of the land. Why this disinclination to educate the poor, to elevate them from the rank of inferior animals? what is its cause? Selfishness. The English selfishness forbids it, and for two reasons: to impart tuition to so many might, by some almost imperceptible amount, diminish the hoards of the rich man; and by making the labouring classes more intelligent, his own knowledge, eloquence, and wit would be less conspicuous; he would not be so very an oracle; suicidal to his self-love, to the sacredness of his self-conceit, therefore, would it be to advance into intellectual beings the mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—and suicide is sinful! Great as might be the benefit to the lower and lowest classes from careful teaching, as great a boon would the general extension of knowledge be to the middle classes, for they would then be compelled, in order to maintain the respect to which they hold themselves entitled, to be more intelligent, more unprejudiced, better read, and better mannered than they are. Talk of charity as an attribute of the opulent English people—talk of *their* caring for the poor! Verily, as one of old affected to care, and surely even in this precedent-loving country *he* would not be advanced as an example. Charity, care for the poor in England as a nation—how duly record them? I know but one meet way—

> "Write the characters in dust,
> Stamp them on the running stream,
> Print them on the moon's pale beam."

To remove poverty may be far more difficult than to dispel ignorance, but poverty strikes deepest root amid ignorance as its most congenial soil, and, that removed, the spread of poverty is checked at once; it *may* grow then, it *must* abound now. Then could the very, very many possessors of enormous wealth be induced to venture upon a prudent and judicious expenditure of a portion of it, how much good might be effected. It is true no government has or can have a right to compel individuals to use their riches otherwise than they will; but is there no moral obligation; and would not a better state of things, a society farther advanced in intelligence and Christian wisdom, compel such men, by its pure scorn of their selfish paltriness, to pursue a course less opposed to the dictates of reason and the commands of God?

In America how much has been done for education, as well as in many poor countries, even in those where the blessings of freedom are far less known than in Great Britain; how easy would it be, then, for the richest people in the world to go and do likewise! But, as I have shown you, the Englishman's selfishness restrains him, so he resorts to his pet fallacy of "impossible." Albeit once a year, or let me be just, sometimes twice, he fills his mouth after the good things of a charity banquet with [redacted] braises of "the benevolence and philan[redacted]py of this great city, of this mighty empire," and sits down in rapturous admiration of the institution of which he considers himself an important part. Philanthropy! Benevolence! Brave words, like those the Ancient spoke at the bridge, and with as much meaning in them.

It is curious to observe with how little inquiry foreigners conclude that the English are a charitable people: the evidence, the many institutions supported by voluntary benevolence. These actually prove the exceptions. The very fact that institutions (especially those of a religious and scholastic nature) must be *thus* provided, shows that there is not in the people at large a body of kindliness and charity sufficient to influence the Legislature to make *permanent* provision for these wants of the poor.

The English have a ready way to account for any depreciation of their excellences — prejudice, always prejudice, and a foreigner's misunderstanding. There was murder once committed on the frontiers of Louisiana; the murderer, to get rid of the disagreeable inculpation, coolly declared, "It all arose from ignorance of the use of the firearms; they had *misunderstood* the nature of those particular pistols!" And thus every foreigner misunderstands the nature of the British character; this seems almost a universal belief in England; more so than in America, far more so; and the English seem to connect another article of faith with it, to wit, that *they* never, or very rarely, misunderstand the character of the people of other countries; the very coolness manifested upon this subject shows how deeply rooted is the belief; it is treated as if an established truism, a thing beyond dispute—irrefragable!

I gladly turn to a more favourable view of the English: brave are they, as the four quarters of the world can testify; handsome; enterprising; learned in all arts and sciences; true to their words; just in their dealings; exemplary, with some few exceptions, in domestic virtues; daunted by no difficulties; with a spirit that rarely blenches, and a patience and endurance that seldom weary. Travellers have said—that is, some travellers—(I will not inquire how truly) that the Americans are not an *amiable* people. If we admit, just for the sake of argument, that it is so, unamiability must be hereditary; the Americans have had it from their forefathers, whose English descendants possess it now; but greater pains have apparently been taken to preserve it in this country, to prevent its being found degenerate, when

> "From sire to son, with pious zeal bequeath'd;"

for it certainly is in greater perfection here than with us, though overrated, I think, in both communities, cis and transatlantic.

Believe a great many French, and a few American and even English scribes, and ruin menaces Great Britain: *ruin*—in what is it manifest? Are her riches diminished? are her

soldiers and sailors less courageous? her manufacturers less skilful? her merchants less sagacious? her daughters less virtuous? No. I can see no danger whatever to the Britannic empire—none, that is, from without. Internal dangers, it may not be questioned, exist; but th[illegible] long existed (some diseases are co-ex[illegible]with a long life), and they *may* be found in the same state for ages yet to come; the energy of the British character makes the country prosperous in spite of these perils within it. A quarter, nay, a tithe of the vigour expended in one single year by the English, to accumulate wealth for no purpose but personal pride in it, would suffice to lay the foundations of a system in which those evils would have small preponderance: but they will not.

I do not think that abstract love of country flourishes in England; and it may be true that were any great demand made upon the virtue, the patriotism, the *self-denial* of the people, the utmost danger to the state might be apprehended: for, instead of these qualities, there might be found in the ranks of the prosperous the curse of prosperity, heartlessness; in the mass of the middle classes, deep-rooted and most robust selfishness; and in the poor, ignorance, and its constant comrade, recklessness. But this is to put a *very* extreme case.

Of the fondness of the English for foreign grievances one should not speak too severely; it may be but the sort of feeling honest Rip Van Winkle had, for Rip was fond of attending to anybody's business rather than his own. To be sure, one cannot but wonder that so little is thought of the cry throughout the kingdom for more churches, schools, and hospitals; and so much of the wants of rather dubious people, who dwell or roam by the Nile or the Niger, it may be thought strange, I say, that they who wish to instruct the natives of Nubia, may not care to teach the dwellers in Lancashire; but it may be contended, also, that Nubia is, or should be, the better for them, and Lancashire can be none the worse. The Americans have their foreign schools and missions, but they care, and amply, for home instruction first. I would not be thought anxious to censure too freely the sometimes rather theatrical displays in Exeter Hall touching these foreign matters. Mr. N. accounts for them by saying that there is here (so with us) a large class of young ladies who conscientiously abjure as sinful the pleasures of the ballroom or the theatre; and as it really appears a necessity of our nature to have *some* enjoyment or excitement, Exeter Hall serves occasionally for an assembly-room and a stage. We must not too searchingly inquire, "What's in a name?"

The English contend that there is not in the United States a refinement of manners equal to their own—there may not be the parade of it. The English bow and walk differently (they say, more gracefully), they simper and small-talk more; and though they may flatter ladies more, they do not prize them so much, while the treatment of our sex is the best touchstone of real refinement and civilization. I cannot conceive anything more absurd, or bolder in its absurdity, than for travellers to assert, while they admitted the irreproachable character of American ladies, that they exercised little influence upon society! As well say there was much sunshine in the State of Georgia, but it had little effect upon the produce of the earth. I confess I have very considerable doubts of this refinement of manners in English gentlemen, and for this plain reason—it is not rooted in them; it is not manifested when they are not under conventional restraint. They *must* be polite and forbearing in ladies' society; but see the same gentlemen strolling along the fashionable streets, and which of them will refrain from staring audaciously at every stranger lady he meets, no matter who she may be; did *any one* of the ladies of Queen Victoria's court venture to walk out unattended, she would be subjected to this vulgar persecution. This is one reason why the use of carriages of all kinds is so very frequent—ladies *cannot* walk forth alone.

I have heard it stated, "O these are chiefly the manners of young gentlemen; they may learn better as they grow older." Is it not rather a novelty in argument to advance youth as an excuse for arrogant impropriety? Where an American gentleman would quietly step aside to allow a lady of any condition in life to pass without annoyance, an English gentleman will loiter to stare pertinaciously, and to his full satisfaction—*her* dissatisfaction is nothing cared about. Which is the best mannered? To say that they are not English *gentlemen* who act thus, is equivalent to saying there is hardly an English gentleman in the streets of London—even in the streets where, from the number of clubhouses or other causes, they most do congregate. Drawing-room manners seem to be accounted all-sufficient for a London gentleman; he is emancipated from their thraldom when he exchanges the wax-light for the open air.

Another doctrine (if I may call it so) passes for orthodox, that a royal court and a titled aristocracy tend to the refinement of *all* classes, down to the lowest; that their refinement influences all manner of men. This, I think, is one of the many dogmas here,

> "Whose right
> Suits not in native colours with the truth."

At any rate, there seems but the horn of a dilemma for those who have faith in this English credence. The lowest classes in this kingdom are coarse, brutal, and stupid beyond those of the United States, so that either it is not in the nature of things that this vaunted refinement should duly reach the poorest plebeians, or (more probably) that it exists not in vigour enough to do so. I think, therefore, that this much-extolled attribute of British aristocracy is but conventional gentility, a mere surface of elegance; because consistent refinement is *not* shown in the gentlemen's manners, while their favourite place of amusement is often remarkable for the opposite of true refinement—it yields but a *vulgar* joy.

I have said little of the ladies of England; perhaps a gentleman would have written far more of them and less of the rougher sex. It is difficult to describe when no striking characteristics present themselves. The ladies are elegant, beautiful, and good; and that said, what remains? Their influence upon society is most beneficial; their beauty is somewhat *fuller* in its character than with us; perhaps it would

be more correct to say they are less slim in form and less delicate in feature (as a rule) than are American ladies. I have no hesitation in saying they are *not* selfish like the men—indeed, I think it is not in woman's nature to be so. It may be said selfishness, like disease, is everywhere: why dwell upon its prevalence in England? Because among the English this quality presents a wondrous freedom from alloy not found elsewhere; it has been purged from all deteriorating adjuncts—it is the very purity of selfishness.

* * * * *

And now to bid farewells. I do believe that if I lived to be old and doting, if I forgot in the evening what happened in the morning, I should still remember the kindness I have experienced in England; it would form a bright green spot in memory's waste—nay, it [redacted] ry's garden. In all human probabilit[redacted] never see these friends again. One of the most pitiful lines I ever read is the exclamation of fierce Roderic Dhu:

"It is the last time—'tis the last."

THE END.

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soldiers and sailors less courageous? her manufacturers less skilful? her merchants less sagacious? her daughters less virtuous? No. I can see no danger whatever to the Britannic empire—none, that is, from without. Internal dangers, it may not be questioned, exist; but th[illegible] long existed (some diseases are co-ex[illegible]with a long life), and they *may* be found in the same state for ages yet to come; the energy of the British character makes the country prosperous in spite of these perils within it. A quarter, nay, a tithe of the vigour expended in one single year by the English, to accumulate wealth for no purpose but personal pride in it, would suffice to lay the foundations of a system in which those evils would have small preponderance: but they will not.

I do not think that abstract love of country flourishes in England; and it may be true that were any great demand made upon the virtue, the patriotism, the *self-denial* of the people, the utmost danger to the state might be apprehended: for, instead of these qualities, there might be found in the ranks of the prosperous the curse of prosperity, heartlessness; in the mass of the middle classes, deep-rooted and most robust selfishness; and in the poor, ignorance, and its constant comrade, recklessness. But this is to put a *very* extreme case.

Of the fondness of the English for foreign grievances one should not speak too severely; it may be but the sort of feeling honest Rip Van Winkle had, for Rip was fond of attending to anybody's business rather than his own. To be sure, one cannot but wonder that so little is thought of the cry throughout the kingdom for more churches, schools, and hospitals; and so much of the wants of rather dubious people, who dwell or roam by the Nile or the Niger, it may be thought strange, I say, that they who wish to instruct the natives of Nubia, may not care to teach the dwellers in Lancashire; but it may be contended, also, that Nubia is, or should be, the better for them, and Lancashire can be none the worse. The Americans have their foreign schools and missions, but they care, and amply, for home instruction first. I would not be thought anxious to censure too freely the sometimes rather theatrical displays in Exeter Hall touching these foreign matters. Mr. N. accounts for them by saying that there is here (so with us) a large class of young ladies who conscientiously abjure as sinful the pleasures of the ballroom or the theatre; and as it really appears a necessity of our nature to have *some* enjoyment or excitement, Exeter Hall serves occasionally for an assembly-room and a stage. We must not too searchingly inquire, "What's in a name?"

The English contend that there is not in the United States a refinement of manners equal to their own—there may not be the parade of it. The English bow and walk differently (they say, more gracefully), they simper and small-talk more; and though they may flatter ladies more, they do not prize them so much, while the treatment of our sex is the best touchstone of real refinement and civilization. I cannot conceive anything more absurd, or bolder in its absurdity, than for travellers to assert, while they admitted the irreproachable character of American ladies, that they exercised little influence upon society! As well say there was much sunshine in the State of Georgia, but it had little effect upon the produce of the earth. I confess I have very considerable doubts of this refinement of manners in English gentlemen, and for this plain reason—it is not rooted in them; it is not manifested when they are not under conventional restraint. They *must* be polite and forbearing in ladies' society; but see the same gentlemen strolling along the fashionable streets, and which of them will refrain from staring audaciously at every stranger lady he meets, no matter who she may be; did *any one* of the ladies of Queen Victoria's court venture to walk out unattended, she would be subjected to this vulgar persecution. This is one reason why the use of carriages of all kinds is so very frequent—ladies *cannot* walk forth alone.

I have heard it stated, "O these are chiefly the manners of young gentlemen; they may learn better as they grow older." Is it not rather a novelty in argument to advance youth as an excuse for arrogant impropriety? Where an American gentleman would quietly step aside to allow a lady of any condition in life to pass without annoyance, an English gentleman will loiter to stare pertinaciously, and to his full satisfaction—*her* dissatisfaction is nothing cared about. Which is the best mannered? To say that they are not English *gentlemen* who act thus, is equivalent to saying there is hardly an English gentleman in the streets of London—even in the streets where, from the number of clubhouses or other causes, they most do congregate. Drawing-room manners seem to be accounted all-sufficient for a London gentleman; he is emancipated from their thraldom when he exchanges the wax-light for the open air.

Another doctrine (if I may call it so) passes for orthodox, that a royal court and a titled aristocracy tend to the refinement of *all* classes, down to the lowest; that their refinement influences all manner of men. This, I think, is one of the many dogmas here,

> "Whose right
> Suits not in native colours with the truth."

At any rate, there seems but the horn of a dilemma for those who have faith in this English credence. The lowest classes in this kingdom are coarse, brutal, and stupid beyond those of the United States, so that either it is not in the nature of things that this vaunted refinement should duly reach the poorest plebeians, or (more probably) that it exists not in vigour enough to do so. I think, therefore, that this much-extolled attribute of British aristocracy is but conventional gentility, a mere surface of elegance; because consistent refinement is *not* shown in the gentlemen's manners, while their favourite place of amusement is often remarkable for the opposite of true refinement—it yields but a *vulgar* joy.

I have said little of the ladies of England; perhaps a gentleman would have written far more of them and less of the rougher sex. It is difficult to describe when no striking characteristics present themselves. The ladies are elegant, beautiful, and good; and that said, what remains? Their influence upon society is most beneficial; their beauty is somewhat *fuller* in its character than with us; perhaps it would